THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEC. 1, 1923

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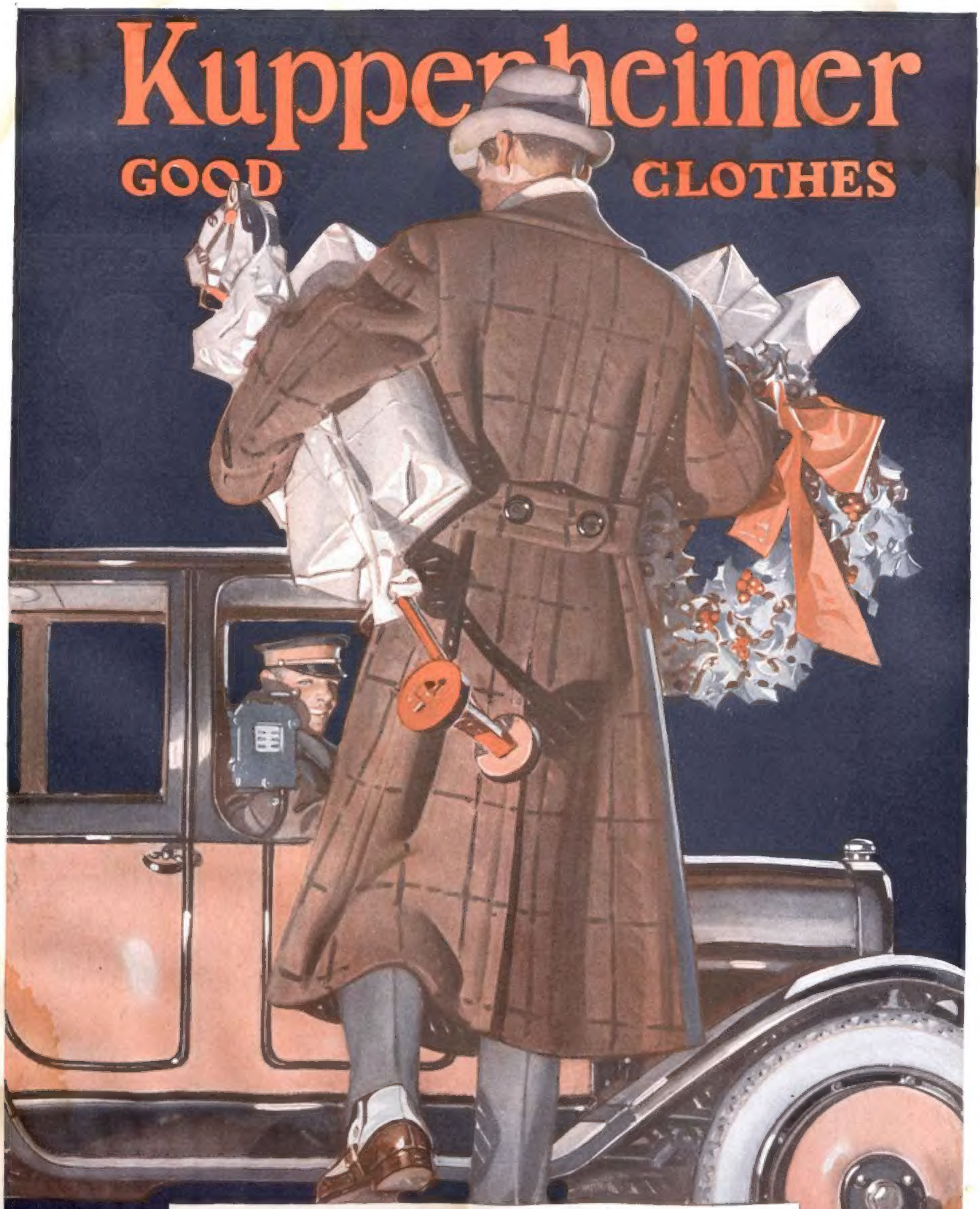

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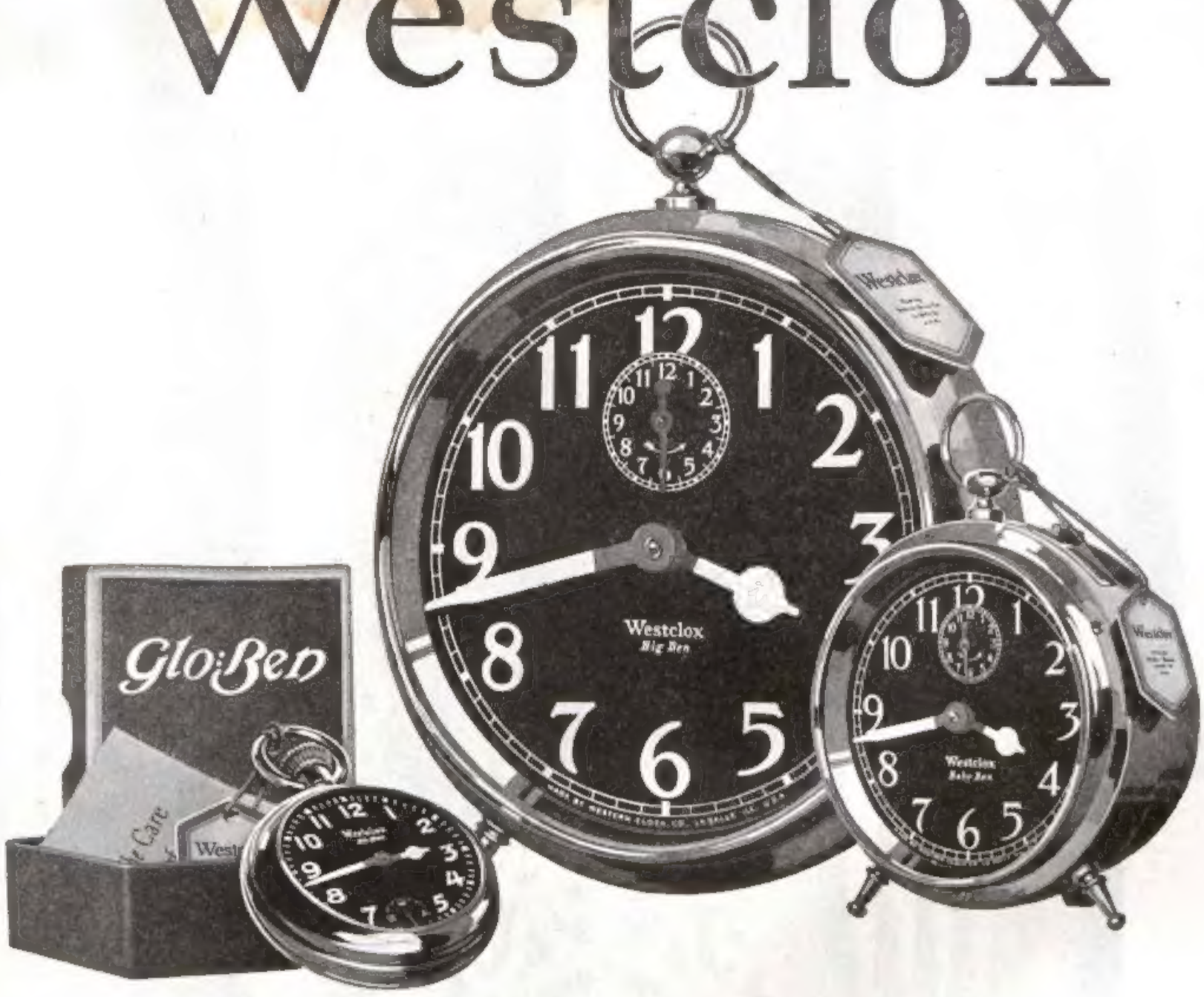

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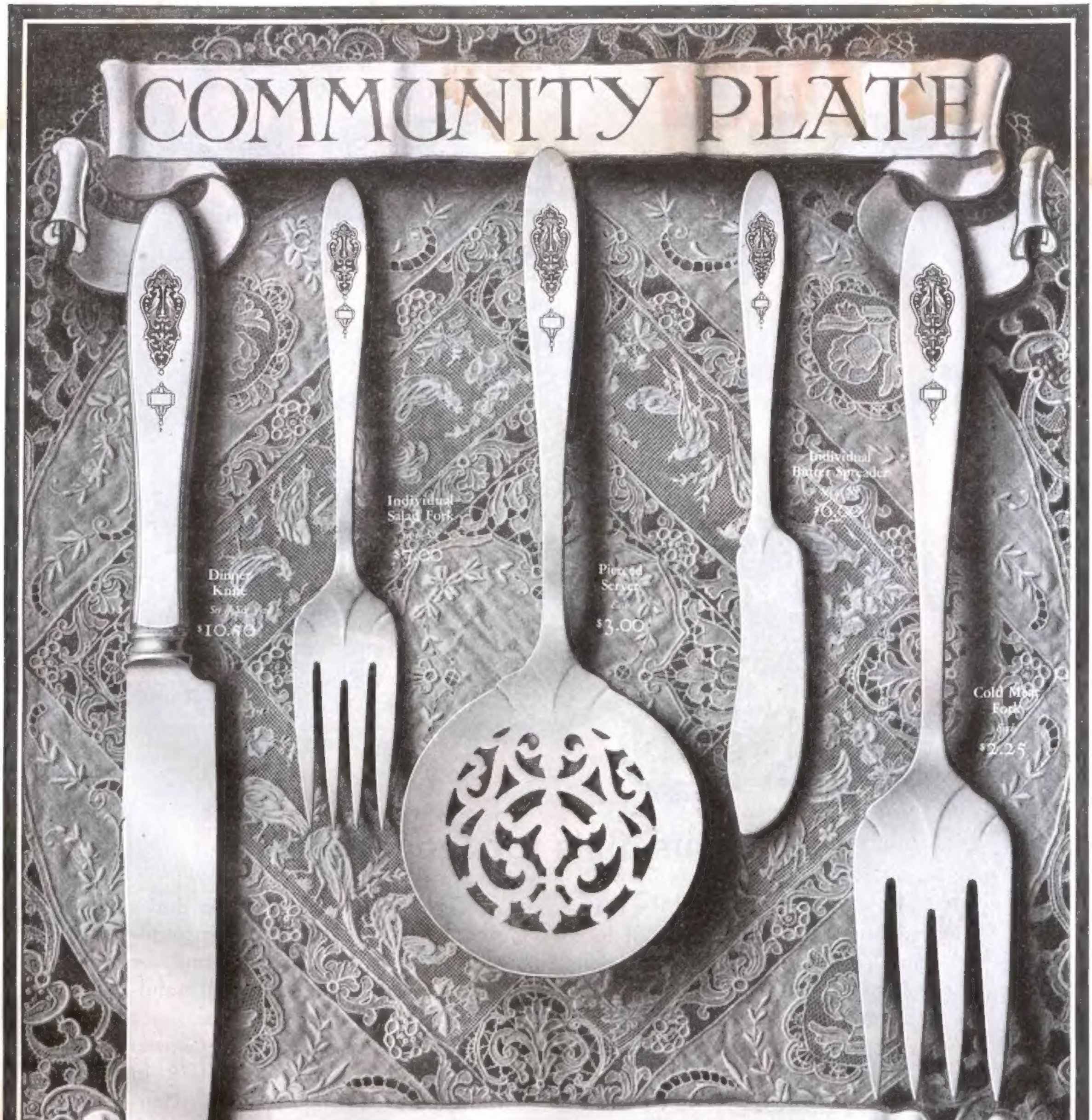

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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THE SPANISH REVOLUTION

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

THE Spanish illustrated weeklies bearing date September 14, 1923, devoted their front-page picture to a photograph of three or four Spanish politicians in court uniform, the Spanish premier, the Marqués de Alhucemas, in the center, leaving the royal palace after swearing the oaths of fidelity necessitated by a reshufflement of offices. There was a smile on the faces of these gentlemen, explained by the legend underneath the picture: The Prime Minister Happily Solves the Political Crisis of the Ninth September. The Marqués de Alhucemas, with So-and-So and So-and-So, Leaving the Palace After Swearing, and so on.

There had been a little family quarrel among the politicians. It had been settled—are not these dreadful crises always settled thus?—by a tactful rearrangement of jobs. Once more the lofty business of government could go on, and more or less the same little group of Olympians would attend to it ——

"As it was yesterday, so it shall be today and in the future, world without end, amen."

Something like this pious thanksgiving might be read in the smiles of the gentlemen in the photograph.

How delightful it was of Providence to have made them politicians—and Spanish politicians at that! Italy might produce nasty people like Mussolini, exhibiting a novel and distinctly unpleasant intolerance of the professional politician. But Spain—Spain was a fully equipped democracy, with a politically impotent constitutional king; and in a democracy the professional politician goes on forever and ever. Yes? At any rate, as the subeditors wrote underneath that picture, "The Ministry was assured of a new and indefinitely long lease of life." And the ministry smiled at the cameraman.

Unfortunately for the prophetic credit of those editorial staffs, on that very fourteenth of September which saw their idyllic front-page picture in the hands of their readers, the ministry had not only ceased to exist—the possibility even of the replacement of the traditional tweedledum by the traditional tweedledee was no longer to be imagined as an alternative. Something quite new—at least to the last two generations of Spaniards—had occurred with startling suddenness. The day before, on the thirteenth of September, the professional politician, no matter what his label, had ceased to exist as a factor in the government of the country. On that fourteenth of September, that 45 per cent or so of the population of Spain which is literate was not wasting a sigh over the pathetically smiling pictures of its former prime minister. It was reading, with a breathless interest, a just issued and somewhat long proclamation. Lengthy though it is, it is worth quoting in full:

MARIN, MADRID, PHOTOGRAPHER

Photograph of King Alfonso—With Primo de Rivera at Left Front of Picture—Immediately After Dictator's Arrival in Madrid

TO THE COUNTRY AND THE ARMY: THE MILITARY ASSUME THE GOVERNMENT OF THE STATE

SPANIARDS: The moment more feared than hoped for by ourselves has arrived for us to take note of the anxiety, to attend to the clamorous demands of those who, while loving their country, fail to see any other hope of salvation for her than that of freeing Spain from the professional politicians, from those men who, from one cause or another, have provided us with the picture of misfortunes and political immoralities which commenced in the year 1898 and now threaten Spain in the near future with a tragic and dishonorable end.

The closely woven network of the policy of dishonesty has caught in its meshes and sequestrated even the royal will.

We are going to assume every responsibility and to govern the country. We have had enough of tame rebellion which, while it provides no remedy for anything, undermines that discipline which is still sound and healthy.

We therefore pronounce for Spain and the King.

This is a movement organized by men; he who does not feel his masculinity sufficiently strong, let him wait in his corner and not disturb in any way the bright days which we are preparing for our country.

Spaniards, long live Spain and long live the King!

These are the reasons which justify our act:

Assassinations of prelates, of ex-governors, representatives of authority, masters, foremen and workmen;

Scandal of wasted millions;

Suspicious fiscal and customs policy, the work of people who openly boast of their political immorality;

Miserable political intrigues under pretext of the unhappy tragedy in Morocco;

Social indiscipline, which renders work inefficient and null and agricultural and industrial production both precarious and ruinous;

Communist propaganda, which goes on unchecked and unpunished;

Prevailing impiety and lack of culture;

Justice under the influence of politics;

A bare-faced separatist policy in Catalonia;

The exhibition of biased political passion in facing the question of the responsibility for the disasters in Morocco.

We have not come to cry out over our ignominy and shame, but to apply a prompt and radical remedy.

For this purpose and by virtue of the confidence which has been placed in me, a Military Directory of Inspection of a provisional character will be established in Madrid, charged to maintain public order and to assure the normal working of the ministries and official organizations, and will make a call to the country to offer us as soon as possible men of rectitude; wise, laborious and honest men capable of forming a government under our protection, in full dignity and power, after presenting themselves to the King for his approval.

We do not wish to be ministers, nor have we any other ambition than that of serving Spain. We are the voluntary police—*somatén*—of honorable and legendary tradition in Spanish life, and, like the *somatén*, our motto is Peace, Peace and Peace.

There will be no more favoritism or impunity. We require a voluntary police in reserve to be in brotherly relation with the army in everything, including the defense of the independence of the country should it be in danger.

We are not imperialists, nor do we consider ourselves bound to defend in Morocco the honor of the Spanish Army, which by its valiant behavior has daily vindicated it.

The collective responsibility of the political parties we punish by that complete ostracism to which we condemn them. It is our duty, in any case of treason or political immorality which we consider properly established, not to hesitate to begin legal proceedings and to chastise implacably those who have committed offenses against our country by corruption and dishonor. The prosecution of Don Santiago Alba, foreign minister, is naturally certain. We shall also prosecute the man who, as head of the government, and in spite of his having heard from the lips of persons of sound position and invested with authority the gravest accusations against his depraved and cynical minister, and in spite of his being in agreement with them, has allowed himself to succumb to his political influence and audacity.

Before everything must be considered those measures which patriotism, intelligence and enthusiasm for the cause may suggest to each one in these moments, which are not those in which hesitation can be tolerated—that is to say, your lives for your country.

Only one word more. We are not conspirators. We have in the full light of day grasped the popular desire, and we have given it a kind of organization, free from all ambition, so as to guide it to a patriotic end.

We believe that nobody will dare to measure arms with us, and we have therefore omitted to solicit, one by one, the concurrence of our companions and subordinates. In this worthy enterprise the honest working population of every class is associated with us, as also the army and our glorious navy, although we could not have consulted them beforehand without slackening

the rules of discipline. Their well-known obedience to the word of command, coupled with their sympathy with patriotic aspirations, are a guaranty of their valiant and efficient help.

And now again, Long live Spain and long live the King! And receive all of you the cordial handshake of an old soldier who asks of you the observance of discipline and fraternal union in the name of the days and hours passed with you both in peace and war; who asks of the Spanish people their confidence and the maintenance of order and who offers and who ventures all in order to serve you.

MIGUEL PRIMO DE RIVERA,
Captain General of the Fourth Region.

There is a certain naïveté and here and there a solution of strictly logical continuity in this document which, betraying an authorship not professionally expert in the use of words, give it a curious note of sincerity. As an indictment it is distinctly comprehensive, and on that fourteenth of September there were few Spaniards—outside the startled and discomfited host of politicians and their dumfounded multitude of hangers-on—who did not agree with every word of it. But just then the public was not concerning itself with the intrinsic veracity of this denunciation. The Spanish people were asking one another, nine-tenths of them, "Who is this Miguel Primo de Rivera, and what force does he dispose of? Surely the old guard, strongly intrenched as it is all over the country, is not going to surrender without a fight. Is it civil war once more—a renewal of those civil wars which for more than half the nineteenth century devastated Spain?" The appearance in the streets of cavalry patrols, which, after they had collected a crowd about them by a preliminary flourish of trumpets, read out the proclamation of martial law, gave point to these alarms.

But, astonishingly, there was no civil war. One of the foreign consuls in Madrid, indeed, created a little amusement by driving furiously hither and thither over the city in a motor car, flying a huge flag of his country—presumably to protect those of his nationals who might be menaced in the sanguinary conflict which must surely be going to break out at any minute. He might have spared himself the trouble. Over the length and breadth of Spain there was not one shot fired. Democratic government in Spain vanished like the illusion it had always been. And the real government, which for fifty years had ruled and exploited the country—a government of corrupt politicians, sharing turn in and turn out the spoils of office with such cynical complacence and regularity that, no matter what political principles they ostensibly professed, they were universally and collectively known as Rotatavistas—that government had abdicated without the moral courage to strike a single blow in its own defense.

Contempt for the Old Government

IT WOULD be difficult to find one Spaniard, unbiased by personal interest in the old régime, who felt the slightest regret at its disappearance. Where it was not regarded with bitter hatred it was regarded with contemptuous disgust. The military pronunciamiento is no new feature in the political history of Spain—they followed each other with costly frequency during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century—but the pronunciamiento of General Primo de Rivera is without precedent. Without the loss of a single life, unopposed by even the slightest semblance of resistance, it achieved a complete and instantaneous success, more complete and instantaneous even than Mussolini's march on Rome.

Viewed broadly from the standpoint of comparative sociology, the revolution which has made General Primo de Rivera, Marqués de Estella, the dictator of Spain is, within twelve months, the second highly significant symptom of a new and as yet scarcely realized social tendency in Europe. Before this article can be printed a third may quite likely have manifested itself—in Germany. It is a tendency to jettison, even violently to destroy, the whole theory of democracy on which the constitutional states of Europe modeled themselves when they took shape during the nineteenth century.

King Alfonso Meeting Prime Minister Alhucemas at Madrid. Note the Difference in the Demeanor of the Two Men. At Right—General Miguel Primo de Rivera, Marqués de Estella Immediately After the Coup

Democracy—government of the people, for the people, by the people—is the noblest ideal of government imaginable. In the United States and in Great Britain, thanks chiefly to a powerful and independent press, which not only informs public opinion but concentrates it destructively upon any abuse, it has on the whole been successfully put into practice. But in the southern countries of Europe democracy is not and never has been anything but a myth. The liberal revolutions of the first half of the nineteenth century, inspired by high-souled library-bred theorists, took the powers of government away from the narrowly restricted aristocratic caste which had hitherto wielded them more or less—often, it must be admitted, less—altruistically, and gave them not to the sovereign people those idealists glorified but to a newborn race of glib-tongued and mercenary politicians.

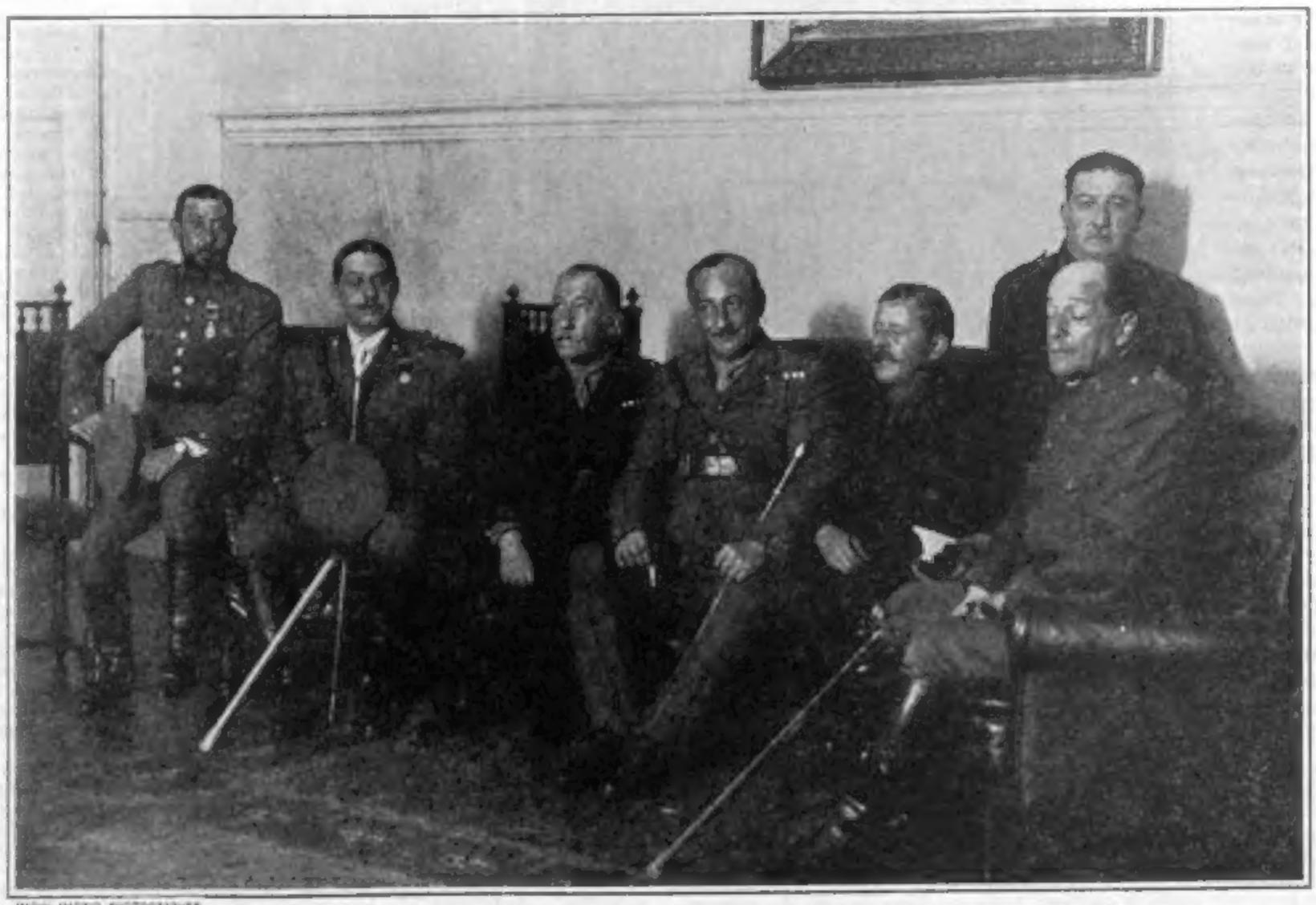
Ruinous Bureaucracy

OBVIOUSLY the entire population of a country cannot simultaneously rule. It must delegate its powers. And the type of man who has the talent of persuading the sovereign people to intrust him with authority is not necessarily, or even usually, the type that stands for administrative honesty and efficiency. At his best he is likely to be a talker rather than a doer; at his worst he is a sublimated confidence trickster. In those Latin countries where a large percentage of the population is illiterate, the politician has scarcely troubled to maintain even a pretense of appealing to the intelligence and patriotism of the voter; elections are normally conducted under every species of intimidation and chicanery. The result has been the survival not of the fittest but, only too often, of the most unscrupulous. Even when elections are honestly conducted, it by no means follows that the mass mind of a people chooses the best men or that the best men appeal to it. Before the war, when Europe was rich, it did not greatly matter. Her resources could afford the luxury. And before the war that corollary of the professional politician—the bureaucracy—was yet within supportable limits.

But now Europe, struggling desperately to reconstruct herself after her four-year-long disaster, has suddenly realized that neither high-sounding eloquence nor the capacity to manipulate an election, but only a stern efficiency in public administration, can save her from irrecoverable ruin. She needs not eloquence but competence. She has suddenly had enough of the professional politician. She has realized that even if he is personally honest he stands responsible for that swollen and ruinously expensive bureaucracy under whose inefficient dead weight the whole Continent has nearly succumbed in the years since the war. She cannot afford the professional politician any longer. And with the professional politician is going—for the time at least—the theory of government which produced him. Hence Mussolini—and hence Primo de Rivera.

The parallel—which must not be pushed too far—between Mussolini and De Rivera is immediately obvious. There is this much of living truth in the principle of democracy whatever the country—that neither Mussolini nor De Rivera could for a week maintain himself in his dictatorship without the acquiescence of at least a majority of the people over which he rules. And both Italians and Spaniards acquiesce in the first place for precisely the same reason—that both Mussolini and De Rivera have crushed the professional politician and are deflating the bureaucracy. To attain this they cheerfully surrender those principles of democratic constitutionalism so long and bitterly fought

(Continued on Page 57)



MARIN, MADRID, PHOTOGRAPHER

The Military Conspirators in Madrid, With Primo de Rivera in the Center. These are the Men Who Made the Revolution, Not the Generals Comprising the Directory

THE SEVEN GARMENTS

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

WILD sounds issued from the decrepit old studio of the Institute for the Fine-Making of Cinema Art—a woman's shrill, passionate voice raised in discordant fury and screaming on and on with strange gutturals and monotonously explosive emphasis; and a man's deep, passionate voice cracking with discordant fury and booming on and on with strange gutturals and monotonously explosive emphasis—this while a big three-fingered camera man pouted his yellow mustache over the stem of his cherry-wood pipe in stolid patience, and three second-rate actors in soiled and much-frayed costumes stood in the fringe of the spluttering blue mercury lights and waited indifferently for the storm to subside.

A regular proceeding this—the great director, Victor Blotter, merely putting his gifted star, Tatia Rosen, through one of her simple scenes; and the exchange of courtesies, most freely translated, ran something like this sample from the great Victor:

"Coagulum of the gutter! Offspring of mangy hounds! Are you a putty woman that you have no more fire? I am sick of you! I shall get me a new washerwoman's brat and put my genius in her, and see if she cannot threaten to kill a man and then relent and kiss him with more feeling that she had blood in her veins instead of stale beer!"

What the gifted star called Victor in return is not translatable, even freely, for she had a longer tongue and a quicker mind and a much more sedimental imagination; but, when she had named him with all his titles, she added the hissing information that it was she who had made him—whelp of nothing that he was—and not he her; that it was her genius that had brought him into public recognition, up out of his natal pigsty; and that he had been, was now and ever would be this and that and the other.

Pschk!

The great director stamped his feet and smacked his fists and tore his hair and hurled reply and counterirritant until at last, as usual, he ran out of breath, for he was a fat man: whereon Tatia, in great triumph, and her tongue still wagging, backed into her position amid the blue lights, which cast ghastly hollows on her cheeks and terrible hues on her wide lips and cavernous circles about her big eyes, and motioned her leading man to step in and receive his threat to be killed and his violent kiss. At the same moment Victor motioned his camera man to crank the scene; and so, with a glare of hatred at each other, director and star began their work. As the scene progressed, however, Victor Blotter's face softened and his hard-set lips curved tremulously; and when the bit was done and done superbly, with all the fire and passion for which Tatia Rosen had become famous, in spite of the fact that she was neither very young nor very pretty, he rushed into the livid blue light with his arms outspread and cried, "Little love, little love, it is wonderful!"

As he clasped her, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him; then they laughed at each other with the great glee of those who have done a well-finished task together and find in their hearts mutual respect and esteem. They sat on a broken-legged old tapestried sofa while the lights were being shoved in for the close-ups; and Victor, with Tatia's hand clasped in his, for he was very fond of her until she should misinterpret his next direction, looked over his set, glowering.

It was a most pauperly set to be called on to represent so much magnificence, and he had used it more than a hundred times—the tawdry finery of the queen's drawing-room was dropping apart, and the queen herself wore royal raiment which belonged in the rag bag; there were not half enough of the spluttering lights; and they, too, were dropping apart.

"I curse my poverty!" he said with sorrow in his tone. "If we had only money, we should create such pictures as would astonish the world and would make of cinematography an art fifty years ahead of its present degradation."

"There is no money," said Tatia with bitterness, and she plucked vindictively at a frayed piece of braid on her sleeve. "Only in America do they have money for pictures."

Magic name—America! At the mere sound of it both fell into musing and longing, and the eyes of Victor grew soft with wistfulness.

"If I had only one-tenth of the money they waste on pictures in America! It is sad, Tatia, that the days of the genii are gone."

How little we know of the future! At that very moment a genie appeared suddenly by Victor Blotter's side in the shape of an emaciated, cretin-faced boy, with three of his brass buttons hanging each by a single thread, and five of them gone. Presto! The genie handed down two cablegrams and a bundle of papers and vanished with clicking heels. Tatia was the first to tear open and grasp the full significance of her cablegram, which read as follows:

A Deep-Laid Conspiracy Had Made a Fuming Wallflower Out of the Imported Passion Flower

Would you consider offer of twelve hundred dollars a week on a five-year contract to make pictures in America under the direction of Victor Blotter?

PINNACLE MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION.

She clutched her cablegram in her hand, the glitter of exultation was in her eyes, color flamed in her cheeks even through her heavy make-up; but Victor sat stupidly reading and rereading his cablegram, no expression whatever on his round face until, lifting his head, he met the glittering gaze of Tatia. Then intelligence came to him, and the moisture of gratitude was in his little eyes, for the great day had come—the moment of opportunity. Twelve hundred dollars a week for five years, to direct Tatia in America, with all the money in the world at his command to make wonderful pictures!

Speechless, he took her hand, with a great lump in his throat, and the clasp between the two struggling artists was long and firm. It was she who thought first of the thick roll of newspapers with the American stamps on the wrapper; she who tore off the wrapper with eager fingers; then the reason for the whim of the genie was disclosed. Their picture, Mad Love, sold outright to the Pinnacle for paltry thousands, had created a furor in America. It was cleaning up a million dollars for the lucky purchaser, and the public had gone Tatia Rosen crazy. She was distinctive; she was different; she was totally unlike the one and only type with which the American public was familiar. She was an artist; she had fire, passion, pathos, tenderness—everything—anything! And her director, Victor Blotter—this always in a closing paragraph—had brought to the screen a new gift for composition, for lighting, for lucid interpretation and dramatic intensity. Pages on pages, clipped from American papers and sent them by the agent who had sold their pictures, carried the huge portrait of the great foreign actress, and some few carried the small portrait of the great foreign director.

For a long time the two read breathlessly, then said Victor, his voice trembling with emotion, "Ach, little love, I shall make of you the foremost screen actress in the world!"

Tatia looked up slowly. She was reading the press accounts of the magnificent exploits of the American directors and the magnificent salaries of the American stars, and her thoughts were far, far away from Victor Blotter.

"Come," said he, rousing her with a laugh. "We discuss this miracle with some Frankfurters and beer."

From the little *weinstube* in a side street Victor went home to sleep over his cablegram, but Tatia wasted no sleep. She hurried straight out to file her reply, as follows:

Will come for three thousand a week the first year, four thousand the second year and five for the remaining three. I must be the first star in your company and select my own director and stories. I will not come if you employ Victor Blotter. I require transportation for self, maid, business manager, chef and chauffeur, and must have two cars of my own selection at my disposal.

Such was the result of the whim of the genie, and its further results were to be felt in many quarters over the far-flung seas.

II

ACROSS the far-flung seas and a far-flung continent, and beneath a far-flung, deep blue sky lay fair Hollywood, feeling particularly far-flung as it quivered to the core of its stricken heart; for lo, on the motion-picture horizon, like a cyclonic cloud filled with the thunders and lightnings of destruction, had suddenly loomed foreign invasion! With bated breath and tragic mien, actor spoke to actor—some, indeed, who had not spoken for weeks. They disrupted rehearsals to mumble apprehension on the very sets, and at parties they neglected their orange juice and juniper for the stronger stimulant of alarm; director spoke to fellow director without sarcasm, and producer spoke to producer without trying to pry loose the truth about grossage; for the entire fraternity was united by a common interest—how to repel the foe! A flood of alien films was on the market, following the phenomenal success of Mad Love. Every distributor was loading up with them—any sort of film made abroad—and the lithographing houses were working nights to present the devastating beauties of those films in lurid hues.

It was the Pinnacle which had done this deed; and the Pinnacle which was named for it, scathingly and otherwise, in the motion-picture pages every day. It was Pinnacle here and Pinnacle there and Pinnacle everywhere. It was understood that the Pinnacle had a hundred European pictures, bought for next to nothing; that it had a round dozen of the Tatia Rosen films, and was preparing to spend a million dollars in exploitation of that one alien alone. Why, these foreign actors worked for a mere pittance! And not only were the pictures cheaper but the critics, in column on column, were claiming them to be more artistic, which made them all the more despicable a menace to the home product. It meant the curtailment of production, the closing of studios, the tossing of all the white-handed into menial occupations; and a black pall fell over Hollywood, for the business of life was turned to death—the death of the American cinema. There should be legislation to protect honest American artists against the pauper labor of Europe. There should be a great public movement started, by somebody or other, somewhere, to prevent true-blue Americans from spending a single nickel in support of these unpatriotic importations.

Ingenious and passionate publicity agents of the home talent plunged into print with this propaganda, creating such a public furor against the Pinnacle's immigrant pictures that true-blue Americans flocked en masse where foreign films were being shown, and paid millions of dollars to find out what it was all about; while back in his tapestried little inner office stood Klekoff the mighty, with his elbow on the shelf of a genuine Italian mantelpiece against which kings and dukes and prelates had leaned, and he gnawed at his mustache and grinned and grinned; for he had started all this agitation, and it was he who kept it going, all of it grist to the Pinnacle's mill. It was building fine to the announcement that the Pinnacle had put Tatia Rosen under a five-year contract to invade America with her elaborate ménage and her pet anteater and thirty-six trunks of Paris gowns—to elevate the screen!

Great was the Pinnacle and great was Klekoff, thought Klekoff; but greater still was Klekoff's partner, Roabert, thought Roabert, who, hiding modestly behind his stubby beard in his New York lair, had built the Pinnacle commercially, block by block. To accomplish this, it had so mushroomed its financial expansion that every time it wanted a dollar it must pay high to get it, and that surtax on itself was increasing at such a rapid rate that by and by its diameter bade fair to exceed its circumference; yet still Roabert in his lair in New York, and Klekoff in his private suite in the Hollywood studios, sought new picture worlds to conquer; particularly it was intended by Klekoff to obliterate all traces of one Isidor Iskovitch, who had once had the audacity to tell Klekoff to his face that he, Iskovitch, would one day be mightier than he, Klekoff! He, Klekoff! Klekoff's hair was scarlet, and it might have been a visualization of his thought concerning one Iskovitch, as he touched a button and ordered the Tatia Rosen publicity to be released, anteater and all.

Immediately, thereon, quivering Hollywood began to quake afresh. The shock of the announcement penetrated to the remotest corners of picturedom, with a greater or lesser reaction on every individual in it, and a particularly grim reaction on the aforesaid Isidor Iskovitch, president and proprietor of the Iskovitch Art Productions Company; vice president, treasurer and half owner of the Heart Throbs Pictures Corporation; president and proprietor of the Arts and Letters Pictures Corporation; president and half owner of the DeWitt Brothers Pictures Corporation; president and half owner of the All-America Coöperative Distributing Corporation—and he but a flat-stomached, long-necked boy as yet, only a little over thirty, without an ounce of flesh on his numerous bones and with five creases, three sharp and two sharpening, between his dark-brown eyes.

The three deep creases had been put there by his upward climb in the past fifteen years, for he had started with ten cents car fare and a sandwich, to be the biggest magnate in the industry, but the two new creases had been put there in the past year or so by the Pinnacle. He sat now huddled small at his desk in the faded old red plush office of the All-America, with deep worry surrounding him like a fog, for they were squeezing the life out of the All-America; and when they squeezed the life out of Isidor's business they were squeezing it out of him, since he had given his life to it—his heart's blood, his hours of ease and his nights of rest; and his Adam's apple was huskily in the way of his speech as he said:

"We gotta do somethin', Tim. They're monopolizin' the publicity like they're tryin' to monopolize the actors and the directors and the theaters. This Tatia Rosen ballyhoo'll take a coupla more first-run houses away from us, maybe three or four."

"Oh, fine!" said huge Tim Barney, sitting at the end of the desk with his usually genial red face surrounded with worry like a fog. "And pretty soon we'll have nothing left at all but little ten-cent houses down by the railroad tracks and along by the river fronts." Tim was president and proprietor of the Climax Pictures Corporation, president and proprietor of the Circle Motion Pictures Corporation, vice president and half owner of the DeWitt Brothers Pictures Corporation, vice president and half owner of the All-America Coöperative Distributing Corporation, partner to one Isidor Iskovitch in the two last-named enterprises, and the sort of man who would wear his slouch black hat indoors and out, at his desk or wherever. Now he pulled it gloomily down over his left eye, and observed, "You certainly picked a grown man when you were hunting a scrap, and I won't say Klekoff's got us licked, Izzy my boy, but he's all but."

"Hello, Little One, Where Did You Come From?" "Oh, Somebody Left the Window Open," She Chirped

"You bet you my life not!" declared Izzy with sudden passion, and he slammed his bony knuckles on the desk. "We been goin' the wrong way, Tim, that's all. Because the Pinnacle cut our gross from sixteen million last year to a little over eleven million this year, we been tryin' to retrench, an' it's all wrong. We been makin' the best pictures in the business, an' the minute we cheapen 'em it lets the Pinnacle put us on the run. Here's what we gotta do, Tim: We gotta stop usin' our fists only to protect our noses, an' hand out a wallop on the jaw. Looky!" His eyes were glowing as he thought on his well-considered program, and he leaned forward in his intensity. "We gotta throw all our interests into one new corporation of fifteen-million capitalization, soak every nickel we own behind an eight-million-dollar bond issue, and spend the whole eight million! We gotta finance the building of seventy first-run theaters!"

There was a shocked silence, which was at last broken by an expulsion of breath from Tim Barney's capacious lungs.

"On Wednesday, says you! Say, kid, I went broke at twenty-five, at thirty, at thirty-five and forty, and it seemed to make no difference to me; but now I'm fifty-five, and the world don't look so soft as it did. It is my preference not to go broke."

"You're goin' broke, anyhow, the way we're headed." And Izzy's lips were set in a grim, straight line. "Every day in the past year the Pinnacle's done us some dirt or other. They bought out our exhibitors, or bought the houses over their heads, or run 'em outta business, or undercut our prices, or refused to sell our customers big, popular stuff like these Rosen pictures, unless they'd make exclusive Pinnacle contracts, until now we only got nineteen outta the seventy first-run houses our branches sold to when we formed the All-America to distribute our product; an' the other night at the theater Klekoff tipped his hat to me an' grinned—the dirty bum!"

"The brute!" mocked Tim, though there was no levity in him. "So you expect me to put every dollar I made in my life against a man that can do that to you! I admire your pugnacity, boy, more than I do your good sense, for, anyhow, it occurs to me that you can't build seventy first-run theaters with eight million dollars! That's only a little over a hundred thousand apiece, and you couldn't build seventy woodsheds, with proper hardware and an Assyrian column or two, with that money."

"I didn't say build 'em; I said finance 'em," Izzy corrected him. "All our twenty-eight branch managers own or control first-run houses in the key cities, because we picked 'em for that. If I can get them, or the most of 'em, to take a piece of the investment in their territory, an' then if we can find in each of the towns where we propose to build a good substantial exhibitor who wants to expand an' will take another little piece of the investment, we'll have equity enough to float the balance locally."

"Just like that! Good Lord, boy, that means we'd be obligated to look out after an approximate investment of forty or fifty million dollars more! If you break us you propose to break us good, don't you?"

"I'd rather go broke fightin' than hold still an' let 'em choke me to death. Looky, Tim, if we put up the right kind of a fight we'll outlast the Pinnacle, because they're top-heavy in their finances. The last bond issue they put was for twenty million. The Pinnacle only got fifteen million of that, an' the rest went to the crowd that sold it."

"It costs you money to get money. How much do you think we'd cash in on our eight-million-dollar bond issue?"

"Eight million dollars!" said Izzy, triumphantly; then he phoned into the reception room, and immediately thereafter there entered majestically Meyer Guldengeld, a person who was at home with his money in every bank vault in California, and a person so impressive that heads pivoted on necks wherever he went. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, hale-and-hearty old man, with bushy whiskers as black as the day they were new, streaming down from each side of his face, and white teeth as sound as the day he cut them, and his grip, as he shook hands with Tim and Izzy, was a strong, good grip.

"How about it, grandpa, can we float it?" asked Izzy, eagerly.

"Every dollar!" And Meyer beamed on his grandson-in-law most affectionately before he turned to Tim. "You will understand, Mr. Barney, that my grandson-in-law has not asked me to carry a dollar of this investment. He has only asked me to verify the inventories of your respective properties, and to ascertain if the bond issue of which he speaks can be marketed without exorbitant commissions; and I am happy to say that my grandson-in-law may have what he wants. He may have exactly what he wants."

The brightness came back into Tim's bright-blue eye, and the cherry red to his face. If Meyer Guldengeld was behind this, all was well and there was no risk.

"What do you think of Izzy's scheme, Mr. Guldengeld? Can we get away with it?"

The beatific beam on Meyer Guldengeld's countenance was good to see.

"An ordinary man could not, but I am perfectly satisfied that my grandson-in-law can."

"So am I!" declared Tim Barney. "Count me in, kid! I'll gamble with you!"

"Hot dog!" And the Adam's apple in the throat of one Isidor Iskovitch gave a convulsive jump.

III

KLEKOFF, keeping himself well out of sight behind a big marble column, glared into the glittering banquet hall.

"Where's Gail Pierce?" he demanded. "Why isn't she in her place?"

"She telephoned half an hour ago that she was ill," explained Klekoff's capable yes man, Stuart, a lithe young fellow with pink cheeks and a curly mustache. "She said not to wait for her. I tried to reach you by phone, but couldn't locate you."

The two men looked at each other in frowning silence, while they thought deeply. The party was all set except for Gail Pierce. The band was in its place behind its screen of palms. The flower-decked tables spread away into infinity

from the honor dais, and the hush of expectancy was on the multitude. Here were gathered for a vast event, for an occasion of signal significance, for a ceremony of pulsing publicity, the élite of art's noblest occupation, the four hundred of picturedom, the upmost circle of Pinnacle society; they sitting with prim black-and-white-clad males at each alternate place to separate the color clashes of gorgeous raiment. Every seat was filled but three—the center throne at the honor dais and the thrones at the right and left of the same; and on those three vacant places all eyes were fixed. Was it possible that Gail Pierce was to be included in the grand entry? Stirrings of jealousy began in the innermost souls of certain of the Klekoff cohorts, and the vague, unrestful feeling that perhaps Roabert was, after all, mightier than Klekoff. The twenty-seven reporters, nine local and eighteen representing the East, began to look hopeful.

Still Klekoff and Stuart thought deeply, while at a mirror not far from the big column Tatia Rosen was preening herself as only queens may preen. On the ascent to the peak of her desire was Tatia, who had sailed from rags to riches in a single voyage. Of all that waiting throng she was the foremost, the highest, and before her they must bow the knee; for, by contract, she was the first star of the Pinnacle, and any other star that scintillated too near her sacredness must be dimmed. Already, during the two days since her arrival, she had sensed that in the four hundred of picturedom the making of pictures was an incidental occupation, a something to do between rivalries. Already she had refused every dressing room offered her, none being superior to the one provided for Gail Pierce or Aurelia Armour or Peggy Ogden or April Carol, and she had compelled the Pinnacle to build her one lined with rose taffeta. Already, after a lively skirmish, she had taken Gail Pierce's director, the great Leroy; and tonight she was to be officially stamped the queen of the works, the highest hollyhock in the garden, the foremost artist of the screen, the one and only one to whom all eyes would turn, as on the arm of her seneschal, Klekoff, she would parade down the center of the blazing banquet hall to the honor dais!

"Well," considered Stuart, feeling gently of a stub of a hair in his mustache which would not stay in curl, "if Gail Pierce's only way to throw a jinx on this party is to stay at home, I suppose we can stand it. Shall I put Aurelia in her place—or Peggy or April?"

"No!" returned Klekoff hastily. "I have troubles enough as it is. We'll be in in two minutes."

Every head in the banquet hall turned eagerly to the door. It was only Stuart slipping back to his place. The hush of expectancy deepened. All Nature was silent. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Two minutes and twelve seconds passed. Then, out in the lobby somewhere, a lone whippoorwill, with a crisp new twenty-dollar bill in his pocket, sounded his plaintive call, low and clear. In exactly one-fourth second after that the trap drummer fell off backwards from the musicians' perch, dragging with him his frame of tubular bells, two cymbals and a glass crash. Vast excitement in the banquet hall, and every neck was strained in the direction of the orchestra, every head was turned with its back to the door—until suddenly the multitude was sickeningly aware that the mighty Klekoff, with the guest of honor on his arm, had strutted down the entire center aisle to the very foot of the dais, unbeheld! Hastily, three hundred and ninety-nine of the four hundred rose to their feet in panic-stricken attention, while Klekoff seated the guest of honor at his august right hand; and the multitude sat; and the trap drummer, with a crisp new hundred-dollar bill in his pocket, rose as silently as possible and took his place among his fellows. Klekoff remained standing until the bass tuba had stopped throbbing and the tenor ones tinkling, and until society was thoroughly stilled and had held its hush for seconds.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it gives me great pleasure to introduce, and you I am certain great pleasure to welcome to California, our sister from across the seas." He turned to the sister with a most insignificant bow. "In the name of art."

Loud applause. What else would one expect in the name of art? Simultaneously society took a good look, a double look, at the Pinnacle's first star, the guest of honor, the alien, the forerunner of the hostile horde which was to sweep down on Hollywood like the vandal Goths on Rome, and wrest the bread and butter and liveried limousines right out of the mouths of the peaceful inhabitants; and after that look they felt better. Without the camera's artful aid and the gleam of the lying lights, Tatia Rosen was a little shy on pulchritude, so there was no chance that she would ever become a social leader, no matter what her contract said. On art they'd take a gamble if they could have enough production cost.

Tatia Rosen rose and bowed graciously and spread her hands dramatically, drawing them in to her bosom to show how much she took this warm gathering to her heart, the while a steely glint snapped in the depths of her big dark eyes, for she had a great wave of intuition about these cats; then she sat amid continued applause, and Stuart, turning toward the orchestra, nodded his head.

Nothing happened. Stuart turned toward the orchestra again, with a frown of impatience, and waved his hand. Nothing happened.

The orchestra leader did, indeed, look at Stuart inquiringly, as if not quite comprehending.

Klekoff himself—the mighty Klekoff, who never bothered about details except in dire emergency—now turned toward the orchestra, while the hush in the multitude deepened and deepened.

Nothing happened. The orchestra leader, apparently painfully puzzled as if by a misarrangement of signals, did indeed half raise his baton inquiringly, and then ——

And then there was a commotion outside the door, as two of the liveried attendants rushed noisily to flank it, and as every eye turned to the entrance at the sound, there swept in a wondrous figure all in shimmering gold, bedecked with a ruby necklace which hung to the waist in glittering festoons, and crowned with a ruby-tipped gold headdress which flaunted eighteen inches above and around the imperious head. It was Gail Pierce, the four-hundredth of the four-hundred, lissome and supple as if she hadn't a bone inside her gold gown anywhere; and the sparkle of childish delight was in her lustrous eyes, and a naïve smile of pleasure was on her beautifully curved lips; and, as she headed her own triumphal procession of just Gail Pierce herself, and nobody else, down the wide center aisle to the dais, the orchestra leader, with a crisp new five-hundred-dollar bill in his pocket, seemed to get his belated signal, swung his little baton, and out brassed the uplifting strains of God Save the King, syncopated down to modernism.

Never was such tumultuous applause, nor applause lasting so briefly, and native rivalries and heartburnings and jealousies were swept away. Down in the depths of their souls the three hundred and ninety-nine loved Gail Pierce—loved her, loved her, loved her! In that moment the twenty-seven sad reporters mourned the limitations of their profession, which forever bound them to the stories they were expected to write and forever forebade the pippins which, like this, would be a joy.

In the name of business, there was at this selfsame moment an enthusiastic party in the big banquet hall of the Meyer Guldengeld mansion, to cement the families of Barney and Iskovitch. Present, besides Meyer Guldengeld and his little old Dresden-china wife, were all the Barneys and all the Iskovitches. Of the Barneys there were Tim and his wife Molla and his wife's brother, Dan Mulvaney, and Dan's wife. Of the Iskovitches, besides Izzy and his wife Miriam, there were Uncle Solomon Iskovitch, Uncle Abraham Iskovitch, Uncle Julius Iskovitch, Uncle Isaac Iskovitch, Uncle Eli Iskovitch, Uncle Nathan Iskovitch and Uncle Moche Iskovitch—six uncles with whiskers and one not, but all with wives; also there were young Eli Iskovitch, Izzy's partner in the Heart Throbs; and Leon Iskovitch, Joseph Iskovitch, Mischa Iskovitch, Emma Iskovitch and numerous other Iskovitches whose names escape this chronicle—every Iskovitch

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He Shook a Warning Finger at Her and Said, "Get Back to Your Spot or I'll Have You Dragged Back!"

ETHICAL DATIVE

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SWINGING around her mild long face, the mare took firm hold of Stukely's shirt and ripped the blue sleeve cleanly from his left arm. She waved the trophy in her yellow teeth twice before dropping it on the clay, then planted a rear hoof against the green door of her stable, printing a shoe's whole shape in fresh paint. Stukely backed to the gate and filled his father's barbarous estate with the yell of his outrage after he had flung the currycomb at this brute.

"I try to do something for you and then you act like that!"

Sun of beginning May was pleasant on his bared arm, and the mare now looked at him not unkindly, letting her ears go loose. She flirted her gray tail and made soft motherly noises as she walked toward him, but Stukely's heart beat with a rank distrust; the truce of three days was over; she meant ill; she had become an ally of the four cows. He drew his long legs safely up on the deplorable fence and watched the mare's ears twitch under the circling of a monstrous fly while he rolled a cigarette. If she resented the currycomb, what mightn't she do when he tried to varnish her feet? It was nearly time to milk the impulsive kine and to bring the dark bull in from his separate pasture, but Stukely let the tired muscles of his calves collapse to jelly and studied the mare with hate. These were the things that grooms brought to the door at his uncle's model farm in Connecticut! You got on them and rode among the hills with girls. It was different to tend the moods of a mare, and the beast who had warranted her gentle would somehow pay for it some day. As for the other hairy varlet who had sold those cows to his father —— A memory of some picture seen in Belgium came on Stukely. A naked man swayed from the clapper of a great bell while ravens floated sable below the corpse's feet. Yes! But this farmer should be strung up alive and the ravens should be trained to peck him slowly, day after day. He saw the happening with nice detail and was just encouraging a large raven to begin on the man's left eye when his mother screamed in the pallid house and the jolly vision puffed away on the noise.

Stukely said crossly "Aw, shut up!" and turned to listen.

One wail from Mrs. Kent meant little. She had spilled some milk, or the new stove—sworn to be tractable like everything else on the farm—had coughed more smoke, or an unusual rat had galloped up from the cellar. Her son sighed. If his mother screamed twice he must go to rescue. She screamed, and Stukely limped over a thousand branches he hadn't had time to rake up since clipping the orchard.

"Stuke!"

He bawled "I'm coming, mother!" and aped among cracklings to the kitchen that jutted from this pretty house painted white that might shelter his parents in their declining years, if they could stand it. Mrs. Kent faced her child through the drifting vapor from a dish on the stove's black width and dashed at him a sheet of jolly yellow note paper.

"Read that!"

Stukely saw Norah's handwriting with a sharp relief. He set the sizzling dish on the cooler end of the range, observed "You were lettin' that burn, mother," and perched on a table between the two leaded windows on which his sister had so much insisted. This squared and charming effect in panes had cost a good deal, and a line of the leading fell surely across the short message from New York:

Dearest Mother: Just a scribble to say I'm sending Joe up in the morning so you can see how perfectly wonderful he is. I hope you have found another cook, and Stukely must finish papering the other bedrooms before June because we want to have the wedding in the country, and I never expected to be so glad to leave my work here! If Stuke tries to be haughty and superior to Joe, tell him I'll spank him when I come up. Here is a sample of some flowered chintz for the living room, and if you like it I can send up enough to cover the window seats. Love to dad and the kid. NORAH.

He affected to read this written thunderbolt twice while he dizzily hunted some posture and heard his mother's breath begin to mount a scale that would end in hysterics if he didn't forestall the explosion.

So he said with loud falseness, "Well, she took him."

"But who is he?"

"I dunno. She was doing a rave about some man named Joe when she was up last month. You heard her."

"I Heard Nothing Whatever," Said Mrs. Kent, "About Any Man Named Joe!"

"I heard nothing whatever," said Mrs. Kent, "about any man named Joe!"

Stukely lied in a sad comfort, "Well, she jawed me about him while I was painting the stable door. By the way, that damn horse just kicked ——"

"Stuke," his mother cried with gestures denoting the wildest grief, "I can't bear to have you use profanity!"

"If that horse tries to eat me again you'll hear words," he prophesied, "that you never knew existed! Anyhow, 'damn' doesn't mean anything, mother. . . . Well, all I hope is that Norah haan't gone and got engaged to a settlement worker. He'll want to send a lot of dear little boys up here for country air and good food. Stop crying. You let Norah go and teach drawing and now she's picked up something and wants to marry it. Hope it'll take her mind off improving this dump. I think the reason I got typhoid last fall was because she tried to decorate my rooms. Mother, Norah's twenty-one and she has some sense. She wants to get married, and you did, you know, so there's no reason why she shouldn't. Lots of women do."

He had often noticed that an air of argument worked very well with his mother. On the fourth sob Mrs. Kent swallowed frantically so that her prettiness flushed toward vermilion and she struggled for new breath. Stukely nursed together a cigarette and watched her motions with some pain. All events were upheavals to this lady. Now she brooded, wiping a lip with an apron charming in embroideries, and some new disaster trembled in her stare.

"Stuke!"

"Huh?"

"We haven't any cook! This—this Joe'll be here tonight and we haven't a servant in the house! That man at the newspaper office was going to send one up today. I must telephone. If ——"

Stukely said, "Hold on! He did send a girl out, mother, while you were havin' your nap after lunch. Only I sent her straight back. Hold on! I added up the check book last night and there's just exactly forty-nine dollars in the bank and that's got to last until July. We won't have a cent of money until that oil-stock-dividend thing comes in. I'm sorry. I'll wash all the dishes, I'll make beds. But we can't have a hired girl until the place starts making some money. I tried to stop father from buying that bull. I suppose clergymen aren't ever awf'ly practical. I don't know what good the bull is to us, but maybe dad thought every farm ought to have its own bull. I think it's a rotten bull! Oh, you know as well as I do that every cent dad has is sunk in this place! I ——" He caught back his will by a jerk of his whole body. "But we can't afford any hired girl or any more chintz hangings or any more bulls until—and I've got to go milk."

He let the screened door of the kitchen slam and stalked over more twigs that were to his cold frenzy amused small snakes. An engine in a shed painted green by Norah was pumping up water from the disgusting soil of the slope to a tank in the romantic rafters of the old attic that smelled of lavender from clothes once hung there while other sons sweated on these twenty vile acres, plowing the fields, clipping trees, milking cows, grooming horses. Stukely looked off at the speckled threat of a cemetery gleaming on the valley's western rise and said deliriously "You'll get me pretty soon!" as he ran quaking fingers over the black crust of his wet hair. Norah's Joe tomorrow should certainly be bullied or induced to rake the orchard. If he was an artist he should go on papering the bedrooms. If he was just a stockbroker he could do odd jobs. Norah had helped to settle the family in this paradise, and then back she fluttered to teach soiled children drawing in the settlement school maintained by Saint Philip's parish in New York, where milk came in bottles. And now she was going to be married. Next month. Bridesmaids and young men with flowers in their coats would froth about the barns and say "How nice it all is!" looking down the shallow reach of the valley toward the red-and-white cubes of the scattered town.

Stukely sat on a blue wall of ancient stones and beheld the four cows drawn up in a square at the faded bars of their pasture. Triangular fat clouds sailed artfully eastward across the lucent river's angle. A naked man was bathing where the stream crooked so sharply, and his body made an X on the rich green of the bank. Oh, yes, the modern painters were right! There was a deal of geometry in Nature's shameless big designs. But death had seized his legs. This wretched weariness was most unlike the torpor of last autumn's typhoid. He would be tired for years, maybe, until he got used to being a farmer. The white man bathing half a mile away there had probably milked twelve or thirteen cows and groomed innumerable horses, felled a couple of trees and didn't mind it. No, the yokel would get into his paintless car and go to gaze on moving pictures after supper. It was marvelous how well the farmer who had sold the mare to Doctor Kent could swing over fences and go his wicked way, whistling syncopated music, up the road.

Horror of incompetence took Stukely and brought his teeth together in a clack of wrath that included a bit of his tongue. He said "Damn!" in a moan that ended in a cough as his father came close suddenly on noiseless turf with his episcopal gait, moving in meditation as if the arches of Saint Philip's were still gray over his shapely head. He held a branch of magnolia against his black shoulder, and Stukely was taken with pride as his tongue bled freely down his chin. The man could carry flowers and wear yellow spectacles without looking silly! He had bought a farm without seeing it for his last retirement, but his dignity was unshattered in his son's sight.

Stukely lisped, "Hey, dad, where you been?"

The Rev. Gavin Kent lowered his gaze and smiled at his child before the trained melody of his deep voice surged in the scented light: "Along the river. I think I went almost to town. But I walked back with a very nice young fellow. He pulled these down for me. He calls them cat flowers, but I think it's really magnolia, isn't it?"

"Of course. There was a fellow at New Haven from Mississippi—or one of those states out there—that called 'em cat flowers last spring."

His father touched a flower to his mouth and said, "This boy—I think he was very young—had a nice Southern sort

of voice. He used several ethical datives. Of course, the ethical dative always flourishes in rural districts, but I'm sure this boy wasn't a native. It's awkward to be so near-sighted, Stuke. He may have been an old fellow. I feel rather guilty letting you do all the chores, my dear boy and you sounded quite worn out last night. Hadn't you better see if Mr. Puddy hasn't a son he could spare for the usual consideration? A man with nine sons ought to have one to spare." His smile was warm with benevolence and he tapped his child on the chest with the branch of magnolia. "Yes, I know you're strong as a bull, my son, but I presume that even bulls have their moments of exhaustion, and you're only eighteen. Let's go over at once and see whether Mr. Puddy hasn't a boy he can let us have."

"Dad," said Stukely, batting the white enameled flowers aside, "you shut your head! I can't stand the Puddy kids. They all have gold teeth in front. Go home, Rover! You've been out in the sun too long. Bad for your lamps. G'on home!"

The retired rector of Saint Philip's beamed at his son and laughed. "You're the most irreverent young fiend alive except Norah. You'd inevitably have been expelled from college if you'd gone back after your typhoid. Very well; but you must have somebody to help you. That lad who was talking to me just now down by the river seemed quite surprised when I said you were farming twenty acres single-handed. He said you must be hell on two feet. He used," the clergyman reflected, "some very entertaining neologisms. 'Thataway,' for instance. If my eyes hadn't failed, dear, I was rather thinking of a little book on philology. The American clergyman is so constantly accused of failure in scholastic interests. Norah was telling me of some boy who does something or other at the settlement house who has an unusually interesting dialect. Slang is very absorbing. One of the choir boys called me a stuffed shirt last winter—privately—and I couldn't see which one, so I couldn't ask him what he meant. I was sure, though, that it wasn't flattering, because I'd just scolded them all for rolling dice in the chancel after morning service. I've always tried to be liberal in my attitudes, but I couldn't feel that dice were appropriate there. What is a stuffed shirt, Stuke?"

"It's everything," said Stukely, "that you aren't, pop. Go home, will you? I've got to milk those dear, sweet cows."

He patted his father over the wall and watched the magnolia flowers sway up the orchard. Then he limped down the hill without thinking. Lately he often managed to think of nothing for long spaces of time. The cows switched their tails in a short, severe rhythm as he opened the gate for them, and expressed in small grunts their wish to be milked at once while they marched in a brown lump up the lane ending at another gate. There the mare was waiting with her head thrust over the bar, and plainly she had been busy in the barnyard kicking to pieces a new wheelbarrow. But now she chose to be agreeable, and snorted greeting to the cows, although Stukely knew that some feud throve between her gray iniquity and the makers of milk. He rested his hands on the bar and told her crudely, "Geddahell into the stable, you vampire!" The mare rolled her eyes in an amorous fashion and backed away. Then she tried to stand on her head, while Stukely watched her with coldness. Well, why shouldn't she stand on her head if she liked? There was an absolute independence in all these creatures. Even the churn that sometimes made butter in the grim damp shades of the cellar had this morning sputtered twice before it jammed forever. Norah had bought it from a Russian antiquary in Madison Avenue because she liked its bands of hammered iron. Let her ever try to use it! Stukely yawned and climbed the gate. The mare rolled on her back beside the shed filled with plows and seemed to want her belly rubbed.

Stukely said, "If you think I think you're a dog, you're wrong! I know you all too well! Get up!"

Then to his wonder she got up and ran into the stable. She let her headgear be tied to the ring of her stall. Stukely caressed her nose with a timid kindness and purred triumphantly in what seemed a suitable tone. The mare snapped her teeth together in the breast of his shirt and tore the whole front away. He jumped out of the stinking box just as her weight echoed against the wood and her tail lashed his stripped ribs as he reeled clear of heels that rose in a lunge of metal. He stepped into the yard with a spring of chilly sweat running down his sides and went slowly to let the cows trot through the opened gate. They passed under a hazy russet oval in his mind and he heard the ghost of his father's voice saying, "Football is a rather dangerous game for you, my dear boy, because you take such chances. Do please be careful!" Nobody had tried to kill him at Andover, though, and the mare's playfulness might be customary in the countryside. Children of ten dragged bulls by the nose for miles, and groomed stallions. He made a cigarette and wondered if the cows were murderous this afternoon while he washed his scratched hands in cold suds of blistering sanitary soap and looked at Elfritha, the largest cow, brazenly. Her eyes were steady on his with a certain scorn, he thought, oozing from the black depths and he glanced off at something doubly blue with a gash of colored ribbon on its upper side and a valise gripped in its white cotton glove. It was a marine. Why shouldn't it be? It had come from wherever marines were stored to gaze upon him placidly with eyes made of turquoise, and a red stripe glorious on the seams of its breeches informed him that it was a superior kind of marine. Its worthy but rural parents somewhere up the road had written to it of the crazy preacher's farm, and it had dropped in to look at the curious show of a boy without much shirt scrubbing his hands with vile soap before milking the cows, which all turned to see a stranger and then chewed ahead.

"I s'pose," said the marine, "that you'll be the kid'"

"I suppose I am," Stukely agreed. The stripe on the pale-blue breeches and the gaudy chevrons meant something. He took a shot in ranking his caller and asked with his best grin, "Home on furlough, sergeant"'

"Discharged Sat'day, ace," the charming object said, dropping the valise on an amber bench beside the green door of the mare's realm. He looked at yellow roses stenciled by Norah on the seat and murmured "Lawd o' Jerusalem!" with a perceptible movement of small ears and eyebrows bleached so by sunlight that they seemed improper to his tanned round face. Then he aimed upward his turquoise stare at scarlet owls stippled largely on the door of the hayloft, said "Gracious goodness!" and slid back his fastidious cap on hair paler than his brows. His brown thumbs locked in his dull belt. He seemed rather scared of these exuberant tints and asked in a worried way, "She ain't did you thataway all over the place, kid?"

Stukely giggled. Any male would know that a woman had devised these foibles.

He said "No; I kept the house plain outside," and sat down on the moist edge of the watering trough. Let the cows wait. This was a nice marine. How had he got so marvelously sunburned in May's first week? Oh, they went upon the sea in battleships and ran messages in white

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"Yes, I Know You're Strong as a Bull, My Son, But I Presume That Even Bulls Have Their Moments of Exhaustion, and You're Only Eighteen"

RANGOON RICE

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

ROMANCE once lived in Rangoon. When the stately clipper ships gave place to uglier, grimier, better-devised paying steamers, most of the romance passed along with the sailing ships; but not all. Men who know the sea best maintain that the sea can never lose all its romance, no matter what monstrosity may succeed even the monstrous steamship which killed the beautiful clipper. Hopeful souls like these stoutly assert that romance still lurks in those old outworld ports once haunted by the sails and swift keels of London and Boston, Liverpool and New York, Aberdeen and Salem, and they are right. The sea is the heart and pulse of romance. Romance is the progenitor of commerce.

Evil years and mercenary hearts had dealt hardly with the Lothario. Of the Lothario it was once said by a notorious Yankee sail carrier, that she was the fastest ship that ever slid from the builders' ways. She still showed traces of former grace as she lay in the loading berth in Rangoon, taking in rice for whatever port offered the best market.

It was long after she had passed her prime. Perhaps in her prime Captain Arlate would never have commanded her; but if he realized this fact as he scanned her littered decks and busy holds, nothing in his demeanor showed it; he was as proud of being captain of the old Lothario, Parsi-owned, fallen to tramp status, loading rice for any market that offered, as if she were loading tea in the first Fu-chau berth, bound for London, racing against the world's crack clippers with excellent chances of taking the winner's bonus; as if he were not master of her by virtue of buying his berth from a native owner.

"Stand By on Deck!" the Serang's Voice Pealed Down

His two mates, an Arab first mate and a swivel-eyed old Liverpool failure of a second, tallied rice bags at three hatches at once. The whining singsong of sweating coolies trotting up to the slings with their sacks, and the droning hum of less-favored coolies in the hold, filled the lazy air with sleepy sound. Rangoon smiled drowsily at the ships; ships hung upon her yellow bosom and groaned in their labor.

It was Captain Arlate's first experience of the East in trade. He was qualified to command, if mere papers could qualify him. A little money left him by his departed wife gave him the opportunity to seek the realization of the book-born dreams of years. His small daughter, eleven-year-old Arlie, slept in her white berth even now beneath his feet, escaping the white heat of the midday sun. She had gone to bed rebelliously. The sweaty-bright, chanting, naked coolies delighted her. She found the sun not at all oppressive. But Arlate only knew the East of his books. He had soaked in much nonsense about natives and young white maidens. He sent Arlie to bed daily after noon tiffin. Sometimes she dozed; more often she sat curled up at her wide-open porthole, gazing in fascination at the colorful picture of wharves and people.

"Who's that knockin' at my door?"
Said the fair young lady.
"Who's that knockin' at my door?"
Said the fair young lady.

"It's me meself and nobody else,"
Said Abel Brown, the sailor.
"It's me meself and nobody else,"
Said Abel Brown, the sailor.

The ribald old song came from the hold; by which hatch it was not easy to determine, for the whine of the toiling coolies thrummed on the hot air. The skipper started in alarm, glancing fearfully at the companionway.

"Mr. Surridge!" he called sharply to the second mate at the main hatch. "Stop that man's singing! Send him up to me! I'll send him ashore!"

The second mate glowered, cursing in his scattered mustache, and swung a leg over the coaming. As he vanished down the stanchion ladder, the voice bawled forth the second stanza:

"Pray, sir, pray, sir, do come in,"
Said the fair young lady.
"Pray, sir, pray, sir, do come in,"
Said the fair young lady.

The voice suddenly ceased. The harsh tones of Mr. Surridge succeeded, demanding that the singer reveal himself. Soon Surridge appeared on deck alone, casting an unfriendly and erratic eye upon the captain.

"There's no white man down below," he grumbled. "Ain't nobody but niggers."

"But I heard a white man's voice singing a vile song!" the skipper insisted irritably.

He still feared for Arlie's ears, though believing her to be asleep.

"I tell you there ain't no white man down there 'Twas the doctor's parrot you heard."

Shrill laughter in the hold rippled through the sweaty air and spread to the coolies on the wharf. Captain Arlate, irritable and warm, sped down from the poop and clambered into the hold. He burst through the gang unloading a sling of rice bags, treading on bare feet and using his elbows freely. A burly Chinese half-caste resented his unceremonious progress and pushed forward to face him. The skipper stood glaring into the vague shadows of the half-filled hold. His keen eyes fastened upon a bent figure busily engaged in stowing five rice bags where only four had been. The action was so unexpected in a coolie—more to be expected of an expert stevedore—that Arlate temporarily forgot the offensive song, ignored the insolent coolie confronting him.

"If I come in, where can I stop?"
Said Abel Brown, the sailor ——

The voice began again. It came from the bowed figure over the rice sacks.

"Stop that!" roared the skipper, and pressed forward.

The song stopped. But the Chinese half-caste, pushed aside, came back and shook his fists in the skipper's face. Arlate planted a lusty kick in the fellow's stomach. In a breath the hold was filled with a snarling mob of furies, brandishing bale hooks, of which Captain Arlate was the terrified center.

The Arab mate glanced below at the uproar and quickly discovered important work elsewhere. Mr. Surridge leaped ten feet from hatch to top tier of cargo, spitting Liverpool profanity. A bale hook flickered out at him, ripped his shirt bosom and scratched his tough skin. He leaped back to the deck by way of the stanchion ladder, yelling something about guns.

In the hold, Captain Arlate tried to back away from the big leering coolie. His hand was clapped to his ear and a thin trickle of blood crept through his fingers. A bit of white skin flickered from the point of the coolie's cargo hook.

"Don't back from 'em, you lunatic!" gritted the voice that had offended by singing Abel Brown; the voice that had brought the skipper below and precipitated the trouble. It sounded close beside Arlate's bleeding ear. A dozen bale hooks flickered towards him again; the big half-caste reached out a hand like a gorilla's; and then a naked, sweating figure stood between the skipper and the frenzied gang.

"G'wan! Get on deck!" the man snarled over his shoulder at Arlate.

Arlate, less terrified than bewildered, perhaps, resenting the man's peremptory tone, ceased backing. He stared at the fellow, trying to reconcile appearance with tone. Except that he was several degrees filthier than anybody

else in the hold, there was nothing different about the man, nothing to prepare one for good old Anglo-Saxon clipped speech. He was as naked as his fellows, as brown, as lean and lithe

"D'ye hear? Get on deck!" he snapped again.

He kicked backward at the skipper. Arlate backed involuntarily. Then he saw his rescuer reach out, grab the big half-caste's snout between two fingers and twist hard, screaming shrilly in the coolie dialect, interlarding whatever he was telling the gang with splitting deep-sea oaths. Tears streamed from the big half-caste's eyes. The nose-twisting went on until the victim sank to the rice bags, whining for mercy.

"Blime! Ain't you gone yet?" shrilled the queer queller of disorder, turning upon the skipper. "G'wan up! Think I can hold these swine if you stop here? G'wan! Git!"

"Come to the cabin before you go ashore," answered Arlate, giving way before the man's obvious earnestness. He reached the deck as Mr. Surridge ran up with a shotgun.

"You don't need that," he remarked. "All you need is backbone. Look down there!"

In the hold the big half-caste was crawling over the tier, dragging a sack of rice to fit into a space. The other coolies dragged at their sacks, whining forth their interminable chant of eternal toil. The queer fellow stood for a moment, grinning contemptuously up through the hatch; then he returned to his job, self-imposed palpably, of squeezing rice bags into spaces where rice bags surely had never been stowed before.

"He'll get too much weight forward," grumbled Surridge. He was not so hardened that he could not feel a little bit ashamed at his own showing in the brief riot. He must say something; he said it complainingly about the man who had shown up better than he had. "You never let us stow the ship that way."

"What he stows there today won't harm the ship's trim," retorted Arlate hastily.

He hurried away aft, for from the dark hole forward of the hatch issued the further exploits of Abel Brown in raucous song, and the cabin windows were open.

"Keep that man aboard when he knocks off, until I come back," he called out to Surridge as he went. "Give him a drink or something; but hold him."

The skipper went to the cabin, and presently reappeared in company with a dancing-eyed, curly haired, white-clad imp of mischief who chattered incessantly and whose eyes missed nothing.

"What is Mr. Surridge going to shoot, daddy?" chattered Arlie. She swung a wide lace hat by the ribbons.

"Abel Brown!" returned the skipper, still flustered. "Come along, child! I forgot I promised to take you to see the Pagoda."

He clapped the child's hat to her curls and hurried her ashore, protesting that she hated pagodas.

When they returned on board, a grinning second mate met them at the gangway. The ship lay silent under the warm sunset sky. The sharp black shadows of full day melted into softer blues and grays and mauves in the brief transition between daylight and dark. The skipper sent the girl below and turned irritably upon Surridge.

"What are you grinning about? Where's that man?"

"That's what I'm grinnin' about," retorted the second mate. "I done what you told me. Give him a hooker o' rum and told him you wanted to see him. He wouldn't stop unless I give him a second tot. Then, when I turned my back a minute, he ups with the bottle and swallows most of a quart before I could stop him. Oh, he's a white man all right! Oughta hear him swear when I took the bottle from him! Told me things about myself I never heard even in thirty years o' deep water. He ——"

"Yes, yes! But where is he?"

"If you can tell me where the mate is, I can tell you. Last thing I saw of him he rolled on deck, goin' large and cussin' somethink horrible. The mate was in the hold, pullin' out bags o' rice for'ard. Your queer fellow drops down, twists the mate's snoot, and chases Mr. Ali on deck and ashore, screamin' bloody murder. They're both still goin' so far as I know."

An hour later the second mate announced that the queer fellow had returned.

"Down the hold he is, sir, stowin' them bags again. Must be touched with the sun."

Captain Arlate went to the hatch and peered into the depths. Blackness was absolute down there. Only the chug and thump of fists upon full bags, the heavy panting of laboring lungs, occasional interjections of bitterly apt English gave evidence of work going on.

"Below, there!" the skipper called sharply.

"G'wan! Mind your business!" came back the retort. "What are you doing? Come up at once!"

"Go t' Tophet! I'm doin' what you ain't got sense to do—loadin' this ship so she'll have a chance to sail. You dummies brought up in lubberly steel wagons that don't care how you load 'em and won't sail anyhow, never ought to be trusted with a smart clipper like the Lothario. I see her come in. You batter three inches by the stern. You don't know enough ——"

Arlate stood in dumb surprise. The voice rattled on in English which, if not precisely good, was incisive and utterly intelligible. Coming out of the darkness, it did not seem so amazing, but when the man emerged and suddenly appeared beside the skipper, still chattering in the lingo of clipper ships of years gone by, the incongruity of it all was startling.

"Put her by the stern and she won't look to windward. Get her by the head and she carries her helm across the deck. Eight ton'll sink her an inch all round. Y'oughta hire a mate who is a mate, and make him see to the stowage. Not a bloody Arab as ——"

"Come aft, my man, I want to talk with you," the skipper said shortly. "Haven't you got any clothes?"

"Sure, same as the other coolies."

"You're not a coolie!" snapped the skipper. "I have a young daughter in the ——"

"If you've brought her up so's a naked skin shocks her, you're crazier about that than you are about loading ships. What ya bring her out East for? Talk out here if you're squeamish. It's your party, not mine. That crojick-eyed second greaser made me stop on board. What d'ya want o' me, anyhow?"

Arlie sat, bright-eyed and wakeful, watching her father rummage through clothes lockers for shirts and linen suits that had begun to show signs of wear.

"Can he come into the cabin when he's dressed, daddy?" she asked. "Can I talk to him then?"

"Whether he comes in here or not, you are not to talk to him," the skipper replied sharply.

But his face did not reflect the sharpness of his voice. He might not permit such a man to meet his idolized Arlie, but it was permissible for him to feel gratified at his success with the queer white coolie. The child's glum expression hurt him. He chatted to her as he folded the clothes.

"By and by, perhaps you can talk to him," he said. "We know nothing about him yet, girlie. At present I

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Surridge Fired One Barrel of His Shotgun Into a Crowd of Lascars About to Mount and Darted Back to the Seaward Rail to Blaze Away With the Second Barrel

THE WELL FROM PERUGIA

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE highly successful interior-decorating firm of Pell, Lombard, Inc., boasted its stellar seller in the very decorative person of Michael Connover. Many women and Mr. Connover himself were convinced to a certainty that the world held nothing more beautiful than Michael Connover in the Piccadilly perfection of Irish homespun and lavender madras. His was a harmony of dress and jewelry which assured any observer that he knew his business so far as it related to colors and their combinations. As worn, his wardrobe was an ambulating index to what was correct of shade for drapery and upholstery usage. No woman could look upon him and not receive a thrill Few males could eye him and not be struck with the lust to kill.

Almost every morning at ten o'clock he had breakfasted and reached the place of his labors. He had no worries regarding mail. A red-haired stenographer, one of the few persons who neither worshiped nor feared him, was [illegible] from such petty affairs. She realized that he spoke exquisitely in the patois of his kind, yet also she knew that he spelled the forbidden article of Friday diet with double c

The Avenue beyond the discreet display windows of Pell, Lombard, Inc., which were tricked out to repel the rich, yet intrigue the very rich, was lively enough to rejoice the soul of any merchant. In spite of such external vivacity the solemn galleries of Pell, Lombard, Inc., were crammed with the eloquent hush of red damask being looked at by nobody.

In the front hall of pink-and-gray marble were a Louis XVI table, a plashing—note absence of s—fountain of black basalt, presided over by a white and startlingly naked Venus, three goldfish in the fountain, and Mr. Michael Connover. Nothing so crude as a price tag marred any of these *objets d'art*. That goes for Mr. Connover as well as for the more obvious merchandise

Persons who did not know that Mr Connover was a salesman might easily have been confused into thinking him a hybrid between a manicurist and a jeweler. The confusion would have arisen from his strict and unvarying attention to his dull seal rings and his brilliant finger nails. There were four of the former and ten of the latter. His motions were systematic and regular. With a silk handkerchief of jade green he burnished the nails of his left hand and then swept the flowing kerchief through the graceful curves of a figure eight, let it flutter daintily over his left wrist and placed his right hand upon it. No better foil for the calm enjoyment of his seal rings could have been devised. To relax the nerves one person will scratch the ear, another will bite the nails. Not so Mr. Connover. His was a far, far more decorative relaxer.

The Beautiful Michael Smiled Down From the Peaks of His Elegance

Contrary to appearances, there were other people in the establishment besides the pessimistic Filipino door attendant and Mr. Connover. But they were hidden in a series of cubicles—enlarged rabbit hutches—concealed behind the walnut paneling of the room to the rear. A score of bells beneath the soaring draperies of the door hangings would rush one or all to the scene. And the command would be obeyed mysteriously. One moment the eye would see but a bare wall of lustrous wood. Presto! An English duke or an Italian count at least will stand to your summons. But don't smile at the genii, or show any gentle spirit. You've got to be snooty. That'll fetch 'em. And never admit beauty in any article. If forced to speak, remark, boredlike, "Rather ordinary." But pronounce it "ord'n'ry." That is proof positive that you know whereof.

The light from an eleven-thousand-dollar crystal chandelier blessed Mr. Connover. The chandelier did not awe him. It had cost only three hundred and eighty dollars. A customer for it would have made a dent on his suavity.

The merest click of the door in the vestibule was the signal for a sleight-of-hand disappearance of the green handkerchief into his cuff. He struck the nonchalant pose of thumbs in lower waistcoat pockets and coat wide open, a certain hall mark of all salesmen for select picture galleries; and as dealing in old masters was a step above disposing of Aubusson panels, it was a gesture pleasing to Mr. Connover.

The Filipino door attendant pulled back the front curtains sufficiently to admit an underordinary man. The degree of curtain opening furnished by him was a sure index to the sartorial or known importance of the entrant. That he did not approve of this visitor was evident in the fact that the curtains would have brushed the gentleman's hat if he had not removed it on passing the front door.

Mr. Connover knew the Igorrote index, and held his ground. Who was he to break the silence or give comfort to the enemy?

With superb nerve the gentleman advanced toward Mr. Connover. His voice was surprisingly unafraid in its simple request.

"I should like to look at some furniture"

Mr. Connover also spoke simply. He said "Yes?"

"Yes," confirmed the original speaker. "Some chairs and tables and beds. And—oh, yes, maybe a desk; a big generous desk."

"Ah," said Mr. Connover.

The man was evidently a fool or hopelessly bourgeois. He had made no mention of a chaise longue and he had said desk. Undoubtedly he meant writing table. Mr. Connover was keenly alive to the faults of the man before him. Mr. Connover was delicately organized; to an extent that communications during business hours with people having neither money nor smartness were the cause for a spiritual seasickness.

"A big desk. And perhaps some rugs."

"Quite so," sighed the suffering Michael, passing one beautiful hand across his eyes and reaching with the other for the bottom button of the series behind the noble curtains. For the first time he spoke with a tinge of feeling.

"If you'll pardon me I'll send Mr. Banting to you. I have a rather important engagement and — "

If there was any more it was lost as he walked from the room.

The gentleman, now alone, observed with interest the receding back of Mr Connover, and blew his nose. Though at some distance, Mr. Connover clapped his hands over his ears at this last horror. To think of talking decoration with a man who could make a noise when blowing the nose! At least three cigarettes would be necessary to heal Mr. Connover's wounds

A slim young man with a plain white collar and no gaiters next passed the curtains to the foyer.

"Good morning, sir. Can I help you?"

"Yes," said the man who wished to buy. "I should like if possible to see some chairs and tables and beds. And oh, yes, a desk, a big desk."

The new salesman smiled quickly.

"I think I know. A broad flat-topped one, with burled-ash panels in the drawers and old brass hardware"

"That sounds good. May I see it?"

"Certainly, sir. Will you come to the elevator?"

So started the pilgrimage led by Cyrus Banting through the entire establishment. Mr. Banting was a neophyte decorator in the store of Pell, Lombard, Inc. He had been with them four days, and this was his first chance at selling. He would not have been turned loose on any prospect save the most hopeless. But this prospect had said desk to Mr. Connover, and so he was damned and handed over to the unprofessional enthusiasm of a beginner.

At half after ten the visitor had been passed on to Mr. Banting. At quarter to two he drew his head from beneath the hewn planks of an Elizabethan banquet table, which, at the urgent request of his guide, he had crawled on his knees to study, and said, "Humph! It must be time for lunch."

The mention of food discouraged Cyrus Banting. He felt sure now that he had failed in his efforts to make a customer. Genuine interest did not permit of food or the thought of food. Mr. Banting was a priest to his job; an aesthete. One must fast for proper penance. One must diet to decorate.

Through printed fiction and the verbal boasting of his confederates in the business Mr. Banting knew that customers were taken to lunch by salesmen. Of the experience he had no first-hand knowledge. Yet if customers could be held onto only by feeding, he would nourish them. If pâté was necessary to dispose of an oak prie-dieu—why, shoot the works, foie gras and everything.

Mr. Banting's invitation was of an ancient formality. In such things he copied the manners of his grandfather, who had mingled with the *beau monde*, and had during the '60's been in New York and Washington. He grew red, gulped thrice and spoke:

"Might I have the honor, sir, and the pleasure of your company to luncheon? There are a number of points regarding furniture in general which we have not discussed, and it will save you time if you will permit me to speak of them while we eat."

The gentleman addressed looked surprised and then thoughtful.

"Have you ever asked a customer to lunch before?"

"No, sir. I've never had the occasion."

"Been at the job long?"

"Not quite a week, sir."

"Humph!" said the prospect. "Not too long. In that case you'd better let me take you to lunch. That would be square. You've supplied a morning's time and a lot of work. I'll set up the entertainment. That's a better plan, isn't it?"

Mr. Banting smiled as he spoke.

"That's a peach of a plan, so long as it doesn't let you feel that it cancels your obligation to let me have a further chance at supplying your furniture. I know what you want now, because I've always wanted the same things myself. Especially the desk."

"I see. That's the reason you found it so quickly. Well, anyway, let's go and eat."

Banting rushed to get his hat and check out with the timekeeper. In the hall he met Mr. Connover.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Connover, for letting me have your customer. Do you know his name? I'm going to lunch with him."

The beautiful Michael smiled down from the peaks of his elegance.

"Certainly I don't know his name. And I'd suggest that you make a point of distinguishing between the possible and the impossible. It will save the firm considerable money. And I'll tell you right now, I won't O. K. your expense voucher for feeding him."

"But, Mr. Connover, he's mighty pleasant. And honestly I think he means to buy quite a lot of things. And anyway, he's taking me to lunch."

"That's fortunate for your pocketbook, but cursed poor luck for your stomach. Lay you odds you have a table-d'hôte meal."

"Of course you know about these things, Mr. Connover. But up in Rochester if a man talked the way he does we'd feel sure he meant business."

"Of course you would—in Rochester."

And the star salesman turned away, smilingly pleased with his vast and unerring knowledge of metropolitan habits.

"Gosh," said Mr. Banting to himself, "some day if I copy him hard enough and watch the people about me I may get to be like him. I wish I didn't get so excited about things. The big ones like him don't get enthusiastic. I must watch my step about that. Golly, I'm a hick!"

At the corner below the store his host turned Banting toward a car at the curb. The younger man recognized it as the most expensive car in the world, and the thought flashed through his head, like glad-tiding bells, "Wait till I tell Mr. Connover about this. Gracious, what a car!" The strain of exhibiting his cosmopolitan manners broke as he stepped into it, and the Rochester fashion gripped him as he spoke.

"I'll be damned! I never saw such a car. Goodness, isn't it a wonder! Well, I never expected to ride in one—for a good many years, anyway."

The naturalness of Banting was evidently satisfying to the owner. As a matter of fact he had somewhat the same regard for it. Money had not as yet atrophied him to the delights of money. Riches had not come so hard that he refused to barter them for pleasant things. And he realized his fortune in this state of mind.

On entering the car he had ordered it to the Biltmore. The genuine delight of his guest made him alter his mind. Like most men, he refused to use the speaking tube to the driver; rather, he leaned out through the door to change the destination to the Diplomatic Club. His motive was not subtle. It was the very human impulse that makes people like to show their possessions and privileges to others who appreciate them.

The doorman at the Diplomatic was profoundly courteous. Though Cyrus Banting's knowledge of clubs was almost absolute zero, he felt instantly that he was in the presence of importance. In the hall were other members whose looks and manners tagged them as men of achievement. Through the fact that each of them was careful to greet his host, Banting heard that gentleman's name for the first time.

One man, whose appearance refuted the ordinary belief that the males of cigarette advertisements are inaccurately impressive, came to them.

"Good morning, Mr. Robb. I've a chance for you to do a little charity at home. A number of the men here want to get Histler's Cheney Walk for the club. Won't you come in on it with us? The picture fetches seventy-five thousand dollars, and with fifteen of us splitting it up, it won't kill anyone."

Mr. Robb took Cyrus Banting by the arm and brought him forward for introduction.

"Mr. Plumber, this is my friend Banting. Mr. Banting is my guide, philosopher, yet friend in artistic things. How about that for a price, Banting?"

The young decorator heard the question through an incredible haze of happiness. The long nights and friendless days which he had spent over art volumes, dealers' catalogues and in many museums flashed back to him with the bitter hopelessness which he had felt at the time, the utter discouragement for any reward for the years of work which his spirit drove him to.

But here in the entrance hall of a great club, his opinion sought by the mighty ones was pay and more for any sacrifice.

Two important men were looking at him respectfully, waiting for his answer. And he was thinking of his three-marks-a-day lodgings in Cologne. Oh, well, he could answer them. If replying to such inquiries constituted the making of an expert, it was easy.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Robb. Histler did three canvases of Cheney Walk. The fact that he could see it from his studio accounts for the multiplicity. If the picture you mention was the first of the three the price you mention would be all right. But it can't be. That's in the National, and, of course, off the market. The other two are about on a par. Very little difference in either the quality or the price. One of them was in Russia. I don't know who owned it. And Lady Endling has the other in her Mayfair house. Last year that could have been bought for thirty thousand dollars, landed here with a profit to the handler. I don't think she's found a buyer yet. Of course I may be wrong about that, but I'm sure of the figure. I wouldn't advise you to pay seventy-five thousand dollars."

Mr. Robb smiled as though he had done it all personally, and turning towards the grill called back over his shoulder:

"Think that over, Plumber. Tell your dealer he's wild. And let me know what he says."

Seated at the table, during the process of ordering lunch Banting saw the room captain write the name Andrew Robb on his host's check. That flushed a full meaning to him. Andrew Robb, the man who, in the lingo of his upstate town, had more millions than a fat dog has fleas. Andrew Robb, the man who knew steel making better than any other person living; who counted field marshals and emperors and presidents among his intimates because of that knowledge, and the man who had reached the state of super-richness when such successes turn their minds toward art.

The undercurrents of gossip in the galleries and among art dealers for two years had been punctuated with the yearning inquiries, "I wonder when Andrew Robb will break into the market?" "Who'll start Robb on the trail?" "I heard that old Simonson had fascinated A. R. with the Alva fan collection. Took a loss of eighty thousand to make the sale in the hope of hooking him for the Halanda Rembrandt."

But the steel man had stayed out of reach. No one had taken him. To grab his business was the polar-star ambition of most of the great art dealers in the country.

And Banting tried to get his mind back into focus after the concentrated introspection of these facts. He gripped the arms of his chair hard and thought fast. His opportunity had come. He could sink or swim when he got up from this table. It all lay in his hands now. And there was one thing to keep in the front of his head. Poise! He'd got to have it. And he thought of Michael Connover and the unruffled suavity of his manner under all strains. He'd play him for a pilot and he'd win. Repress his enthusiasm. That was his glaring fault. He must contain himself. Hold Connover for his pattern and he'd make the grade somehow. And wouldn't they be proud of him! The men at the store. He smiled at the idea, and looking up found Andrew Robb giving him an answering grin as he spoke.

"How did you know about Histler's pictures, Mr. Banting? I was just fooling Plumber, and you came to my rescue perfectly. You're a fast thinker. It sounded perfectly true."

"It was perfectly true, Mr. Robb. But I'm glad if it helped you out."

"Well, by George! Is that a fact? But how did you come to find out about it? I figured you sold furniture and curtains and things. More power to you!"

"You're right. I try to. But I spent some time in Europe learning my trade. You see, when my father died I set out to prove to Abel Smalley, up in our town, that art was a good thing and —— I'm sorry; I didn't mean to launch out into a monologue on what I did or do."

"Go on. Go on."

"Do you really mean it? You aren't asking it just to be polite because I'm your guest and you feel you should?"

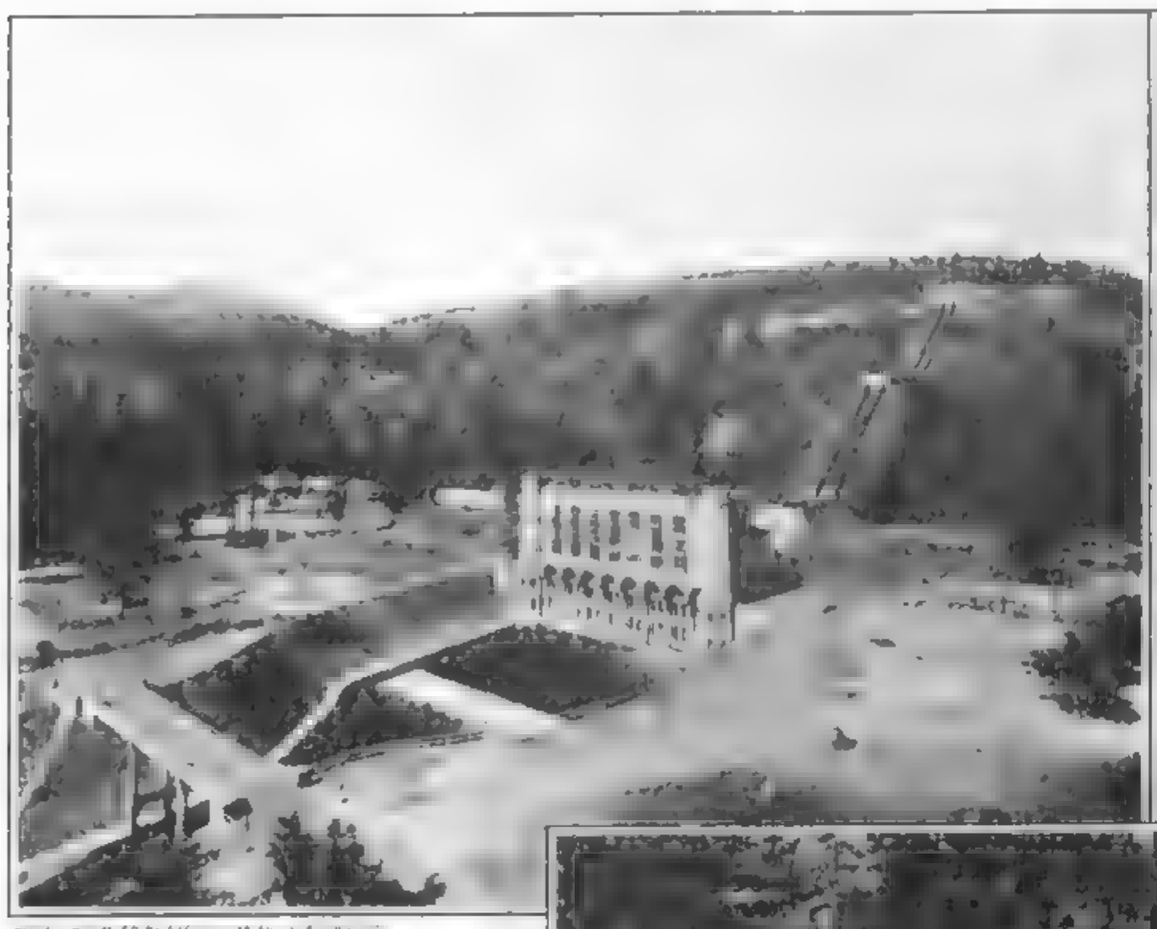
Robb smiled in an exaggeratedly pained fashion.

(Continued on Page 102)

"The Treatment of This Particular House Should, I Feel Convinced, be in the Earlier English Style"

THE GREAT SNOW MACHINE

By Albert W. Atwood



A Huge Power House in the Sierra Nevadas

Spalding Reservoir and Dam in Northern California

An Alaskan Dog Team and Driver

Huntington Lake, Artificially Built in the Sierra Nevadas

NECESSITY, so we are told, is the mother of invention. Not only do poor boys have a favorite trick of outdistancing those born with silver spoons, but even nations with meager natural resources have a way of surpassing rivals which possess superior material endowments but inferior human energy and ingenuity. The most easily won riches do not prove in all cases the most substantial or permanent.

These are obvious truths enough, but they bear directly upon the largest as well as one of the most rapidly developing sections of the country, the Far West, a section which at first glance appears to have been signally slighted by Nature. It has mineral wealth, to be sure, but agriculture is the basis of life, and crops do not grow without moisture. A large part of this area is arid; or if rains fall at all, they come within such a limited season or in such torrential floods as to prove a hindrance rather than a help.

Nature also has slighted this Far Western region by denying it a ready supply of coal, which is the world's most important present source of fuel and power. Nations must have power to be great—without it they are minor or vassal states; and those which are or in very recent times have been greatest, the United States, England, Germany and France, have within themselves or at their very borders an ample and accessible supply of coal.

California's Big Job

THERE is coal, to be sure, in a few places in the Far West—large supplies, so it is said. But it is so far from the centers of population or so expensive as yet to transport that at present it might just as well be nonexistent. Then, too, California, which is the only one of these eleven states to have a large population, and within whose borders there is no doubt a greater annual increment of manufactured product than in all the other ten states together, is practically devoid of coal.

But if Nature does not provide for man's necessities in one way, man in time, through effort and persistency, is sure to find another and perhaps a better way. California has no coal, but in concert with and as a leader among other Western States she is transforming the mountain blizzards and torrential spring floods into a colossal electrical machine, wasteless, continuous and for all practical purposes perpetual.

One may take a strictly prosaic view of it and say that nothing could be more logical than for a state which is deprived of a normally distributed rainfall, and is without coal deposits, to take the leadership in electrical development. The harnessing of water to do man's bidding is one of the most romantic of industrial achievements. Yet in the case not only of California but of the whole Far West it is much more than romantic; it is the very lifeblood of existence.

Yet I think there is more than logic, there is poetic justice in such a distribution of Nature's bounties. The wide desert spaces of the West are raw and gaunt. Bare and lifeless are the precipitous granite slopes of the Sierra Nevadas. Repellent is the turgid and treacherous if potentially useful Colorado. Yet if we are entering the age of electricity, if in the future the burdens of the world are to be carried by that cleanly silent and mighty force, what could be fairer than for those parts of the country which have been less favored in other and more quickly availed-of resources to lead the way?

In any case, California is engaged in a ceaseless effort to harness her mountain waters. Already this essay on her part has assumed the proportions of what is probably the largest construction job in the entire world.

White Coal

ALREADY the state is neck and neck with—or perhaps even leads in the amount of hydroelectric power developed—the state of New York, with three times the population and the obviously unique falls of Niagara. Already the average resident of the Far West uses about twice as much electric current as those of most, if not all, other sections, while as far as the agriculturist is concerned, more power is used on the farms of California—for pumping irrigation water—than on all the rest of the farms of the country combined.

True, this magnified use of electric current is in large part due to sheer necessity, to the lack of coal, which other sections have enjoyed in such plenty. But it is a necessity which is driving the Far West on into the electrical age ahead of the rest of the country, and who can say

how such a change may revamp the whole texture of our American civilization?

It is not merely that the Far West has forged ahead in the utilization of white coal. There is so much farther that it can go. California has potential water power as great as some fifteen Eastern states, while Washington has even more

This group of Western states, those on the coast and a few in the mountain area, have more of this unused energy than all the other states of the Union combined.

First Costs

IT IS said that three-quarters of all the power produced and consumed in the country is east of the Mississippi River, being mostly of course in the form of steam power from coal, while three-quarters of all the potential water power is west of the river. Which means, according to the enthusiastic and perhaps too speedy Western interpretation, a pretty general shift of both population and industry to the West when coal gives out in the East

One may say in all literalness and without any employment of adjectives that it is a marvelous deliverance of energy which comes down from the high Sierras. Here is pioneer work in the fields of engineering, finance and administration. Here is big business as surely as anything which centers in New York and Chicago, and here are being fought out crucial questions of public policy in the handling of this the lifeblood of a great commonwealth.

"Cliff Dwellers" on the Crest of the Grand Canyon of the San Joaquin River. At the Right—A Power House in the Mountains

But a word of caution is needed before we plunge into the narrative which follows: New communities are sensitive, touchy and chiefly interested in what they may become, much after the fashion of a growing child. They cannot from the very nature of the case be modest or retiring. Thus it is that the electrical development of California is sure to be described to all who inquire in the most glowing terms. There is no reticence about letting the world know all about what is being accomplished by Californians, even in the remotest fastnesses of the high Sierras.

Electricity naturally lends itself to vivid and imaginative treatment, more so than coal and more even than oil. One may roam at will among the wonders of electricity, regardless of such hard taskmasters as facts. Combine the real and the imagined future marvels of Western electrical development with the eagerness of the Western spirit, the desire for increased population, the pride in climate and the superdevelopment of publicity machinery so characteristic of the Far West, and there is real danger of running away with, or rather from, the facts

Anything like an adequate or complete development of water power in California involves an expense that staggers the imagination, because there is needed an almost endless series of artificial reservoirs, dams, tunnels, power houses and transmission lines, all on the largest scale.

It is true that the first costs are nearly the only costs. These improvements become almost an integral part of the country itself, of the very rocks upon which they stand. Once built, the waters will flow through them forever, practically speaking, and the waters are a gift of Nature, without cost and without price.

But these first costs are staggering in proportion to the accumulated wealth and population of the state and its even sparser and more meager adjoining states. To raise the capital every art of publicity has had to be employed. Not only the residents of the state themselves but investors in the East must be fairly drenched with the thought of hydroelectric power; they must be sold and resold the idea of its predominant importance to the state.

No Coal

THUS it may be well to say that water-developed energy is far from being all there is in the way of power in the West. There is no coal except that brought in at great expense from far-distant places; but there is, as all the world knows by now, a wealth of oil.

In two previous articles the writer has sought to depict the part which oil has been playing in California in the last year or two. Despite the tremendous fuss made over hydroelectric power and its really widespread use, oil produced within California

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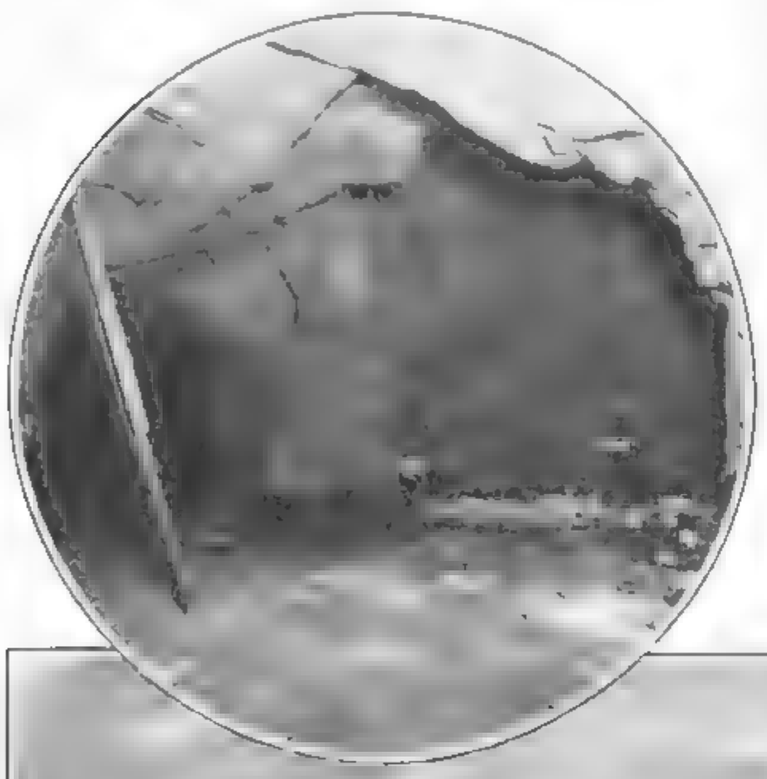

Huntington Lake Watershed, Taken From an Elevation of 10,000 Feet. In the Circle Above—Surge Chamber Cut From Granite at the Mouth of a New Power Tunnel

A WOLF IS A WOLF

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Is This the Place Where They Want the Wild Animal?" He Asked

DR. PETE SWIFT, the surgical wizard, leaned thoughtfully back against a queer-looking iron table on rubber tires and betrayed signs of astonishment. Doc has known us for nine years, with all our failings.

"You mean to stand there and tell me you're going to settle down in Southern California?" he asked.

"We do," answered Harmony Childs, speaking for the three of us, the two others being myself and Omar Gill.

"You're going to stop robbing honest people of their hard-earned coin?" Pete asked, more interested than ever.

"We never robbed honest people," said Harmony mildly. "We only robbed people that were trying to be crooked, or who thought they were smarter than we were. Anyhow, be that as it may, we're through with all forms of petty larceny. We are honest and reformed citizens, seeking a life of decent calm. We want to be respectable, the same as mail carriers and notary publics."

"When did you reform?"

"Today," said our leader, grinning. "As converts, we are still, as you might say, slightly damp, but completely in earnest."

Doctor Swift grinned.

"If you three swindlers really mean it," he said, "I'll put you on my ranch out in the valley, where you can make more money honestly than you ever made rooking the wall-eyed hoi polloi."

"Ranch?" said Omar, our smallest and most troublesome partner. "That means doing something in the sun. Not for Omar. I'm honest, and I mean to stay honest, but that don't say I'm going to dig up parsnips by their reluctant necks, with the sun 97 in the shade. Nor am I going to pursue a plow across the surface of the earth. I plowed when younger, and I'm all through plowing."

"This ranch of mine," Pete explained, "is worked by Jap boys. It grows lettuce, radishes, potatoes, celery, beets, onions, and everything but sardines. I haven't the time to manage it, and the little brown men are skinning me. You three can step in, take charge, and pay me so much a month. The Japs will do the work, and you will merely oversee them. How does it sound?"

"Like money in the bank to me," Harmony answered.

I, too, agreed it had a reasonable look. We were loafing in the cutting room at Pete's private hospital, with ambulances arriving every little while, and beautiful nurses going around shaking thermometers.

"If I just have to overlook a Jap in the act of working," said Omar, "it also suits me. But I want it understood that if we put our time into this cabbage plantation I do no active personal work, such as being chambermaid to a potato bug, with a can of Paris green in either hand."

"Shut up," commanded Harmony. "Doc, we accept your offer and thank you kindly. Where is this ranch?"

Doctor Swift informed us where it could be seen, and the next day we moved out and took charge. There were four Jap boys already at work and familiar with farming. They lived in outhouses and grinned at us, and we began at once on our job of seeing that they didn't sell Pete's cabbages without turning in the cash. The enterprise flourished from the start, and every week showed a handsome profit. Doctor Pete came out frequently, inspected us and declared himself gratified.

We had a large two-ton truck and a smaller one, and both of them were in steady service. The Japs rose at three in the morning, worried the vegetables until dusk and then retired, and I am here to state that of all the working persons who work, you can't beat these geisha boys with the flat noses. They never get tired, and they eat rice. In a moderate way I am for Japs.

We presently became three respectable, prosperous country gentlemen running a well-organized farm. Every morning our employes loaded the trucks with garden stuff, hurried into town, sold out and came home with the money. Harmony Childs did most of the bossing, being a natural leader. Omar puddled about, bossing small jobs, and I sat on the sidelines, smoking good cigars and figuring profits, and thus we boomed along delectably, proving that a life of honest endeavor is far better than sudden profits and a sudden train going south.

Omar Appeared Eventually, Considerably Dressed Up

A large, comfortable farmhouse was part of our vegetable estate, wherein we had three elegant rooms with hot water. A Siamese prince took care of the house and another cooked our meals. At night you could linger on our front piazza and listen to the young onions growing, and there was no cloud in sight until we ran into trouble through Omar. He has been one of us for many years, and we have never actually killed him, though being sorely tempted to at times. He has a natural aptitude for getting himself into grief and dragging us with him, and one of his principal failings—I might almost say his most principal failing—is women. He is the original moth around the gas jet, where women are concerned, and he regards himself as a romantic and alluring figure, which is remote from facts.

Omar is fat, short, puffs when he walks, and would not be beautiful even in Turkey, yet he is forever falling into what he calls love affairs, out of which he has to be dragged by the scruff of the neck. Harmony and I learned long ago to keep out of these amorous entanglements, because when you win you lose, and when you lose they spell your name wrong in the obituary.

The Swift rancho is located in the San Fernando Valley, about three miles from the growing town of Roscovia, which began as a filling station with free air, and is now three thousand, claiming ten. In Roscovia is an amusement shop named Paradise Hall, where dances are held Saturday nights, attended by one and all. In the fourth week of our ranching career Omar Gill broke out with his usual rash.

"Say," he remarked casually one night at supper, "I've got a new girl. The name is Rosy."

"Of course," said Harmony, dropping the Valley Gazette. "We've been expecting it. I'll bet she's beautiful, isn't she?"

"This girl," Omar said seriously, "is about as nice a girl as I ever met."

Harmony yawned. Subsequently we learned more about the lady. Her name was Rosabel Merkle, daughter of a strawberry grower five miles up the valley. She was a firm, large, rosy, round-faced female, not unpleasing to look at, but wearing no medals. Omar had met her in the Roscovia grocery, and fell immediately into one of his romantic attacks. She was incredibly beautiful, he said, and, besides that, her character was noble and her manner amiable. We had heard it all before and the incident failed to stir us. We continued to grow our onions and seedless prunes, and Mr. Gill pursued his devious affair with the plump Rosabel, and nothing much happened until a certain Saturday night. There was to be the usual dance at Paradise Hall, and Omar was to make a first public appearance with his new flame.

"Aren't you going over to the dance?" he asked us in the afternoon.

"What for?" Harmony inquired. "We don't dance."

"You can watch the people. Here's a chance to get acquainted with our neighbors. Besides that, you'll see Rosy."

"We got this far without seeing her," Harmony said. "I could probably last another day or two, at that."

Nevertheless, we watched Omar depart with considerable interest. The Japs were loading vegetables and, both trucks being busy, Omar walked. About seven o'clock Harmony suggested that we stroll into Roscovia and have a look at the dancers, and we did so. There was a balcony to this Paradise Hall, and as we had no ladies and did not intend to dance, we climbed into the gallery, intending to sit there and watch the performance. We had been in our seats two minutes when a sudden commotion arose.

Omar Gill and a red-haired girl seemed to be in the middle of whatever was going on, and as I leaned over the railing to get a clearer view I observed a third person. He was a ferret-faced little man, shorter even than Omar, a trifle younger and much leaner, and as we stared down in surprise he was addressing himself to our little partner

"You," he was saying in a loud, threatening tone, "you little last year's bird's nest! I suppose I ought to crown you, but I won't, not now, because you're plain ignorant."

Pausing in his speech he walked deliberately forward, reached out a sinewy fist and pulled Omar's nose, while the assemblage laughed unrestrainedly. Omar backed up with a look of stunned surprise, but did nothing, except feel his nose.

"This young lady," the stranger said, "is my girl. She's my Rosy, and from now on don't let me have to tell you. Keep off the grass. Don't talk to her or look at her. Hear me?"

Again the little man walked forward and again he tweaked Omar's principal feature, which had already turned a vivid red. Ladies and gentlemen gathered about and laughed afresh, and the man insulted Omar at length. He forbade him the sunshine of Rosy's presence, and he told him to get out of that hall and stay out. Omar hesitating, he pulled his nose for the third time, and Omar backed up to where he had hung his hat, seized it and fled amidst the raucous jeers. The lean person took a final insulting kick at him as he departed.

Harmony rose up, intending to go downstairs.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go down there and clean the joint."

"No," I answered. "In the first place, they would unranch a couple of high-grade ranchmen, being about ninety to one. In the second place, Omar got exactly what he deserved. Why should we go and be massacred for a coward like that?"

"True," admitted the boss. "Let's go out and find him."

We did so, and caught up with him half a mile away from the dance hall, hurrying on through the drizzle. Omar explained that he did not know who the man was, had never heard of him, and was not aware that Rosabel had another sheik.

"Which makes it worse than ever," Harmony barked. "You're an incurable coward, or you would have hit that fellow when he pulled your nose."

Omar grunted.

"What must that girl think of you?" I demanded, thinking to shame him. "And all those people? We certainly are disgraced."

"He was a big guy," said Omar.

"He was not. He's smaller than you are, but he has a heart. You could lick him with one hand, but what you lack is courage. You're a milkweed. Your liver is made of glue. We are both ashamed of you, and by rights we ought to fire you off the ranch."

At this point Omar hurried on ahead of us, through the rain.

We learned a number of things in the next few days from the grinning neighbors. One of them was that the man who had pulled Omar's nose was an ex-jockey named Joe Shuck who was generally regarded as a forceful character. Rosabel Merkle was so disgusted with Omar that the next time she met him she looked the other way.

The story spread up the valley and was embroidered, and Omar mooned disconsolately about the ranch. Harmony and Doc Swift and I talked about cowardice and its ruinous effect upon a man's character, and it was in one of these talks that Harmony came forward with his gland theory.

At the time, the nation was ringing with gland news. Old persons were being made young, fat people lean, thin people stout, crooked people honest. The nervous were being calmed, and irritable dyspeptics were made over into jolly souls. Harmony has a direct mind, so he plunged into this gland business, with Doc Swift smiling approval. Omar was sitting on the lowest step, smoking a corncob pipe and gazing gloomily across the valley. The day's work was ended and our Japs slumbered. It was a time for meditation.

"That's a pretty good idea," Harmony said. "What you need is courage glands."

"Courage what?" Omar asked.

Harmony explained that in these days of miracle surgery when a man lacks qualities they are supplied him by science.

"You are a natural and incurable coward," Harmony said soothingly. "You're afraid of Joe Shuck, when by rights you ought to walk up and knock him on the nose any time you see him."

"I never was a fighter," the little man stated. "Nobody in our family ever was."

"Doesn't matter. Every man should be fighter enough to keep from being insulted. You're a congenital coward. You were born yellow. We have to cure you. Our duty is to change you into a courageous, manly man, a fighter; and science can do it."

"Who says it can?" Omar demanded.

"I say it can. So does Doc Swift; don't you, doc?"

Pete nodded emphatically.

"How do you do this?" Omar asked curiously.

"We'll supply you with fighting glands," the boss answered. "It's the simplest thing in the world, and a trifling operation. Is it trifling, doc?"

"I should say it is," admitted Pete.

"Operate on me!" Omar remarked, rising. "You gents ain't talking about me. You mean somebody, but you don't mean Mr. Gill."

"See?" snorted Harmony, turning to me. "He's not only a coward about fighting but he's a coward about everything. Don't you want to be a man?" he demanded of our little poltroon.

"Yeah; a live man," Omar replied. "I know all about operations. They take you to a hospital, and it's a success, only somehow you get buried that same week. Not for the present speaker."

"All right," snapped Harmony. "George and doc and I are trying to make a man out of you, instead of leaving you a worm. You want to stay a worm; and as George and I don't care to associate any longer with worms, we're going to quit you. You can take your choice. You're going to get over this yellow streak or you're through here."

Omar's voice quavered.

"Harmony, you don't mean you'd ditch me because I refuse to have an operation?"

"Exactly. This operation is more than an operation. It's a character builder."

"Who's going to perform this—this ——" His voice failed him.

"Pete is, of course. He's a gland expert."

"What kind of glands do I draw?" Omar asked uneasily.

"That's a problem," said Harmony. "Pete and I haven't decided."

"Oh, you been talking about it before now, have you?" Omar murmured.

"We have. The natural conclusion of science is that where you have a weak little pigeon-hearted poltroon, such as you are now, the right course is to seek the glands of a powerful fighting animal, noted for its courage; say, for example, a lion."

"A lion!" Omar whimpered. "Not me! I don't want any lion glands. I certainly would feel strange going around roaring at people. Let's get a new animal. Anyhow, where are you going to get lions in San Fernando Valley?"

"We probably can't," Harmony admitted.

Katsu, the Jap boy, brought us a pitcher of buttermilk and three glasses, and presently Dr. Pete Swift explained to Omar about glands and the marvels they were doing for civilization. Our little coward sipped his milk slowly and began to grow convinced. He has a good deal of faith in Pete, and before our surgeon friend quieted down Omar felt sure that with the right kind of glands he would be able to step up to Joe Shuck, knock him silly, and regain his communal standing.

"In every wild animal," Doc Swift explained, lighting a cigarette, "especially in the more ferocious and bloodthirsty species, it has been discovered that the fighting glands are located in a small sac just back of the left lobe of the brain. This sac and contents can be readily removed, without harming the animal. Courage glands are especially interesting, and are referred to by the famous surgeon, Wilfred Xenophon Geraghty, in his third volume, treating of jungle life in Northern Africa."

"Yes," said Omar, who had been listening intently; "but after you get this courage sac, what do I do with it? Wear it round my neck on a wire?"

"Not at all," Pete replied. "I simply reduce these glands to a liquid, inject it into the subject, after which the person begins to have the same courage that distinguished the animal."

"How much does this cost?"

"It won't cost you anything," Harmony answered. "George and I will foot the bills. We want to see you make a man of yourself."

Omar smoked reflectively. "As soon as I get this I'm brave, hey? I walk up to Joe Shuck and hit him on the jaw?"

"Exactly," said Pete.

"All right," returned the convert to science. "I'm for it. Rosy certainly despises me, and if I can be made a battler maybe I can win her again. Where do we get this wild animal, and what kind is he?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Pete. "There's the difficulty. My own favorite wild animal, referring now to glands, is the celebrated six-toed squill, which is found in some parts of Asia. The Asiatic squill, as you perhaps know, is the most ferocious of all the man-eating quadrupeds. An ordinary six-toed squill will tear a gorilla to pieces, though only half his size."

"Sure," Harmony agreed; "but we haven't time to wait for the next shipment of Asiatic squills. We've got to get something nearer home. There may be pumas in these mountains." *(Continued on Page 62)*

Virgil Dashed Through the Hole in the Wire, Leaving Fur and Skin, and Omar Came Bounding After Him

He Walked Deliberately Forward, Reached Out a Sinewy Fist and Pulled Omar's Nose

THE CHESTER CONCESSION

By Isaac F. Marcosson

FROM the unedifying contemplation of larger American economic effort in Turkey in the past let us turn to the prospects for the future. The outlook is dominated by whatever fate befalls the Chester concession. Its successful consummation will greatly enhance our prestige and open the way to larger American expansion. Its failure will be capitalized to the limit by the great powers already resentful of the privileges it bestows, and we will be compelled to take a back seat throughout the whole Near East

Before we go into the intricacies—this is a mild word to apply to the mess—of the Chester project, it may be well to indulge in a preliminary word about the whole concession business. An American with a sense of humor once described a concession in Turkey as "a small section of oil land entirely surrounded by hot water." The tangle over the Mosul petroleum fields, to say nothing of the Chester maze, emphasizes the truth of this remark

A concession anywhere is an undertaking which, like the estate of matrimony, is not to be lightly entered into. Just as a successful merchant marine is the result of a long tradition of sea service, so must the task of exploiting a foreign land bring to it not only experience and seasoned financial facilities but what is equally important—the uncompromising aid and support of the government of whatever national is involved. When the British, the French, the Germans, the Italians, or even the Belgians, go forth to conquer an alien land with pick or pocketbook, they know that they will be backed up by their foreign offices.

Most American enterprises overseas have not enjoyed this cooperation to the fullest extent. The one big achievement in the foreign-trading field that Washington has to its credit is the open door. But the open door, whether in China or Turkey, is of little avail unless the American interests that enter have more than the moral support of their Government. The failure of the United States to have a definite foreign-trade policy has cost us dear. It is not entirely responsible for the trouble which seems to be the heritage of the Chester concession, but at no stage of the proceeding has the State Department sponsored it As you will presently see, there was a reason.

The American is an amateur at the concession game Save for our cooperation with the Belgians in the exploitation of the Congo and Angola diamond fields, the Chester undertaking is practically the first large endeavor in the kind of activity of which Britain is a past master. Had men of a larger experience handled the Chester grant, it would not have run afoul of so many complications

Homer Davenport's Horses

WHATEVER the outcome, the Chester concession has done one interesting thing: It consolidated the Allies in the economic field as has no other event since the Armistice. British and French rivalries in Turkey were sidetracked in a consolidated effort to put the Americans out of business. Behind this united front was the desire not only to clip the wings of American international ambition but to maintain what has been for years a good thing for European penetration. Our people have been content to lend money to England and France—say, at 5 per cent—while these enterprising countries reemployed it in foreign countries and got 10 per cent for it.

A final advance word about the concession, and especially the one in Turkey. Heretofore every big economic favor granted by the Turks had a little back door somewhere about it. This means that it was never completely closed. It conformed with a conspicuous Ottoman tendency, which is to side-step finality. The Turk likes to leave things in the air. The little back door in the old concession enabled him to enter or disappear at will, as the financial possibilities ebbed and flowed. The Turkish game was always to the highest bidder and the bidder usually had to keep on paying

The Chester concession marked a change in Turkish policy, for it is a straightforward right to build and do business in a big way, without the usual strings tied to it To the credit of the Turks, it must be said that they have performed their share in the matter in a manner entirely creditable to themselves. Whatever mishaps have befallen the enterprise have been due solely and entirely to the concessionaires.

Now for the explanation of the Chester concession, a task to be approached with misgiving. Everybody who reads the newspapers knows that it is a grant by the Grand National Assembly of Angora to Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, a retired officer of the United States Navy, and

Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, Retired Naval Officer, Who Obtained the Oil and Mineral Concessions From Turkey

associates, to build, own and operate approximately 2500 miles of railway in Anatolia, with a monopoly of all mineral and oil rights within a distance of twenty kilometers from either side of the right of way; that it also calls for the construction of three seaports, two on the Black Sea and one on the Mediterranean; and that it further gives rights to drain and irrigate extensive areas, and to construct various public utilities.

Most persons also know that practically since the ratification of the concession last April it has been such a storm center of clashing American and Canadian interests that at the time I write, and even after the most careful investigation, it is well-nigh impossible to know whether the ownership is actually vested in one or the other.

What the average person does not know is the romance of the beginning of this much-discussed project. Since, from present indications, the beginning is likely to prove more romantic than the end, the story may now be told in detail for the first time

Just as the kick of a mule led to the great gold discoveries in Nevada, so did some horse-trading in the Syrian desert open the way to the opportunity, at least, for American economic and constructive ascendancy in the Near East. This is the way it came about:

In 1906 Homer Davenport, the famous cartoonist, who has since died, arrived in Constantinople, carrying a personal letter from President Roosevelt to Sultan Abdul-Hamid, in which the former bespoke for Davenport the Sultan's indulgence to the extent of allowing him to buy a few Arabian horses for his stud farm in New Jersey. The exportation of Arabian horses, as well as Angora goats, had been strictly forbidden up to that time.

The sultan gave his consent; and Davenport, accompanied by Arthur Moore, the son of a well-known New York merchant and manufacturer, proceeded to Beirut, where the American vice consul in charge, W. C. Magelssen, loaned them a kavass an armed and uniformed consular guard, for the trip to the Syrian desert. The party spent several months visiting Arab tribes, examining pedigrees of horses and negotiating with sheiks. Eventually Davenport secured the animals he wanted

Meanwhile Vice Consul Magelssen had been appointed consul at Bagdad and made the 5000-mile journey via the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Tigris to his new post. To Bagdad came Davenport and Moore. The consul had to certify that the animals selected were not only pure-bred of a recognized breed, but were to be imported into the United States for breeding purposes only. In the course of a conversation he suggested to Moore that the country stood in great need of railroads, for he had scarcely recovered from his long and arduous trip. He pointed out that a line across the country to the sea might reduce the journey from the Mediterranean to Mesopotamia from 5000 miles to less than 500, and at the same time tap rich resources. Moore at once became interested and obtained fuller details from the consul, who was familiar with the old caravan routes and the geography and possibilities of the region. The fabled wealth of Croesus is supposed to have reposed in this part of the world

The Kaiser's Opposition

MOORE went home and told his experiences to Rear Admiral Chester, who is related to his family by marriage. The admiral had been in Turkey the previous year in command of the battleship Kentucky, for the purpose of supporting Ambassador Leishman's effort to collect from the Ottoman Government an old claim for damages resulting from the destruction by fire of the Euphrates College at Kharput. It had been on the calendar since the Armenian massacres of ten years previous. It is an interesting side light on old Turkish methods that the Turks agreed to pay the claim by adding the indemnity to a price paid to a shipbuilding firm for a projected cruiser! Even in the payment of national obligations there was always that little back door.

Having disposed of his diplomatic task, Admiral Chester visited Constantinople, where he dined with Sultan Abdul-Hamid, who spoke of the necessity of railway development in his country. On his return to the United States, Admiral Chester was retired Being relieved of official duties, and having an active mind backed up by an unusual amount of physical energy, he now sought to take some advantage of the opportunity first brought to his attention by Arthur Moore. Equipped with a commission from the Merchants' Association of New York, which authorized him to study and report on opportunities abroad, the admiral once more started for the Near East

Such was the beginning of the Chester concession, which has probably evoked more discussion and started more publicity than any other private American enterprise overseas.

It was in 1909 that Admiral Chester really started his concession offensive. It is doubtful if the history of any similar undertaking has ever presented such a series of disheartening obstacles to the promoter. For fourteen years this valiant old man had to counter the cupidities of the old Ottoman order; the intrigues of the French, British and Russian Governments; and the opposition of a no less exalted person than the former German Emperor himself, who looked upon the American entry into Turkey in a big way first as an impertinence and second as a possible handicap to his dream of the Teutonization of the Near East.

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Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN—By Felix Isman

Why Mother Earth Needs a Blackstone

AND on the eighth day the Almighty created the real-estate man. It had to be so. There was no use for him until then. In the beginning the Almighty created the heaven and the earth. The earth is everything but the heavens above; the water rests upon the earth.

Now you are dealing, when you are in the real-estate business, with practically all that this world contains. And the lawmaking powers of the world permit you to engage in this most important profession merely by printing on a card, "U. N. Scrupulous, Real Estate," in some cases paying a ten-dollar license fee, and you are ready to engage in the business of advising widows and orphans, old men and old women – the entire community — how to invest its money, and when and how to dispose of its holdings.

I have waited twenty years to sound the alarm. This publication gives me the opportunity, for which I am most grateful. Why should not safeguards be thrown around the profession of realty dealing as they are in banking? Why shouldn't the same safety surround you as if you were asking legal advice? Why shouldn't the same protection be afforded you as you have when you obtain medical direction? The rules of realty dealing are just as easily compiled as are the laws that govern the profession of the doctor or of the lawyer.

But no one heretofore has ever promulgated this thought, though there is nothing revolutionary in the idea.

There is very little property of any kind that has not originally been real estate. We live on real estate, are fed by it, clothed by it, warmed by it, draw from it all our metals, minerals, timber and materials of every kind.

An old distinction between real and personal property is that of an apple on a tree. It is real estate until it falls to the ground, and then it becomes personal property. There is also the illustration of the cow that eats grass, which is real estate as long as it is attached to the soil, but is personal property in the milk pail.

Market Street, Philadelphia, About 1896. The Bigger City Hall, Surmounted by the Penn Statue, Had Not Yet Been Built

Breaking Into the Business

THE state taxes your automobile as personal property, but you will have difficulty in finding much pertaining to it that was not real estate five years ago. You ride on tires that were real estate in Brazil or the East Indies. Your motor was lately real estate in the Minnesota iron beds. It is sparked through wires that were real estate in the copper mines of Chile, and it is propelled by gas that was real estate in California or Mexico.

More than half the wealth of the United States is real estate, land and buildings, and in a city like New York it carries fully 90 per cent of the tax burden.

Again I say the complicated business of investing other people's money in this basic form of wealth is wholly without regulation. Worse than that, the great range of technical information needed in the development and management of real estate has never been brought together, digested and codified so a young man desirous of making real estate his calling can study it scientifically.

What that young man does today is something like this: As a boy he gets a job in a real-estate office, where he collects rents, shows property to prospective purchasers or lessees, superintends minor repairs and does similar chores. In the course of two or three years he picks up enough knowledge to become one of the twenty-odd specialists who are known as real-estate men. He may become an agent, a broker, a manager, a developer, an appraiser, an auctioneer, and be thoroughly competent and successful in his particular field. But he will never know what real estate is all about, which is equivalent to saying that he will never be a real-estate operator.

This was the way that I got into real estate, and among the specialists I might have stayed had I not possessed a burning curiosity to know what it was all about and been fortunate in working for employers who regarded real estate as a profession and had mastered it during years of experience.

My father was a cigar maker and worked at the bench with Samuel Gompers. He was one of the first members of the Knights of Labor, and I inherited his membership in that union later on in life—with the difference that I left off the "K." Father made a dollar a day. There were five of us in the family. In those days a dollar went farther than it does now, but it didn't go far enough with the most thrifty management, so at the age of seven I began earning money. The McKinley tariff had provided new opportunities for business men, and I took advantage of it, entering the lumber business on a very small scale. The duty had just been taken off matches. I became a match salesman, and was so successful that in three years, out of my earnings, father was able to open a small cigar store, and became famous in our neighborhood for making the worst five-cent cigar in the world.

Feeling that I would like to do something else, I became an errand boy in a coffee establishment at two-twenty-five a week. Out of this I got ten cents a day for lunch, and the training I acquired in cheap restaurants made such an impression upon me that I afterward became largely interested in the automatic restaurant. Long after I was able to do so, I was too bashful to go into a restaurant of any pretensions.

Thus I drifted along until about seventeen, doing nothing notable except that, although of Jewish persuasion, I became a choir boy in an Episcopal church, and liked the atmosphere. I also attended Temple College night school, and think my number was A-2. Dr. Russell Conwell will remember that in later years I always followed the work of his great popular educational institution. Then came a night course in a Philadelphia high school, where I was admitted though two years under the age limit. At seventeen I got employment with W. Horace Hepburn, then and now a prominent member of the Philadelphia bar, and remained with him nearly four years, passed my preliminaries for admission to the bar, studied law, and probably could have passed my final examination, when I felt the urge of a realty career, and feared that being a lawyer would handicap me in that business. People might be timid about dealing with a lawyer. Folks are peculiar that way. So I never took my final examination.

Well Started

MY ACTIVE real-estate career commenced by taking employment with the late firm of B. F. Teller & Bro., after various small experiences in real-estate dealing on my own account. This was then the largest real-estate firm in Philadelphia, if not at that time in the entire world. It was composed of Benjamin F. and Joseph R. Teller. Both of them were men of great experience and courage in their field. I was paid fifteen dollars for my first week's work, twenty-five for the second week, and after that had a 10 per cent interest in the profits that I personally brought into the office, which was later raised to 20 per cent. Joseph Teller did the buying, selling and appraising, and Benjamin attended to the mortgage department. Joseph Teller and myself would start out at 6:30 in the morning in a two-horse Germantown car, appraising property until about ten, when we went back to the office. In the afternoon we visited properties again from half-past three until dark, and the first thing we did on coming back was to strip and wash. My! how the fleas did bite, and what hosts of them lived in the vacant houses and slum sections of the city that we visited!

It was through this training that my mind became a plan book of the entire city of Philadelphia. Give me a street and a number, and I could visualize almost instantly the inside and outside of the house, the size and shape of the lot and the immediate surroundings.

And it was by such practical investigation of real estate in many forms, guided by the counsel of my employers, that I began to realize how broad the real-estate business was, how many different branches of knowledge must be mastered by the man who wanted to be an operator instead of a mere specialist, and what great investments and improvements depended on the operator's judgment.

A real-estate man in the broad sense of the term must know the building game to tell whether a given building is well or badly constructed; enough of the building laws to see that they are not violated in his clients' plans; enough about the value of buildings of different types and

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THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

VII

DRAKE whirled with a startled gasp. His mother dropped her work, turned, stared for an instant, and then her eyes lit suddenly with something more than comprehension. She crossed the room swiftly, picking up Io as she passed. The boy ran to meet her. She took his hand and led him into the darkened, unused parlor. The judge sat on, alone with Warner Sherborne, gazing absorbedly at the calm face where so lately the light of the lantern on the plow had flickered and gone out.

Gradually he perceived that it was not in any sense as comforter that he had held and still held his place in this household, for no comforter was needed. Here forces far beyond his depth and comprehension had been in movement, and mysterious planets in conjunction. Here on this bed, within the empty husk of a man, happiness and the kindly shadow of death had found it possible to dwell for a time side by side, lingering on the brink of a glad embrace.

Just there the judge asked himself a question: Had he been posing as erudite among the ignorant? Had he? In answer he dropped his chin upon his breast. He felt humbled, almost abased. Only now did he begin truly to perceive the stature of his friend, Warner Sherborne, and to measure the extent of the legacy he had received at his hands. Only now, for death, above all other transitions, lends distance to perspective. In life Warner had been a miserable farmer, uninteresting to the casual eye, unkempt, sordid, eking out a meager, stingy existence from a hard and vindictive soil. But in death he was radiantly disclosed as the harborer of those qualities which shame the trivially weighted human heart—tenacity, abnegation, supernal patience and an unconquerable spirit.

These attributes of the finer of his peculiar being the man could not pass on to any not of his own blood. Yet he had left a legacy to the judge—a distinct legacy. What was it?

The events of days which already seemed like years swept by in mental review. First of all had come the baffled and baffling gaze of the farmer and his children, explained as the concentrated gaze of generations; baffling no more. Next among outstanding impressions was the startling revelation of the hatred of Sherborne for the land which had devoured and still fed on so many Sherbornes—humanizing touch! The visualization of a titanic struggle between a barren locality known as Rattling Run Fields and a puny individual named Warner Sherborne had been slow to take definite shape; now it was blazoned large in the terms of an epic. But illimitably above and beyond these high lights of revelation, the judge paid homage to the masterly generalship which, having won the victory, could lie down and inexorably die.

Was the legacy any of these things? No; it was quite another. It was what had happened to the judge when Drake Sherborne's face had broken into a first mischievous, heart-wringing smile. It was what had happened to him when a little girl, poised on her toes as on the tips of the wings of flight, had declaimed with caught breath, "Some folks say that Io was a heifer, a milk-white heifer; and some she was the baby moon." It was what had happened to him when a woman's calm, unasking glance had made him feel as though he had been wrapped in a soft warm shawl. In short, what Warner Sherborne had bequeathed to Judge Alder was something commonly received only at the hands of God; it was the gift of life.

With that question definitely settled, he could once more turn his thoughts away from himself. Something else remained unanswered, something specific. Whence had come those fanciful names, Drake and Io? Whence the assured glance that was like the wrapping of a soft warm shawl? These were the light questions of idling curiosity, but behind them lurked a veritable cavern of mystery. Why had Warner Sherborne, surrounded by his family, been lonely with a loneliness so great that death became a guerdon and a boon?

A strange sound, coming from the neighboring room, shivered across the silence. It was unmistakable. It was the sound of splintering glass. The judge arose, took up a lamp and pushed open the intervening door which Eunice Sherborne's wife, had left ajar. He looked in. She was seated, half kneeling, at a central table, the frightened children crouched beside her with faces hidden against her skirts.

The judge moved forward. On the table, laid flat on its back, was a grimy glazed frame. Upon it the woman had dropped head and arms, breaking the glass. Glancing over her thin shoulders, which were quivering, though she remained soundless, he saw Latin words, boldly engrossed in stained parchment. "*Curatores,*" he could read, and part of the name of a famous college. And then, in vivid black letters, "Eunice Teller." Below, "*Baccalaurem in Artibus,*" and the date, June, 1886.

He stood profoundly still, but the lamp quivered in his upheld hand as he stared at the diploma. So here it was—the hidden source of those names, the covered well, the moss-grown neglected stone of the builders' Even in the face of the evidence so pompously engrossed, he could not immediately accept this soil-smirched woman as Eunice Teller, for he was occupied with a revealing light shining from the lamp of memory within himself. More like a twin echo than a light, insisting to be heard, it came to him, faint, deadened now, as though through the muffling wall, not of days but of years.

"Drake was the first all-round Englishman: he went around the world."

"Some folks say that Io was a heifer, a milk-white heifer; and some she was the baby moon."

So much for the names; so much for idle curiosity, thought the judge as he drew back cautiously into the kitchen and noiselessly closed the door. With narrowed eyes he gazed long at the body of Warner Sherborne, Eunice's husband, actually more articulate in death than he had been in life; then he replaced the lamp on the table and sat down to resume his vigil.

Here was food for thought with a vengeance, and abundant time to think.

"Eunice Teller," he murmured to himself from time to time, and with each repetition the frown on his brow deepened. Eunice did not sound right. What was it they had called her so many years ago—ten, twelve—no, eighteen years? He had it! Vic! They used to call her Vic Teller. A sort of girl prodigy of learning; a flash in the pan that had lit up the ancient hamlet of Greenwich, making it visible for a day, and then had died. She had been like a torch, one moment held aloft; the next, plunged into a puddle—out of sight into the mud; out of mind, forgotten.

"That Man," She Whispered. She Spoke Almost Inaudibly, But Her Lips Formed the Words So Deliberately That They Seemed to Resound, Magnified

"Greenwich!" He formed the word with his lips, and a smile drew the corners of his eyes

Who does not know New Jersey, Brooklyn among the states, bedroom of the city of New York? Who has not ridden on its ferries, tunneled to and from its shores, used it for a causeway, surveyed the communal beauty of its conglomerate lawns, smelled the stench of its flats and the ozone of its board walks? What state is better known? All; all are better known. From ocean to ocean and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, there is no state in the Union so little known as Jersey

Bridgeton is old; but in its youth, under the name of Cohansey Bridge—even at its birth, in fact—two generations had come and gone in Greenwich. Before the first baby born of a Pilgrim Mother had reached the half-century mark, John Fenwick, younger son of Sir William Fenwick, Baronet of Northumberland, roundhead captain under Cromwell, later Quaker, and eventually lord proprietor of the Salem Tenth, had founded the hamlet of Greenwich

Let not this premier settlement of Cumberland County be confused, however, with that township of the same state, name and age across the Gloucester line on the banks of the Delaware, where two hundred years ago there was a custom which decreed that the widow of a bankrupt, wishing to remarry, had to go out from her house in nothing but her shift to meet her bridegroom, who must hand her some clothes, saying, "I lend you these." Why? So that he might not be sued for the dead husband's debts Equitable and picturesque law, where are you now? Gone, sopped up along with the Swedish blood that gave you birth. But Fenwick's Greenwich still remains; in a somnolent and lovely manner, it still lives.

Look at it. Stand at the northern end of its one great way, a mile long and a hundred feet wide, and you can see the sap of centuries still alive in the vast fronded arch of elm, maple and buttonwood trees and in the permanence of the houses which align it. They are of an entrancing variety both in construction and composition. Here is one of warm red brick and chaste white trimmings, there another of broad clapboards; beyond, one of blocks of stone imported in sailing vessels, and, to cap the lot, one of all three—brick, frame and stone—each addition marking a separate century. And yet there is no Old World atmosphere about the setting. It is intimately American in the most delicate shading of the phrase. It is at one and the same time the American antithesis to the Middle West and slumberous nadir to Hoboken's blatant zenith

Midway of this embowered avenue stands a dwelling of peculiar conformation. Its central portion is of two stories, roofed with a sharp gable facing the street. On each side is a wing, one having a smaller gable at right angles to the main house, and the other being roofed in a single slope like a lean-to. Over the main door is a fanlight ornamented with four bull's-eyes of blue glass

This feature, added to the bulk of the assembled edifice, would have made it pretentious in its day were it not for the fact that the walls of stone had insets of brick, and those of brick had been eked out with stone. These patches were as evident and unashamed as those on the seat of the trousers of Abraham Teller, cobbler by inheritance and profession, who owned the house at the close of the Civil War. Owing to a clubfoot, which troubled him not at all, he had not been drafted. He married rather late in life a woman almost as mature as himself, who died in childbirth, leaving behind her a baby girl

"Abe, where are you? Name her Eunice, will you? Please, Abe"

It was the first and last request Abraham Teller's wife had ever made of him, and she seemed by a determined effort to have regained consciousness for a moment in order to make it. He complied with some reluctance Eunice as the name for his only child appeared to him fanciful to the verge of foolishness. There was no genealogical justification as far as he knew, and the Biblical reference to Timothy's mother was lacking in weight. If his wife had had it in mind to denote faith, why could she not have come out with it straightforwardly and asked that the child be called Faith? He would have preferred some such downright name as that, or Jane or Mary When he delved into the Attic derivation the thin lips of his wide mouth drew into a sardonic smile. In later years he had been wont to call the girl Vic, which he explained to her, always with the same smile, as his abbreviation of Happily Victorious, the Greek equivalent for Eunice.

It will be perceived that Abraham Teller harbored the peculiar demon of erudition which once inhabited every true exponent of the trade of cobbler. Let those who doubt that a guild, in the days when guilds were guilds, possessed a continuity of spirit which pervaded its devotees and even warped their characters to a uniform mold, glance at Lamb's essay on the melancholy of tailors. It opens with the following words: "That there is a professional melancholy, if I may so express myself, incident to the occupation of tailor, is a fact which I think very few will venture to dispute."

In similar mood I would say: "Point me out a cobbler of the old school who is not a skeptic with a wallop behind his skepticism, who has not dipped into the sources of knowledge and retained his delvings, who does not look askance at all other possessions and incidentally at most living men, who recognizes any master save the master of the mind, who accepts any belief other than the eternal right to speculation; lastly, who will have a job done on time and I will take my boots elsewhere, for he is no true cobbler." Alas! Point me out a cobbler—any old cobbler!

If there is one feature which stands out head and shoulders above all others as a drawback on the benefits of progress in the shape of creature comforts, it is that which marks the passing of individual industry as the forcing house of character. Who will venture to dispute that the brothers Wright were infinitely greater in their own bicycle shop than is the Wright Company in the annals of the world? Henry Ford perfecting his engine than Henry Ford spawning motor cars? The humblest independent tinker than the standardized workman turning out a single standardized part by the million? The erudite Abraham Teller at his ineffectual bench than the combined manufacturers of Lynn, Massachusetts? Many will dispute it; but let the accusation stand

Abraham Teller had character in the sense that his faults and his virtues stood out on him like the tusks on a wart hog. He was slow with an exasperating deliberation; no urgency and no man could hurry him. He was uncouth in appearance, ironic as to tongue, careless of obligations

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He Stood Profoundly Still, But the Lamp Quivered in His Upheld Hand as He Stared at the Diploma. So Here it Was—the Hidden Source

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 1, 1923

The Second Seal

A RATHER prominent European, who served in one of the Allied governments during the last years of the war, expressed the following opinion in the course of a recent interview with an American newspaper: "I see not the slightest reason for believing world peace will ever come."

It demonstrates how far optimism has ebbed when a man who helped direct and win "the war to end war" can thus calmly and publicly express an opinion so conclusive and hopeless. If there is not the slightest hope of world peace, then we might as well prepare to close the books of civilization. Military and scientific authorities leave us no doubt that another world war would be mass extermination. Squadrons of battle planes, as numerous almost as the fall flight of birds, would descend on combatant countries, and these migrations would lay continents in ruin. There are no limits to the possibilities of scientific destruction. Give our general staffs and our laboratories a little more time, and they will hatch out plans and devices for the orderly and complete annihilation of nations. Give the war lords another fling, and a thousand years from now perhaps a new race, struggling on toward knowledge, may begin to excavate the ruins of our cities and construct from corner stones and monuments some sparse records of present-day life.

All Europe unfortunately is ruled by the brand of pessimism that this ex-cabinet minister has voiced. World peace is a chimera and the next war something to be prepared for now. The old game goes feverishly on—wrangling about reparations and jockeying for trade advantages, forming coalitions and seeking alliances, fomenting revolutions and dissensions, backing nationalistic ambitions and abetting territorial adventures. The Harding naval-disarmament plan was accepted because it is air supremacy which counts now. Already the new race for domination in aërial armament is on. The hope of dominating in the Near East caused two of the great powers to line up behind the contestants in the last clash between Turkey and Greece. Trade needs of one Allied power have been responsible for Germany's obduracy in the matter of treaty obligations, and another power none too secretly aided the separatist movement which threatened to split Germany into warring fragments. Groaning under taxes and ignoring war debts, many of the nations of Europe still maintain armies and arms on a war basis. National aggrandizement is placed first. The feet of the nations of Europe are not "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

The great mass of the people, who bear the burdens both of war and of peace, would not willingly engage again in armed combat. Warmongering is the work of the few—the diplomat playing his insidious game, the politician maneuvering for an advantage, the profiteer out for trade opportunities and foreign concessions, the journalist keen for sensation. It is a safe assumption that if the common people had their way there would be tranquillity in Europe today. Someone has said that wars are fought by young men with ideals, while treaties are negotiated by old men with boils. It is equally true that the seeds of warfare are sown by well-fed men with selfish ambitions and protected personal positions.

The first step toward world peace is for everyone to believe in the possibility of it. If the masses hold to a firm belief and angrily repel any move to create strife, warmongering in time will become unprofitable and dangerous. Faith is our great need today, and it is depressing, therefore, to hear a statesman, hailing from one of the countries where the roots of peace determination should be striking deepest, express a callous conviction that wars will never end.

We must never again endeavor with profane and careless hands to loose the second seal. But if it must be broken, it would be fitting if the only victims of the rider of the red horse should be the chauvinistic leaders, the trained diplomats, the concession hunters and the politicians who, with a few indifferent words, strive to destroy the illusions and hopes of the people.

The Grip of Autocracy

IT IS hard to realize how completely Europe has fallen into the grip of autocracy. Two-thirds of the Continent has gradually succumbed to reactionary rule.

In Russia there was never any pretense from the very first. It was openly a dictatorship of the proletariat that was set up, and it grows more apparent all the time that the Moscow government represents a very small section even of the workers of Russia. If Lenine ceased to employ force the end of Bolshevism would follow in record time. Germany has reached the stage where a dictatorship is regarded as the only way to combat the disorder that exists. Bavaria has handed over the reins of power to Von Kahr. Mussolini and his black shirts have imposed themselves on a more or less acquiescent Italy. Horthy's title in Hungary is regent, but his power is nothing short of absolute. Primo de Rivera has arrogated to himself the task of reorganizing Spain. Kemal Pasha is the real head in Turkey, and the National Assembly at Angora has become little more than a convenient pretense of democracy. The present Bulgarian Government is the result of a coup on the part of the nobles. In Greece the army has set up twin dictators in the persons of two colonels, Plastiras and Gonates.

This general swing toward reaction is not difficult to understand. Middle and Eastern Europe are ripe for autocracy. The nations are so badly disrupted and poverty-stricken that all governments are unpopular and any change is welcomed. Peoples are averse from legislating restrictions and hardships for themselves, and on that account the new and shallow-rooted forms of democracy in Continental Europe have not been the most effective in dealing with the desperate conditions which prevail. The dictator, singularly enough, is in the best position to bid for the popular approval of the people he has enslaved. Constitutional governments are bound by procedure and majority opinion to slow and orderly action, but Von Kahr in Bavaria can win loud acclaim by arbitrarily forbidding an increase in the price of beer, and Mussolini can whip all Italy into a froth of enthusiasm by flouting the League of Nations and imposing harsh terms on Greece.

Dictators will rise and fall, but it is only too clear that Europe will remain in the grip of reaction for some time to come. The war did not make the world safe for democracy. In reality it paved the way for minority aggression and class dictatorship. The most dangerous phase of the upsurge of autocracy is the certainty that under the new conditions national hates will fester and international jealousies will thrive as never before. Imperial designs grow under autocracies and dangerous ambitions breed in the mind of every dictator.

Europe, clamoring for American aid, is departing further every day from the sound principles of government and policy for which this country stands. Intervention becomes less practicable with each step backward that the people of Europe take toward reaction and instability.

Why Stop Halfway?

PROPAGANDA for the cancellation of European war debts to the United States dies hard. It has more lives than an alley cat. The whole campaign has been repeatedly discredited on every count. The so-called moral aspects of the case have, upon analysis, proved as spurious as the financial sophistries employed to support them. Every painstaking review of this involved series of emergency transactions unmistakably points to the conclusion that to write off the vast sums still owing to us would be a piece of monumental quixotism.

The millions who bought Liberty Bonds have a valid and honorable claim upon the borrowing nations. That claim is no less valid because the Treasury Department, acting as trustee, is the physical holder of the I O U's that are vouchers for the indebtedness. Moreover, every citizen of the United States, even though he owns not a single Liberty Bond, has this indebtedness hanging over him, for if it is not discharged in full he personally will be required to help make good the default.

Belligerent Europe's debts to the United States fall into three main groups: First, loans made possible by the sale of Liberty and Victory Bonds, granted by our Government to various desperate nations, before and after the Armistice, for prosecuting the war, financing private business and feeding civilian populations. Second, private loans made by American banking houses to European nations, municipalities and corporations. Naturally, the funds the bankers loaned were not for the most part drawn from their own working capital, but represented the private savings of the American public. The debts in the third group are those arising from international trade.

It is not hard to believe that if all the I O U's in the first group were burnt with appropriate ceremonies, the credit of the debtor nations would, overnight, improve so materially that obligations in the second group would assume a greater stability and intrinsic value. But let us shift our scrutiny from this aspect of the matter and regard it from the vantage grounds, on both sides of the Atlantic, held by those disinterested altruists who honestly desire to increase the world's visible supply of good will by a friendly gesture that would cost but a few odd billions at most, and would do much to relieve the very real distress of those powers whose army and navy and air-service bills are so overwhelming as to make it impossible for them to balance their national budgets or to restore to normal their depreciated currencies.

We should be the last to impugn the motives of these kindly folks. No doubt they speak from the heart and not from the cash register. Like Warren Hastings, they may well marvel at their own moderation. And yet if their logic were sound they would go the whole distance and not stop halfway. If they are convinced of the manifold blessings of a bonfire of I O U's, why discriminate in favor of so-called public debts, owing ultimately to private creditors and in effect guaranteed, willy-nilly, by the rank and file of American taxpayers? Why not feed the flames with the obligations in the second and third groups as well? They would burn just as brightly. In other words, why not cancel all foreign debts and make good to the American holders of the evidences of these debts by laying new taxes against the nation?

If we really must stage such a carnival of renunciation as is proposed to us, let us do it on such a titanic scale as to make every other potlatch and barbecue in history look like a one-candle Christmas tree.

JAIL—OR A PASSPORT

SOME FACTS AND VIEWS ON IMMIGRATION

By James J. Davis

Secretary of Labor

THE scene is a court of justice in a European country. The neighborhood ne'er-do-well has just been convicted of a more than ordinarily serious violation of the law. The court is hushed as the judge, impressive in his dignity, rises to pronounce sentence. With a sense of the outraged majesty of the law ringing in every low-voiced word, he excoriates the offender. He reviews the criminal's record of lawlessness, his life of offense against the community. While the court-room hangers-on thrill with the solemnity of the occasion, he paints the dismal word picture of the convicted man's life, a life of all that is vile and evil. After a hushed pause he pronounces the vengeance of the law:

"Jail—or a passport."

And the new countries of the Western Hemisphere have gained another immigrant. The United States of America, land of freedom and of opportunity, gets its full share.

In a great country such as ours there are a vast number of economic factors, each contributing its share towards the weal or woe of the nation and its people. It would be utterly impossible and but idle speculation for anyone to determine which one of these economic factors is the most important. In my judgment, among them all there is none with greater possibilities in its effect upon the future course of the American people than the question or problem of dealing with the alien who comes to our shores, seeking to join with us as a permanent resident.

From the day when the first cave man wrestled with his fear and set forth to seek the joys of a nomad existence the races of mankind have wandered hither and yon about the earth. Ceaseless yearning for new lands and new things has pressed the older peoples of the earth on a constant search for conditions that they know not of. But of all the great movements of peoples since Moses led his stricken people out of Egypt, there has never been a migration that would equal in volume the flood of the older peoples of the world which has swept its way to the shores of the United States in the last 130 years. During that period more than 35,000,000 souls have found their way to this continent, where the founders of our republic established a government based upon the principle that every man is entitled to be represented in the making of the laws under which he must live. Of this vast multitude more than 10,000,000 have come to us during the last twenty-five years.

There are today in the United States about 14,000,000 foreign born, nearly half of whom have not as yet assumed the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship. In several years following 1905, and prior to the outbreak of the World War in 1914, more than 1,000,000 foreigners came to this country each year. The war checked the tide, but at its close the flood again began, and 1920 brought 430,000 and 1921 brought 805,000. Then the flood was checked by the 3 per cent quota law. These figures give some idea of the magnitude of the immigration problem as we confront it today, although they reveal but little of its true meaning to us as a people and as a nation.

Very significant are the figures which show the distribution of the foreign born among our people. The great city of New York, according to a survey recently completed, has in its population 2,000,000 foreign born, 2,300,000 native born of foreign-born parents, and 1,500,000 native born of native parents. According to the 1920 census 75.5 per cent of the foreign-born residents of the United States were in cities of more than 2500 population. In Chicago, 29.8 of the city's population is foreign born; in Boston, 31.9 per cent; in Cleveland, 30.1 per cent. These figures indicate that our foreign-born resident of today crowds to the cities, gathers where he can associate with members of his own race.

Of our 14,000,000 foreign born today, it has been estimated that 3,000,000 cannot speak the English language and that another 3,000,000 cannot read it. In other words, all that they can know of America and what America means is what they can gather from the foreign-language press of their own races, which, it must be admitted, is undertaking a great task in the education of this vast group in American life, customs, opportunity and principles.

(Continued on Page 134)

THE LEARNED COUNCIL FOR THE
HAS PLAYED THE DEUCE WHEN HE
SHOULD HAVE PLAYED THE QUEEN!
ON PAGE 642 OF HOYLE, EDITION OF 1869,
RULE IS CLEARLY STATED—

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Song of Second Childhood

With Sincere Apologies to Eugene Field, Wynken, Blynken and Nod—And a Few Other People

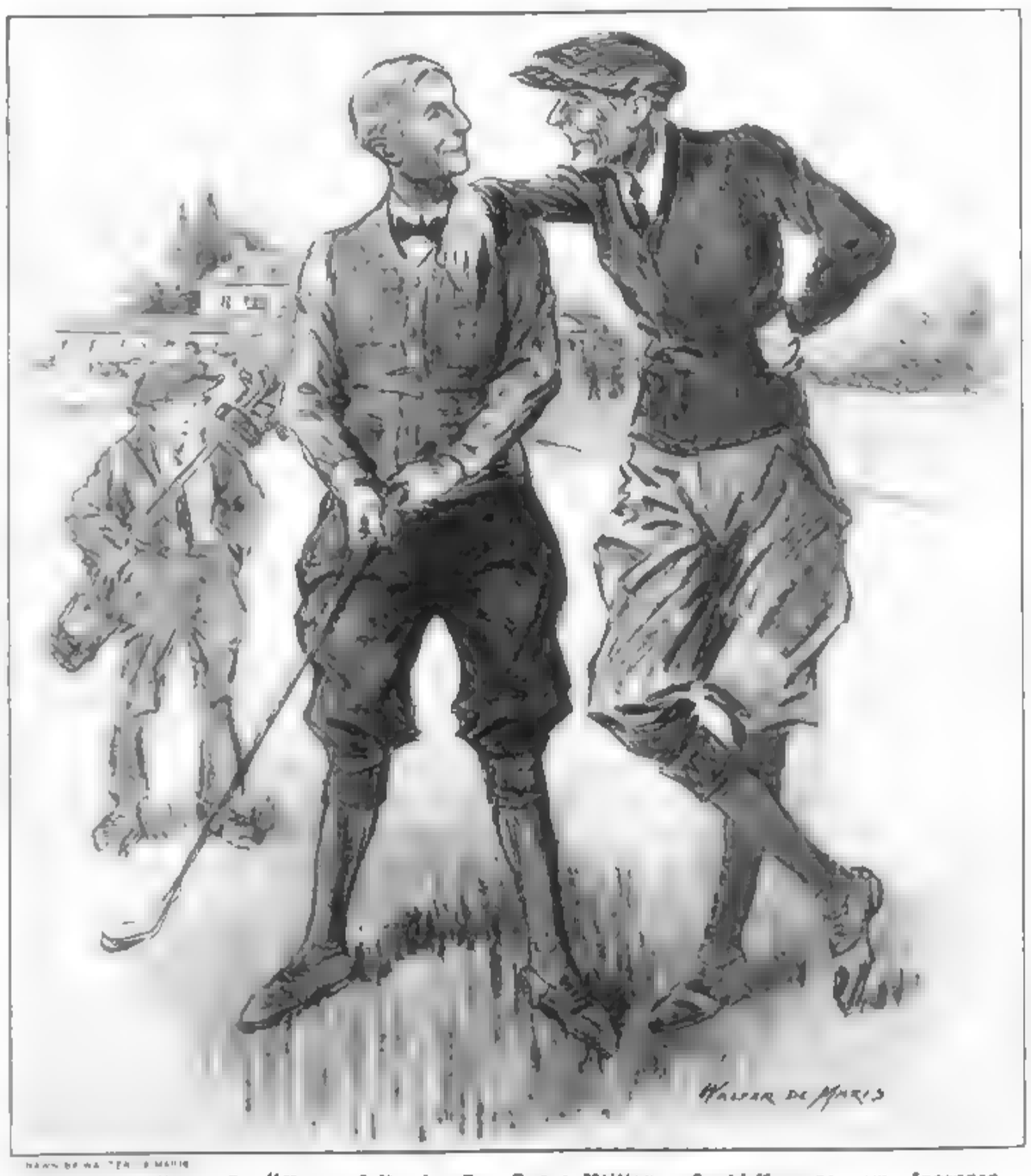
ROBERT, HIRAM AND BILL
(LaFollette) (Johnson) (Borah)

ROBERT, Hiram and Bill one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe.
Vineteen-twenty—I think I'm right.)
It was oodles of fun to do!
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We're trying to catch all the little poor fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Words of silver and gold have we!"
Said Robert,
Hiram
And Bill

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they pulled away from the shore.
And hot air carried them safely along
Until nineteen-twenty-four
Then the time drew nearer for each poor fish
To cast in his little vote
"Now cast your votes wherever you wish,
But please do not rock the boat!
It's hard enough making the darn thing float!"
Said Robert,
Hiram
And Bill.

All night long their nets they threw,
But just as the morning came,
The three discovered a fourth in the shoe!
No, I shall not tell you his name!
He had got in the shoe by an accident
For which they had failed to provide,
And the three of them now are most intent
On dropping him over the side.
"After all, you know, he just came for the ride!"
Say Robert,
Hiram
And Bill.

Now, some folks say it was just a dream,
And others say "Wait and see!"
Perhaps not so strange in a year 'twill seem
When nineteen-twenty-three.
So shut your eyes while mother sings,
As she rocks you to and fro,
Of the truly fearful and wonderful things
To be pulled in a year or so,
At the next convention in Chicago,
By Robert,
Hiram
And Bill.
—Katharine Dayton.



John D. to Henry F.—"Henry, I Need a Few Extra Millions. Could You—er—um—Increase Your Output a Thousand or So a Day?"

A Chapter From American History

IN 1924 George Flivver was elected President of the United States. The campaign had been a tempestuous one. "Down with planetary transmission!" thundered the opposition press. But the candidate was firm. "I shall never change my front," he declared in a ringing speech in Toledo, "and if I am elected it shall be my policy to adhere, in big things, to the Lincoln model

"Abraham?" asked an inquisitive reporter.

The candidate shuddered.

"Don't!" he said. "Those capitalistic names distress me."

President Flivver was inaugurated on March 4, 1925. The oath was administered in the White House garage by the Chief Chauffeur of the United States.

"In taking my seat at the wheel of the car of state," he said in his inaugural address, "I cannot be unmindful of those immortal names blazoned in the annals of our country—Lincoln, Franklin, Pierce and Hudson. To them we owe the glorious position that our nation now occupies. It shall be my earnest aspiration, during my Presidency, to give this country the greatest possible mileage per gallon Of course, engine trouble may develop in the car of state; spark plugs may become clogged; valves may leak; tires may blow out; but so long as I am at the wheel my motto shall be Service As a pledge to the people who have elected me I shall change the name of the White House to The Service Station. And," concluded the President amid deafening cheers, "for the ensuing year the price will be reduced ten dollars, f. o. b. Washington"

The following day the President announced the personnel of his cabinet, consisting of the Secretary of State Roads, the Secretary of Ignition, the Secretary of Gas and Oil, and the Garage Master General.

From the beginning it was evident that President Flivver was determined to be ruler in fact as well as in name. As he put it, in a much quoted epigram, "This country is going to have a one-man top." There was consternation among the political leaders who had thought that because of the President's ignorance of history he would be pliable material in their hands

"History," he said in his famous speech at the laying of the corner stone of the Philadelphia National Garage, "as we all know, is bunk. All a child needs to know about history is that Napoleon—I think I have the name correctly—fought a battle about a Sedan, that Queen Victoria gave her name to a fashionable type of town car, the name of the fellow who invented demountable rims, and a few other important facts like these."

History will undoubtedly regard President Flivver's reform of the legislative branch of our Government as his most valuable achievement Sitting in the gallery of the House of Representatives one afternoon, it occurred to him that there was a tremendous waste in Congress' method of transacting business. One representative was delivering an oration to which no one, apparently, was listening; others were seated at their desks writing, or strolling about the room conversing with one another. The Speaker was reading a newspaper.

"There's a leak somewhere," muttered the President. "Not enough mileage. They're not hitting on all four."

With President Flivver, to think was to act. He sent for the party whip—an obsolete relic of coaching days—and told him his plan. The following week the new system was tried out.

The hall of the House of Representatives The Plant, as it was thereafter called—was divided into a number of small compartments. In one compartment certain congressmen were delegated to prepare the preambles to legislative bills. In other compartments were congressmen who prepared the bodies of the bills. Each paragraph was the work of a different department. A chute ran through The Plant to the Assembling Room, where the various parts of the bills were put together. They were then carried out in little cars to the Testing Room, where, under the supervision of several skillful constitutional lawyers, they were tested, polished, packed in neat cartons and deposited on trucks which carried them to the President's office.

The first week this system was tried out, production increased at a tremendous rate. President Flivver installed a machine in his office which enabled him, by a single stroke of his pen, to sign his name five hundred times.

"We hope," he said in his Thanksgiving message to the American people, "pretty soon to be turning out fifteen hundred laws a day."

(Continued on Page 68)

Esmeralda, Who Has Been Attending a Russian Dancing School, Welcomes Her Parents From the Country

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

To make him taste the best—

Oh I am a cook and a hunter bold
And my feast is now complete
For your appetite, here's a vision bright
With Campbell's first to eat!

The great national bird is worthy of a royal introduction. Let your appetite fairly sparkle at this Thanksgiving feast. Touch it off to an eager start with fragrant and delicious spoonfuls of Campbell's Tomato Soup, served piping hot. They will give a happy glow to the whole dinner—add new zest to every dish on the table.

Cream of Tomato à la Campbell's

What is there so tasty and appetizing as the puree of rich tomato juices blended with golden butter and seasoned by Campbell's master-chefs? For this is sheer perfection in soup. Or cream it (after the simple directions on the label) and you have a delightful variation which makes you appreciate once more that Campbell's Tomato is the king of soups!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

SKOOKUM CHUCK

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CATACLYSMIC CAT

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

TOM CARLIN was up and off in his gas boat to deliver his fish at three o'clock in the morning, in order to catch slack water Marshall heard him go, then turned over comfortably and fell asleep again. The Kittiwake's party were lazy that morning. It was nine o'clock before they were up and about. After breakfast X. Anaxagoras and his sister disappeared across the boom to shore. Marshall was left to his own resources

He was experiencing a recurrence of his old depressed, exhausted indifference, which had in the hurry of events somewhat lifted during the past week If it were still always present, it had at least thinned like a fog; at times becoming so light as to be in itself an object of almost derisive indifference. But this morning he was down. There was nothing on earth he wanted to do, nothing he wanted to think, nothing to anticipate. And since this state was in decided reaction to what he had last night experienced, he was a little inclined to be irritated at the situation. After all, he was supposed to be suffering under a definite ailment that was said to be susceptible to treatment; and he was supposed to be getting that treatment. That was his sole and only reason for being precisely at this moment seated on the edge of this float staring moodily down at a lot of silly goggle-eyed rock cod. Up to now nothing had been done, except perhaps a puerile attempt to distract him by strange surroundings. He had tried that device for himself by foreign travel in many lands; and had proved it illusory

"Mr. Marshall," the unexpected voice of X. Anaxagoras at this moment reached him, "would you oblige me by stepping into the cabin for one moment?"

He arose with some surprise. He had not heard the man return. His mood as he slowly boarded the Kittiwake and descended to the cabin was grim.

X. Anaxagoras was in his white uniform, behind the table, and he had resumed his professional manner.

"Please be seated," he requested courteously. "It is my opinion that it is time to take stock of ourselves."

"That is my opinion also," agreed Marshall squarely. "I ——"

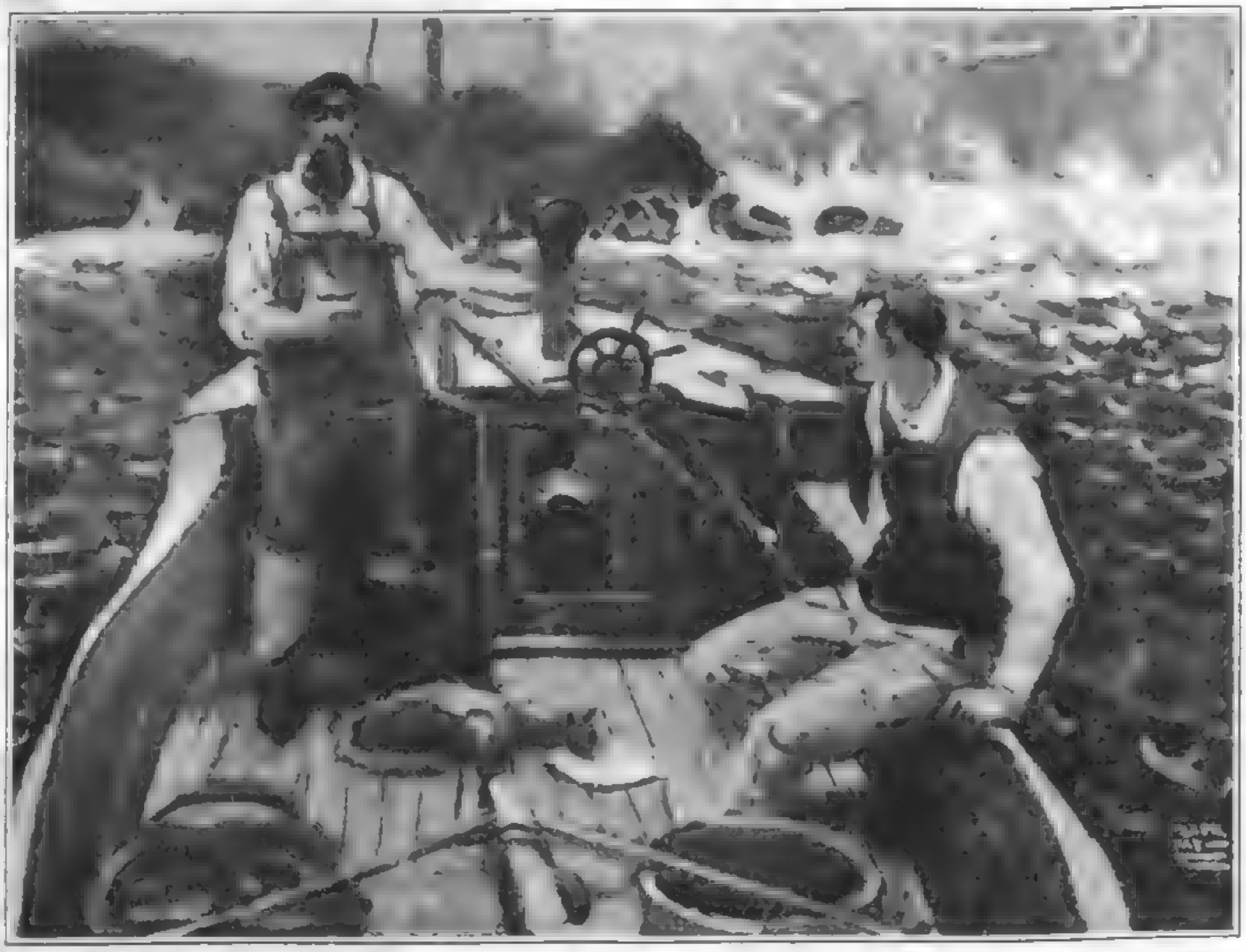
"One moment, please," interposed the healer of souls, raising his hand. "This necessity arises not on my account as your physician, for our association enables me to keep you under an almost continual observation, but on your own. You require a bread pill."

"I beg your pardon?" queried Marshall.

"A bread pill," repeated X. Anaxagoras. "Were you less intelligent, or were our association occasional rather than continual, I would disguise the fact that it is bread. But I do you the honor to consider that device unnecessary."

"I am afraid my intelligence is not deserving of your encomiums," said Marshall dryly, falling into his manner, "for it fails to grasp the significance of your remarks."

"Whenever a patient begins to think that his case is being neglected, that enough is not being done for him, the wise physician relieves the situation and satisfies the patient by the administration of a harmless bread pill."



"I Don't Call It Wasting It," Replied Tom Shortly. Then After a Pause, "Do You?"

Marshall flushed in spite of himself, partly with irritation at this accurate interpretation of his mood, and partly with vexation at being thus placed in rather a ridiculous position. But he did not deny

"I suppose this interview is the bread pill," he said

"The purport of this consultation," amended the healer of souls. "There is a difference. The purpose of the bread pill is to restore confidence and to lead the patient back to a firm ground from which he has unwittingly slipped."

"I am interested to learn by what means this is to be accomplished," returned Marshall.

"By the simple statement of a few facts, which I will enumerate."

"I should say here," interposed Marshall, "that I do not bind myself to look upon any mere statements in the light of facts. I say this now, before they are made, in order to avoid misconception. You will have to offer me some proof besides mere asseveration of whatever you say."

"On the contrary," said the healer of souls, "I need offer no proof. If you will reflect for one moment, it cannot but be evident to you that any person's belief or disbelief cannot alter the integrity of facts. Nor can any person's belief or disbelief affect the action of law. Your belief in what I am about to say is not essential; only your careful attention."

"In that event I am ready to listen," agreed Marshall.

"I find," stated Anaxagoras flatly, "a small but decided improvement in your case."

"Which I fail to perceive," said Marshall positively.

"Your eye is not as trained in such matters as is mine, nor is self-examination to be relied on. I note the improvement."

Marshall hesitated, then resolved on his course.

"Look here," he said with some heat. "If you are referring to and counting on the fact that I've displayed some human interest under unusual and exciting circumstances, let me point out to you that such interest is unimportant.—I cannot go through the rest of my life seeking strange and unusual circumstances. If I am to find myself, it must be in everyday existence. If your treatment"—his voice took on a faint note of sarcasm—"consists in placing me successively in thrilling circumstances in order to demonstrate that I'm not quite dead, it strikes me that you are on the wrong track."

But this attack seemed to leave X. Anaxagoras unmoved. He even nodded in satisfaction.

"In that you are entirely correct," he agreed. "At least I have not underestimated your intelligence Such circumstances as you mention would have slight value merely as treatment. But their very intensity enables a discriminating eye more easily to study reactions—the same reactions in kind, but of a higher degree, as those that constitute life from moment to moment. As one stains certain objects for better microscopic examination."

"I should always have acted in the same circumstances exactly as I have acted for the past week," said Marshall shortly.

"Granted. I do not examine merely your actions."

"What then?"

"Evidences of motivation. It is by subtleties which I cannot now explain that I form the judgment I a short time ago expressed as to the effects of treatment up to this time."

"Treatment ——" began Marshall impatiently, and stopped.

"It would be better to say it," urged the healer of souls. "Nothing is gained by inhibition; and nothing in our professional relationship can offend. You cannot avoid the thought that by a rather childish hocus-pocus you are being offered commonplace distraction to arouse your interest, as one distracts a child with a bright-colored toy. I do not ask you to avoid that thought. But—and this is the object of the present consultation—I do ask you not to entertain it as the sole guest of your mind's chambers. I would request you to keep with it one other consideration, and that is the terms of our agreement. Those terms I would ask you to analyze in more detail than you have hitherto. You were, you will remember, to place yourself unreservedly in my hands for three months. Of that time one week has expired. Please especially note the word 'unreservedly.'" He was referring to the written memoranda. "You are to perform without question anything I may ask you to do—compatible, of course, with your own ideas of honor. You are to discuss my methods if you please, but you are not to question their advisability. You are to do to the best of your ability what I ask you to do, whether you feel any interest in so doing or not. That is correct, is it not?"

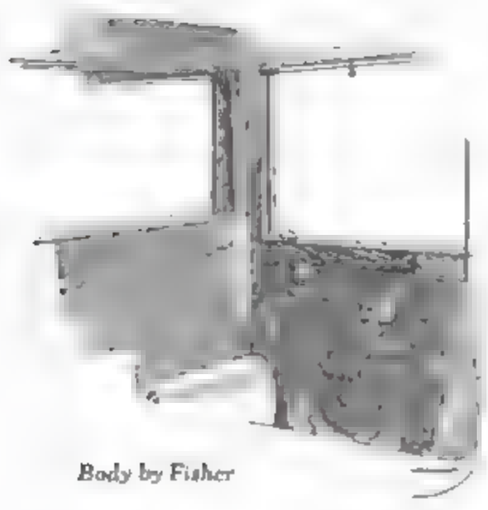
"Perfectly," agreed Marshall.

The healer of souls leaned forward.

"And I ask you to believe nothing but this," he said gently; "I have my methods and my purposes. If they are obscure to you, have patience. If you imagine they are obvious and futile, still have patience. Question as little as possible, speculate as little as you may. Do not try for

Continued on Page 28

A Cadillac for Christmas



Body by Fisher

As Christmas Day approaches, a man's first thought is of a gift for "her."

What could please her more than a New V-63 Cadillac?

She knows the Cadillac is recognized the world over as the acme of motoring perfection and enjoyment.

Its beauty, comfort and the social prestige of its ownership all combine to make it infinitely attractive to her.

Mingled with her regard for these qualities is her appreciation of its utility, its capacity for dependable transportation—one of her most important needs.

Picture her delighted surprise, then, if on Christmas Day a New V-63 Cadillac is hers for holiday calls.

Her joy will be only less great than that of the donor as he sees her countenance light up with realization of what the gift means.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

(Continued from Page 26

belief; but do not restlessly seek out unbelief. Forces set in motion do their work, serenely indifferent to our little opinions of them." He paused. "I am your friend," he concluded.

Marshall arose, somehow feeling the interview at an end. He approached the companionway slowly, his mind grasping desperately for something tangible in the midst of intangibilities by which to account for a strange lift of spirit. It must be illusory, but it was there. He turned back. X. Anaxagoras was looking at him steadily.

"I'll try," he said.

"Please do not try," rejoined the healer of souls. "The very effort of trying would defeat its end. The puny effort of your surface volition would awaken to opposite action deep habitual subconscious tendencies that are but now beginning to nod in slumber. Against them your well-meant voluntary effort would avail little. Above all, I most earnestly command you not to try."

"What then?" wondered Marshall. In a fashion he stood aghast, as though he had been led to hushed glimpses where an unwary footfall would arouse.

"Wait," said the healer of souls; "be still. Do not disturb the corridors of your mind with echoes of vain speculation. Steal forth outside yourself as often as possible through the six doors, taking with you no baggage of thought. There will come a time when you can go forth boldly to their opening and command what you will."

"I do not believe I quite understand you," said Marshall—but no longer in riposte.

"We dwell in a house with six doors. Only through them can we go forth. When they are shut we huddle down close—poisoned, cramped within ourselves, fumbling and fraying over and over the little morsel we have snatched from a beautiful whole. It tastes good, how sweet it smells, it looks soft and tender, let us stroke it, it sounds like music. These are doors. Through them we can look; or through them, if we leave behind our baggage, we may actually go forth, leaving the body and the pains of the mind behind."

"The senses," said Marshall doubtfully.

"What else?" demanded Anaxagoras sharply. "Did you think they were only to prevent your falling down?"

"Those are five. And the sixth door?"

"Imagination," replied Anaxagoras. "It is the widest of all; but the key is sometimes far to seek. The others are enough. Use them. Go look and listen and touch and taste and smell. But leave your baggage behind. Do not speculate and do not think; do not take with you even the slender staff of conscious interest. Be indifferent as to that." He slightly stressed the word. "Open the doors. For there is this to say of doors when they are opened. One may go out from them; and also things may come in."

He nodded, and Marshall found himself mounting the companion stairs. For a brief moment it had seemed to him that a stranger had sat behind the little cabin table, a man no longer to be fenced with half sardonically, but one in whose company he could have disclosed his secret places and been unashamed. The feeling passed. He stepped to the deck apparently the same man who had left it fifteen minutes earlier. But once again vaguely he had felt the old sense of invasion, of something that irresistibly had flooded guarded places. The circumstances of these vague and subjective experiences had varied widely, but their essence had been always the same, and their reality was with each repetition becoming more substantial. And somehow some responsibility had been lifted from him. He looked down the length of the Yucletaws, and a warmth in which he could bask, like quiet sunlight above the tumbling rapids, seemed to lie on his troubled spirit.

II

HE SEATED himself once more on the edge of the float. Behind him he heard X. Anaxagoras emerge from the cabin, cross the float, and step onto the long boom pole. Glancing around, Marshall saw that he was dressed in knickerbockers and knee boots, as though for a tramp. So now Marshall was quite alone out there over the water, and he found himself luxuriating in the fact. His mind was idly swaying to and fro, like the long kelp streamers in the current; but the five doors had swung open a little, and true enough, certain smaller things, shy and uncertain of their welcome, were creeping in and calling softly to their kindred within his spirit.

But it was always the rapids that drew him back to themselves. They were hypnotic in their appeal. His eye followed their tumbling waters down the great swirl of their racing, escaped with them into the powerful backward-sweeping eddy with its crinkling smooths and the deceptive glassiness of its wide-flung surreptitious currents. Only when some log or branch or other bit of flotsam was flung from the main tide into the eddy did its motion become apparent.

Marshall's eye followed one such log, at first blankly, then with a gradual dawning of interest. Again and again it made the long round trip, escaping the rapids at the point, cruising solemnly back along the straight current of the shore for a few hundred yards; then revolving and tipping and curtsying as though actuated by some detached and unseen force, until at last with a sudden acceleration to the antic point, having completed its wide half circle, it rushed to rejoin the main current again. And then, even as it leaped exultantly forward in seeming haste to make up time lost, it began once more to feel the drag at its heels. Slower and more slowly it ran, hesitated, turned completely around, appeared to struggle for its freedom as a man struggles against quicksand, checked, stopped, poised; then, relinquishing its dream of the wild open, yielded to the slow, remorseless suction and once more drifted back into the full and sullen eddy.

More and more Marshall's idle interest centered on the adventures of this piece of driftwood. Each fresh launching into the tide race seemed certain to bear it away, at the instant of final escape its wish was denied. But each trip brought into play a new complex of forces. Hopeless as the recurrent disappointment at first appeared, a growing certainty told him that sooner or later just the right combination would occur at the right moment. How many of these slow and dreary journeys would be necessary to win success? A dozen? A hundred? How long would they take?

In the tiny patch of still water within the eddy itself several old logs floated motionless and inert. Their ends were splintered away by many grinding contacts, their sides worn by long immersion. Had they given up in despair, or did thus they rest in recuperation of a lost courage? And would they in due time doggedly resume the attempt to join their brothers at play out there with the wild waters and the screaming gulls? Marshall began to feel a personal interest in the one that had first caught his attention. He breathed a relief when it had revolved its way safely past the dead water; he flung a hope after it when it made its dash; he seemed somehow to share a genuinely existent disappointment when the cast once more proved in vain. And strangely enough it did not seem to him silly. The doors were open.

But now his active intelligence was suddenly summoned with a start as though by an alarm struck. The log in its latest round floated in a little nearer than ever before. Marshall saw that some dark living thing clung to it.

For a moment he thought it only one of the sea birds that are so fond of patronizing these unstable craft. Then as he watched he saw the creature hitch itself forward a few inches. The action was not birdlike. He arose and sought the glasses from the pilot house.

Through them every splinter of the scarred old log became clearly visible. To it clung a cat. It was flattened close to the timber, its legs outspread, its claws dug strongly into the wood. Its fur was flattened by the sea water, its ears

(Continued on Page 82)

He Found Himself in Comparatively Smooth Water. On Either Side of Him the Whirlpools and Boils Raged, But He Was Himself in a Band of Fairly Calm, Swift-Running Current

Another Smashing MAXWELL SUCCESS

The CLUB SEDAN

$1045

If additional evidence of good Maxwell leadership in closed-car values were needed, the new Club Sedan supplies it.

Beautiful, solidly-built—*full sedan size*—it is a fine closed car at little more than a touring car price.

A distinctly new development of the two-door type which, for the first time, enables rear seat riders to get in and out without disturbing those in front.

Plenty of room for five persons, luggage and parcels—yet imparting the feeling of coupe intimacy.

The newest body design, with high sides but with a low roof appearance.

A car which is already multiplying signs of the huge volume of popularity it is bound to enjoy by reason of its timely arrival and its sensational values.

Three foot doors, each mounted on four hinges. A wonderful sweep of broad windows, with no blind driving spots. Upholstery and interior trim of granite cloth, as used in cars priced up to $7000. All side windows adjustable. Cowl ventilator and adjustable windshield. Disc wheels and non-skid cord tires. Windshield cleaner and visor; rear vision mirror; heater; foot-rail in rear compartment. Price, $1045, F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

MAXWELL-CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

MAXWELL

EASY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IX

THE sight of my brother gibbering insanely at the idol shocked me into a certain degree of self-control. My own fright vanished in the face of the even greater fear that Bobby displayed, and involuntarily I took command of the situation. One thing was positive: Nokomi's eyes had moved, and we both saw it happen. But however great the shock, however fraught with suggestion of the old superstition that such an event meant misfortune to our house, mine was a purely abstract terror, while to Bobby the occurrence had some perfectly definite significance. I seized him by the shoulders and forced him into a chair.

"Stop that, at once!" I cried. "Get hold of yourself and let's examine this thing together!"

"No, no!" he answered wildly, seizing my hands and struggling to get up.

"Bobby, calm down!" I commanded. "There must be some explanation."

He buried his face in his hands and sat there for a moment, shaking. I stood with my arm about his shoulder, trying to convey to him a little of my own rapidly increasing poise, and at length he looked up mutely, lighting a new cigarette with a trembling hand. Then he gave a nervous laugh and stood up.

"I'm jumpy!" he announced. "Not getting enough sleep, I guess, or maybe smoking too much. Now tell me, Nancy, what made you holler?"

I stared at him incredulously. Up to that very instant it had never even occurred to me that he had not seen exactly what I had. And now, partly self-possessed again, he actually questioned me!

"Why, Bobby!" I gasped. "The idol! The eyes moved—they looked at me. Surely you saw it too?"

We were standing with our backs to the image at this time, but as I spoke my brother turned me around gently so that, all unwilling, I faced the creature.

"Is that all?" said he, drawing a long deep breath. "Why, kid, that's nothing but a trick of light. It's thrown a scare into me more than once. See here!"

He walked quickly over to the great golden figure and thrust his fingers sharply at the eyes, his nails striking the glass with a clicking sound.

"Look!" said he. "Glass—nothing but glass, and you can hammer at the damn things without stirring 'em! Don't be foolish, Nancy."

"Then what upset you so, Robert Steerforth?" I demanded.

"Oh, I'm kind of nervous, that's all!" he declared. "I—I got some big business on and I'm worn out with it. It was your yell that doddered me like that!"

I gave him a look that must have told him he wasn't fooling me, and screwing up a grain of courage I went over to examine the idol for myself.

While I did so I remembered grandfather's curious death, and shuddered. If the old man had come to a supernatural end why should I now believe Nokomi had lost his powers? I ran my fingers over his cold gilded face, little chills creeping up and down my back. On the whole, the examination was reassuring. The idol, under the warm touch of my hand, was comfortingly material. But there must be a trick about it somewhere; I could not have been mistaken twice.

Gradually it began to dawn upon me that my brother was purposely attempting to turn my attention—perhaps from something else in the room that had happened simultaneously with Nokomi's flash of seeming humanity. And so, immediately that I felt sure Bobby was endeavoring to hide something I determined to make him think me reassured. With a big effort I managed to get out a laugh, turning from the idol's corner.

"Well," I admitted slowly, "he does seem solid enough. But he's not a friendly inmate for this house and never has been. Why don't you dig him out and sell him?"

My brother looked at me from under his lids in that rather unpleasant way which had grown upon him, and spoke, coolly enough now, over the dangling fag.

"Nix!" said he. "What for? It would only cost money to move him. He doesn't bother me any. Forget him, can't you?"

"All right, I'll try to!" I agreed, going back to the table and gathering up the money he had given me. That, at least, was real enough, and I tucked it away in my blouse with a rush of relief at thought of the freedom it was

"Please Meet Me This Evening at Seven o'Clock on the Beach Behind Our House. I'll be Waiting at the Mouth of the Cave, and I'll Have the Money With Me"

going to mean. Then I took my brother by the lapels and looked straight into his eyes.

"Bobby dear," I said, "I am not going to ask you any more questions about how you got all that cash, but I do want to know what is making you so nervous. That certainly is my business. Have you been drinking?"

"Well, some!" he admitted sullenly. "And the stuff you get nowadays—well, you know the kind of a kick it has—regular back fire! Have to lay off it, I guess!"

"Better had, before it lays you off!" I retorted. "Not to mention bucking you off your job!"

"Oh, all right!" said he. "And now, for the love of tripe, let's get down to normal. I'll carry your bag upstairs for you!"

Once alone in my room I began to lose my sense of utter bewilderment, and to think clearly. Sitting on the edge of my vast bed, the familiar furniture twinkling its polished surfaces at me in a friendly fashion, I was myself again. This was my home, my birthplace; surely there could be nothing genuinely fearful about it! All my life I had felt the mystery of the big old house with its stories concerning grandfather, his wooden leg and his hypothetical smuggling. But that had been a glamorous tradition. Now during my absence the place had acquired a sinister quality. What was going on here? I determined to find out at any cost.

Then my thoughts turned to my own affairs. I pulled out the five hundred dollars Bobby had let me have, and regarded it lovingly, for now I could pay off Adrian in full! How astonished he would be! For a moment the impulse to rush away at once and give it to him almost overwhelmed me. Then I remembered that this was Saturday and the shop would be closed next day. There was little likelihood of my being able to find him before the first of the week.

Well, I could take the early train on Monday, see him and pay him, get my note, and be home just as quickly as possible.

After the sketch of a meal which I managed to collect Bobby excused himself and left me alone in the house. It was by now twilight, and the task of making the place decent and clean enough for human habitation was upon me. I set to desperately, and had rid the kitchen of some of its most prominent rubbish, including a big pile of old gunny sacks which looked as if they had originally held about a bushel of potatoes each, but were sewed together in a curious three-cornered fashion that I did not understand, when a knock at the side entrance took me from my task.

It was Eli Jones, and beyond him in the yard stood an ancient wagon in which reposed my trunk. On the sidings which held its freight precariously were the words "Eli's Lightning Service," crudely painted in red. But it was not the astonishing promptness of getting my trunk from the station on the day of its arrival that took my breath away, but the sight of the horse that drew the wagon. It was our very own Doctor Gray!

"Eli!" I cried, pointing dramatically. "Where did you get him?"

"Bought him offen your brother," Eli replied sadly. "There's always been hosses on express wagons in this town, and I didn't see no reason for changing. Besides, we grow more grass round these parts than we do gasoline."

"But, Eli!" I wailed. "Do you mean to tell me that Bobby sold Doctor Gray? I can scarcely believe it. Why, it's like selling one's old grandfather!"

I ran out and kissed the doctor on the nose and apologized to him as best I could. Doctor Gray understood, too, for he whinnied and watched me with sad moist old eyes as Eli unloaded my trunk and staggered into the house with it. When he returned I continued to pour out my wrath upon him.

"Don't you realize that this horse is a member of my family?" I demanded indignantly. "How could you let Bobby sell him to you, Eli Jones?"

"Well," said he, "Bobby didn't need him no more when he bought that car!"

So Bobby had a car! It was another surprise, but with a scrap of my New England pride still left intact in me I wouldn't betray to Eli that he had told me news. I controlled my facial muscles consciously before I spoke.

"Well, no, I suppose not," said I. "Here's your money, Eli. Fifty cents is right, I suppose."

"Yeh!" said he, taking it. "Used to be a quarter, but we got to charge more now on account of all the competition!"

With which mystic saying he mounted to his rickety seat and drove Doctor Gray out of his rightful premises while I watched for a moment through an involuntary veil of tears. Then I dried my eyes and went in search of Bobby's car.

I found it on the floor of the old hay barn, the outbuilding most easily accessible from the street, and although the doors were shut I had no difficulty tracing it, for the tread was deep-printed on the muck of the barnyard, and besides, there were Bobby's footprints coming out from the same place. I noted them especially because he had worn sport shoes, the soles of which were treaded in a diamond pattern almost as distinctive as those on the shoes of his car.

The bus itself was a shining little beauty, a four-passenger sport-touring car of an expensive make, and as I ran my hand lovingly over its polished surfaces I felt a little thrill of vicarious pride in it! Good old Bobby! He certainly must be on a big job if it could buy a car like that! And to think I had taken for granted that he would

(Continued on Page 32)

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

For the holidays–a cookie jar full of surprises

SOME old-fashioned cookies, of course, those crisp golden ones sprinkled with sugar; but chocolate ones, too, filled with nut meats or raisins; and spicy ones in fancy shapes—see that your cookie jar is well filled with these treats when Christmas comes.

Make them with Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard and every one will be a surprise even to your own critical taste.

That is assured by the purity of this lard and its even, creamy texture. It is of just the right consistency to work in best with the flour, making your cookies fine grained, evenly browned and delicate in flavor.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is preferred by careful cooks everywhere, not only for cookies but for all kinds of pastry and deep frying, too. It is always uniform, always pure.

You can get it from your grocer or your butcher in sanitary 1-pound cartons and in convenient pails of 2, 5 and 10 pounds.

SWIFT & COMPANY, U. S. A.

SUGAR COOKIES

½ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
1 cup sugar
1 egg
¼ cup milk
2½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the lard, add sugar gradually, egg well beaten, milk and vanilla. Beat well and add flour mixed with baking powder and salt, chill, roll and shape with a fancy cutter. Decorate with nuts or candied fruit and bake in a moderate oven

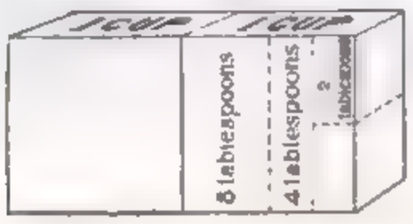
CHOCOLATE NUT COOKIES

To one-half the above mixture add 2 tablespoons melted chocolate and ½ cup nuts or raisins

SPICE COOKIES

To one-half the sugar cookie mixture add ½ cup nuts and ¼ teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard



The easy way to measure

Buy Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard in the carton and score it with a knife as diagram shows. Thus you can measure quantities as needed, without the trouble of packing and leveling spoons or measuring cups

Continued from Page 30

be a failure unless he stuck to the land! No wonder he had let the greenhouse go and sold old Doctor Gray! At thought of my ancient friend I felt a new pang, however Doctor Gray deserved a pension. Perhaps I could persuade Bobby to stake the horse properly. At any rate I determined to try. And with this resolve I left the lovely little car in its dusty surroundings and returned to the house

I had come out by the side door, and there was no need of my returning through the front hall, but I did so, none the less irresistibly drawn by the thought of Nokomi glistening evilly in his dim corner

The house was silent as I stood before him in the dusk. The curious glass eyes, so amazingly like Adrian's, returned my stare without expression, and the whole figure piled up an overwhelming sense of utter immobility as I regarded it in detail. Yet I had positively decided that something about the creature was movable. Very likely a weight could be moved that would turn the eyes. Perhaps there was a particular board in the floor which, when we stood on it, did the trick. With my heart in my mouth I selected the spot upon which I had stood earlier in the day when the unpleasant miracle had occurred, and stepped heavily upon it, my eyes glued to the idol's face. But nothing happened. The floor seemed solid as a rock.

So that notion was no good. Whatever mystery lurked embedded in that monstrous pile of Oriental artistry was apparently to stay there for all me! With a shrug I gave it up, and, being very tired, went early to bed.

But the image followed me in my sleep and I awoke shortly after midnight to find myself sitting up, listening intently to some sound that seemed a part of the nebulous world I had just left behind me. I had been dreaming that Nokomi left his corner and came ponderously out into the room, his eyes wearing the look that had been in Adrian's when he turned on me and showed his true self. And now as I sat frozen in the darkness I seemed to hear the tramp of the idol's enormous feet across the room below.

Almost as the sounds fell upon my conscious ear they ceased, and I lay back, trembling and waiting. In another moment an automobile left the side yard. I felt choked. I wanted to cry out, but couldn't. It must be Bobby, of course, I reasoned, but where could he be going so late? I pulled the covers over my head with a moan. The house was absolutely quiet now, and I began to wonder how much I had imagined and how much was real, and then I fell back irresistibly into the sleep of utter exhaustion from which my nightmare had awakened me.

In the morning I scarcely remembered the incident. It was a beautiful summer's day, and Bobby was up before me. He whistled as he brought in an armful of wood for the kitchen stove.

"Oh, but it's good to be home!" I cried. "I'll never leave again not except tomorrow. This is a lovely, lovely piece of the world, even if they have tried to spoil it."

"You said it!" he replied cheerfully. "So you're beating it back to the big town already! How long'll you be gone?"

I didn't quite like the tone in which he said this, and turned to watch his face.

"Why, I'm not quite sure," I replied. "You haven't taken in the welcome sign, have you, old dear?"

"Oh, of course not!" said he. "I was only wondering if it would be a day or a week."

"Not more than a day or two at most," I assured him, deliberately indefinite.

And then I piled on the agony by asking him to take me to church. To my surprise he consented, although I suspected it was going to be a novelty to the minister. But I was so pleased that I didn't even insist upon his dressing up, although I did protest faintly about the sports shoes he was wearing a very loud, extreme style they were, designed like gunboats, camouflage and all.

"Oh, I wear 'em all the time!" he assured me. "Comfy. Nobody'll notice them!"

Well, if anybody could fail to notice them it would have been through blindness, for those shoes not only announced their coming but they left their mark, the same diamond tread I had already noticed in the barnyard. But I let him have his way. After all, it was only natural that a kid like that should spread himself a little on clothes.

We walked to the big white church, and to me its cool, sparsely populated interior was sanctuary indeed—a little part of the heaven for which it stood deputy. And when service was over it was delicious to see the old familiar friends. The aunts, of course, were first to rush upon me, the sincere warmth of their greeting conscientiously tempered by the accepted degree of disapproval which was *au fait* in Little Cape when a meeting occurred between two generations

"Well, Nancy, my dear," said Aunt Myrtle, "this is a surprise! So you are "

"—— home at last!" said Aunt Rose.

I admitted as much. "And to stay!" I added "Little Cape is the loveliest place in the world!"

"Well," replied Aunt Myrtle, patting me on the shoulder, "you know what the poet says: 'Home is where the ——'"

"' — heart is,'" said Aunt Rose automatically.

As automatically Aunt Myrtle gave her what she alleged to be a hard look.

"There you go again, Rose," said she. "How many times must I ask you not to take the words "

"—— out of my mouth?" concluded Aunt Rose. Then for an instant confusion swept her, flurrying her to such a degree that she actually volunteered a sentence of her own. "You must come over soon, Nancy," said she. "You are a distinguished visitor in a way, now, and we would like to entertain you."

"Yes, indeed, dear!" said Aunt Myrtle. "Come this afternoon at about four and we will take a nice little walk "

"—— down to the cemetery!" finished Aunt Rose.

Then the twins smiled at each other, at the minister, at nobody in particular, and fluttered away, leaving me to the tender mercies of Mary Henderson the girl with the five children, whom Easy in the old days had held up to me as what I, if I married him, might have a chance to become Mary, the ideal wife and mother! Heavens, how I used to squirm at the notion! Her placid, cowlike content was at that time an offense in the nostrils of my gods, the Intellectuals. She came forward and shook my hand with simple homely welcome.

"So you're back, Nancy!" said she. "For a visit?"

"For a long one, I hope!" said I

"Come and eat lunch with me tomorrow, won't you?" she asked. "I'm dying to hear about the new summer clothes!"

Continued on Page 34

"I Guess I'll be Going. But I'll Show You, Dave, That I Mean What I Say." "That Ought to be—be Useful!" Said He

PEERLESS

Having driven my old Peerless over 50,000 miles without ever having the engine overhauled, I very naturally had a warm spot in my heart for the name Peerless. But this new model is so far superior to the old there is no comparison.

Mrs. Armstrong and I agree that we have never ridden in or driven anything to equal it, regardless of price, and we have tried all of the better class of cars.

H. W. ARMSTRONG
President, Reid, Murdoch & Co.
Chicago, Ill.

It is literally not possible that a higher price can buy more today than the New Peerless offers in the way of complete and lasting motoring satisfaction.

Peerless superiority is an *actual* superiority—not only demonstrable when first you ride in the car, but impressing itself upon you again and again throughout the whole of your Peerless ownership.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

New Prices

$2690 to $4090 f. o. b. Cleveland, dependent on the style of body you select. The Peerless line of bodies includes touring cars, coupes, sedans and limousines

NO AMERICAN MOTOR CAR, REGARDLESS OF PRICE, EXCELS THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IN PERFORMANCE, DEPENDABILITY, BEAUTY AND COMFORT

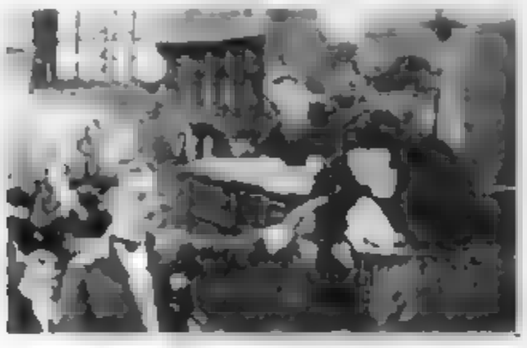
Watch This Column

"The Acquittal" Another Big Hit

As though the most successful year in our career were not enough excitement, I now have the pleasure of announcing that another "knockout" has just arrived from our Universal City studios. It is ***"The Acquittal."***

* * *

The *play* was excellent, but the *picture* is so much better that there is no comparison. In the play the very best of the action took place off the stage. In the picture the whole story is unfolded reel by reel, and I want you to know it is one of the best yarns ever spun.



COURTROOM SCENE FROM "THE ACQUITTAL"

Its love-theme is unique. Its comedy is delicate. Its drama is absorbingly interesting. And its mystifying twists wherein suspicion is thrown from one character to another, will keep you guessing to the very end. Even if ***"The Acquittal"*** had been a flivver, Universal would still be enjoying the most remarkable year any producing company ever had. But to have this picture pile in on top of other successes, is so gratifying that I can't help crowing about it.

* * *

Did you ever hear of such a parade of successes as Universal has brought together this year? Did you ever know of any single company following up one big hit with another and another, and so on until it seemed as though the procession would never end? Well, I never did and I have been in this industry since it began.

* * *

I ask you to take particular notice of the remarkable courtroom scene in ***"The Acquittal."*** As you know, courtroom scenes are the hardest things to handle on screen or stage. Either they don't ring true or they bore you to death. In ***"The Acquittal,"*** the courtroom scene will grip you every minute. You will not get too much of it.

* * *

It is becoming clearer every day that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 32)

"Thanks, but I can't!" said I. "I have got to run back to New York for a day or two."

"Oh!" said she vaguely. "I suppose you have been doing quite a lot of art lately?"

"Yes," said I. "I did a few rotten things. Cubist mostly."

"Cubist?" said she. "Is that a kind of art, Nancy? One of those queer styles of painting, I suppose. I never could see anything in it."

Rebellion flared in me. This was worse than the pseudo-intellectuality of the Greenwich Villagers.

"I don't suppose you see anything in the Russian authors, either," I suggested amusedly. "Or in modern music!"

"Well, I don't get much time for such things," she admitted. "And after all, the old tunes are the best. I always did think Love Me and the World is Mine about the prettiest song ever written!"

"Yes," I admitted, blinking at her. "The sentiment is so sweet! Well, I'll run over as soon as I'm here to stay, Mary. Glad to see you again!"

She followed her brood into Sunday school like an anxious hen who has momentarily neglected her chicks for an errant worm. And the worm, meaning myself, turned forthwith and fled.

"Remember what a snappy-looking girl she used to be?" said Bobby as we strolled homeward. "Shame she's let herself go like that!"

"She's hopeless!" I declared. "Out of touch with everything. I do feel sorry for her, Bobby, with all those kids."

"Yeah!" said he. "She started quite bright; used to say she was going to do something for her country!"

"And now she's swamped by domesticity instead!" said I. Then suddenly I stopped in my tracks and grabbed him by the lapels.

"Do something for her country?" I cried. "Why, Bobby Steerforth, do you know what she's done for it? She's given it five American citizens! Real Americans, every drop of blood in 'em, and she's given her whole life to raising them right. Bobby, think what five American citizens of native stock mean to this town. Why, she ought to be given a medal. And here I was patronizing her, poor dumb-bell that I am!"

"There's something in that, sis," said Bobby, suddenly serious. "If there had been more families of that kind in this town when you and I were kids—why, there wouldn't be any need to—well, maybe we would have grown up better instead of having to do—well, you said a mouthful, anyway!"

On Monday morning I was up bright and early, reveling in the dewy beauties of the early day and wondering, as one always does, why on earth I didn't always get started at this time when it was so nice! But I hadn't got up to admire Nature washing her face; I had done it to catch the six o'clock train for New York, as I calculated that by doing so I would, with luck, have to remain only overnight in the city.

Presently I saw Eli and Doctor Gray awaiting me in the side yard. I crept down and out of the house without disturbing my brother, who was still asleep.

"You got a fine day for it!" said Eli, looking upward at the cloudless heavens with a disapproving eye. "Still and all, it might rain, after all!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said I. "You are a fearful croaker, Eli. What do you do it for? It butters no parsnips, you know!"

"Well," said he, "if yer start out disappointed—why, the only disappointment you can git will be a pleasant one."

This floored me completely, and we drove off in the perfect silence that still lay upon the little town, broken only by the matins of a few ambitious barnyard fowl, the creaking of our buggy wheels and the clumsy clop-clop of Doctor Gray's hoofs upon the handsome new paving. I was rapt by the beauty of the scene and comforted by the little bundle of currency that lay pinned to my clothing, just over my heart. Soon, soon, I should be free from the horror of my foolish mistake and able to take up my life from a proper, decent angle! I could hardly wait to get the interview with Adrian over.

The station was a good way off, and Doctor Gray was no speed king. I glanced at my watch and was just about to beg Eli to try autosuggestion when far down the road a big car came into view, traveling rapidly. It held the middle of the road, breaking all speed laws, and Doctor Gray took offense at this exhibition, proceeding to do something that he probably conceived to be the latest dance step. At any rate, it was a sufficient flare-up of youthful memories to necessitate Eli's drawing to one side of the road with sundry elaborate curses and pleadings, and meanwhile the car came abreast of us and passed. It had but one occupant, the man at the wheel. It was Adrian Lee.

He had not seen me, but I got a good look and there was no mistake. Besides, I knew the car—none better! His appearance in Little Cape was certainly rather mystifying, and yet it solved the necessity of my leaving. Eli had quieted the horse by now, and the big blue car was already swallowed by the sleeping town.

"Eli," I said hurriedly, "turn around and go back. I am not leaving for the city after all."

He gave me a critical look, grumbling as he obeyed.

"Thar now!" said he. "That's women for you! Always changing their mind! 'Tain't right, some way. Shouldn't change 'em so often!"

"That's how we get to say such fresh things, Eli," I snapped. "Come on, now I may as well go cook breakfast."

Turning back home when you think you have started away from it is always an upsetting thing, and the most trying and upsetting part of the day that followed was the fact that Adrian literally and completely vanished.

From the moment of my meeting him on the road both he and the blue car disappeared so utterly that I was almost inclined to believe I had been mistaken in my identification. The worst of it was that from the time I got back to the house things went wrong, beginning with my encounter with Bobby, who was up and about and plainly annoyed at seeing me.

"For the love of tripe!" he exclaimed as I came in. "What happened—did you miss the train? Here—I'll run you into Plymouth if you like!"

"No, thanks," said I. "I don't need to go, that's all!"

"But you told me you had to!" he blurted out. "See here, kid, you oughtn't to change your plans like that—it raises hell. Why the devil couldn't you have changed your mind last night?"

"Why, Bobby Steerforth!" said I. "You go right ahead the same as usual. I suppose I do seem a little like a guest, but I'm not. And what's more, I expect to put in a pretty busy day myself, so pay no attention to me—the less the better, in fact!"

But Bobby was plainly upset, and as I moved about the upper story of the home I heard him mumbling unintelligible things on the telephone below.

As the day wore on, his restlessness increased, and finally he dashed away in his car and was gone for several hours, which didn't hurt my feelings at all, because it left me free to do a little scouting. But it was a waste of time, for nobody had seen Adrian, or at least so I deduced from my cautious inquiries. A big car and a well-dressed stranger evoked little or no notice nowadays, because of the large summer colony at the beach. In the end I was forced to give up and come home discouraged. Whatever Adrian's errand in Little Cape, he had apparently finished it in short order and departed. There was nothing for me to do, then, except wait for the morning and take the train in accordance with my original plan.

It was a weary day, and toward the very end of it, Bobby having failed to appear, I ate a typically feminine meal of tea and cake, and leaving my brother's supper in the oven, strolled out into the long summer twilight to rest my spirit by the sea.

The orchard which lay between the house and the cliff was transformed by the pink afterglow of a perfect day, despite Eli's croaking, and the beach, when I descended to it, lay like a curving yellow ribbon, flat and smooth, its surface etched into the faint likeness of mountains by the receding waves. The tide was almost dead low, and I stood inhaling the tang of seaweed and salt while the sun slowly disappeared, leaving the world gray and shadowy. A great peace came upon me, and just as I settled to it with a sign of content I was startled into action again by the sight of Adrian Lee ahead of me on the beach.

He was walking rapidly in the opposite direction, his step brisk, his fine figure swinging in the old debonair familiar manner. I wanted to cry out to him to stop, but I couldn't. I was filled with confused emotion at the unexpected sight, and somehow my voice wouldn't come. So I started running after him, clutching at my money to be sure it was still there, and tripping over bits of wreckage and tangled seaweed as I went. Adrian was about three hundred yards ahead of me on the open strand. On his right was the cliff, on his left the water. In front of him the beach curved seaward toward the Point. Suddenly he took a quick step to the right and was gone before my very eyes. At first I couldn't believe it, and then I remembered the cave. Of course! The big cavern in the face of the cliff where I had so often played pirates and robbers when we were all children, and where I had sat with Easy on the night before leaving home! What a silly I was to be startled like that, when I had known all my life of the cave's existence.

Hurrying my pace I rehearsed what I would say to Adrian, how approach him, and I reached the entrance breathless but confident, and then stood stunned and bewildered on the threshold. The cave was absolutely empty!

The sand of the floor was churned to powder, as if by a hundred footprints, none of them legible now, and it was a physical impossibility for Adrian to have come out before I reached the place without my seeing him. The smooth walls offered no hiding place and there was no other entrance than the one in which I stood. Adrian had gone in, and yet he wasn't there.

With an involuntary cry of his name I ran out and looked wildly up and down the beach. It lay clear and empty for half a mile on either hand. For a moment my brain reeled under the thought that perhaps I had seen a ghost. But no, that was impossible. Not twice in one day. Adrian had been in Little Cape that morning. I had seen him clearly not five minutes since. And yet he was gone! Well, no ghost made footprints on the sand! Remembering this, I retraced the course he had taken, peering closely in the dying light. Then I remembered he had been walking above high-water mark, where he would have left no tracks upon the yielding, dry and rubbish-covered shore. Further pursuit was useless, and feeling suddenly very tired I turned toward home.

x

ALL my life I have known what I didn't want—and usually got it too! And when I found that Adrian Lee was in Little Cape I dreaded to meet him in a public place; yet, of course, that was exactly what happened.

After an interminable night I came down early, and being through with my household duties by the time the morning mail arrived I ran over to the post office. The place was crowded as always at that hour, and suddenly in the cue ahead I saw Adrian. He caught sight of me at the same moment, and lifted his hat with a grave gesture. My heart began going like a trip hammer and all the concise sentences I had framed to say to him vanished, leaving my mind a foolish blank. He waited while I got my mail, and stood smiling faintly as I approached him.

"So, Nancy!" said he coolly. "Good morning! You seem surprised to see me here."

"When did you come, Adrian?" I asked. "And why?"

"I just got in an hour ago," he lied smoothly. "I drove all night from New York. And as for why—you forget I have relatives here."

We were moving toward the door and many eyes were turned curiously upon us. This was no place for a lengthy conversation; the encounter itself would be spread from one end of the village to the other within the hour.

"Adrian," I asked in a low tone, "have you got my note with you?"

"Why, yes!" he said in apparent surprise. "I have."

"Then," said I hurriedly, "please meet me this evening at seven o'clock on the beach behind our house. I'll be waiting at the mouth of the cave, and I'll have the money with me. Do you know where I mean?"

I watched him closely as I sprung that, but Adrian merely pursed his lips and nodded slowly as if trying to establish something that was not quite clear in his mind.

"I believe I do know," said he. "Let's see—I turn down the road to the neck, past

(Continued on Page 38)

The fascinating floral pattern on the floor is No. 516. The 9×12 foot size costs only $18.00.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
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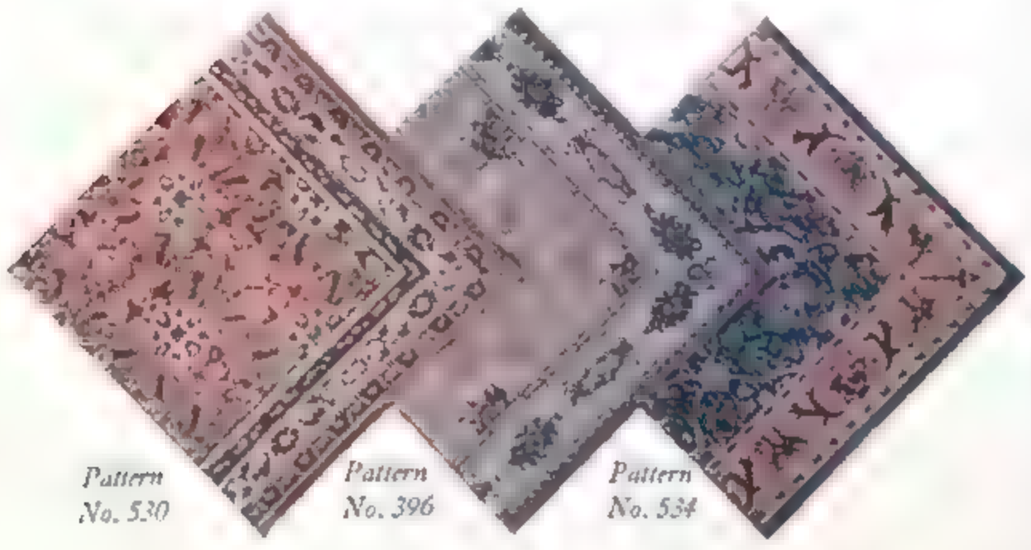
There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It is your protection against imitation floor-coverings and gives you the assurance of our money-back guarantee. Be sure to look for it.



Pattern No. 530 *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 534*

Beauty and Economy Are Combined in Congoleum Rugs

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs offer all the artistic and colorful beauty of woven rugs plus the sanitary, labor-saving qualities of a firm-surfaced floor-covering. And their moderate prices are a revelation in household economy.

You don't have to tire yourself beating dust and dirt out of Congoleum Rugs. You take a damp mop, swish it over their smooth, waterproof surface—and in just one, two, three, they're spotlessly clean. They save you so much time and work; give you long-wished-for leisure for other things far pleasanter than cleaning floors.

In patterns they have charming diversity, coming in designs appropriate to every room in the house. And with all the many virtues of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs—consider the amazing lowness of their prices!

6	x 9	feet	$ 9.00		1½ x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	x 9	feet	11.25		3	x 3	feet	1.40
9	x 9	feet	13.50		3	x 4½	feet	1.95
9	x 10½	feet	15.75		3	x 6	feet	2.50
9	x 12	feet	18.00					

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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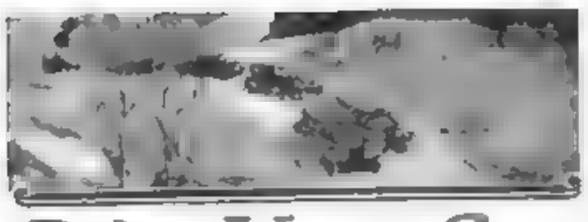
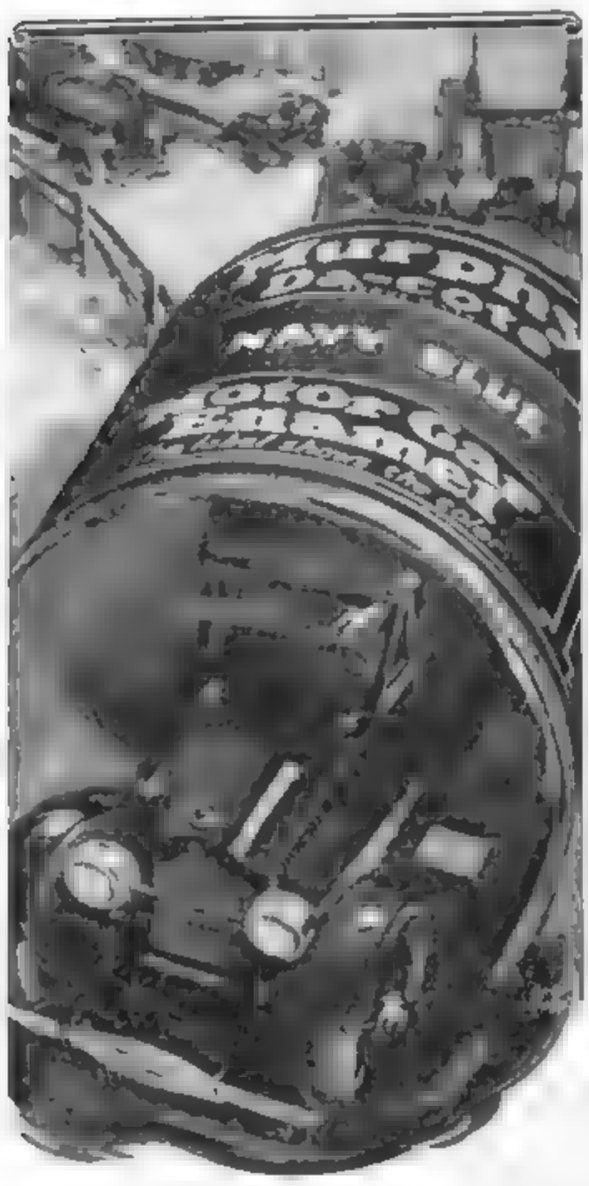
Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS



Paint Your Car *with* Murphy Da-cote



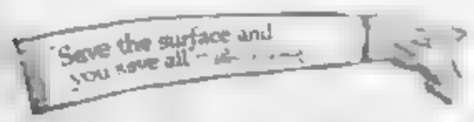
Where do they all come from?

Where do all the new cars come from? Where do people get the money?

The answer is that almost every third new looking car you see isn't new at all. Its newness came out of the Murphy Da-cote can!—for over 2,000,000 motorists have used this wonderful, smooth-flowing enamel at home to bring back the showroom beauty of their cars!

Ask your paint or hardware dealer about Da-cote—how easy it is to use—how quickly it works. Ask him for a folder showing Da-cote in black and white and ten smart colors.

Then get some Da-cote and devote an afternoon to making your car look her worth. Anyone can do it. And the cost is trifling.



Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited
Montreal, Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 34)

Morris' place, don't I?" Nothing could have been more natural than his manner.

"Right!" said I. "Don't fail me now, Adrian."

Then I walked away, vaguely heading for the Spinellis' and my morning's marketing, my mind filled with wonder.

What on earth was Adrian really doing in this town, and why had he lied to me about the time of his arrival? Where had he lain low through the previous day? All this was queer enough, but the paramount puzzle remained whether he had actually vanished before my very eyes.

I finished my errands mechanically and turned homeward still in a daze, when to my relief one mystery at least was dispelled by the sight of the big blue car, solid and material as could be, with Adrian at the wheel and his cousin, Morris Bowditch, beside him. They were headed up-country and both of them waved to me as they passed. So the car had been Adrian's all right enough! The puzzle, then, began with his lie about his arrival in town.

The motor party dashed out of sight, and I was approaching the little pocket handkerchief of green on which stood our roll of honor, that flimsy evidence of a great sacrifice, when I noticed someone was seated upon the grass beside it—a man with an ancient overseas cap upon his head, which rested against the sign itself. There was nothing unusual about finding a citizen of Little Cape loafing in the sun of a mid-morning, but the location chosen for it was certainly out of the ordinary. The lounger aroused my curiosity sufficiently to make me cross the way for a better look, and of all people on earth it was Elmer Hoadley.

He was wearing a battered uniform with one empty sleeve pinned across his breast; a pair of crutches lay beside him on the ground, and he was fast asleep, his head obliterating the names of Isaac Walski and Karl Wallenheim. For a long moment I stood looking down at his unconscious face, from which the youth had been blotted out.

"What have they done to him—one of the finest boys in our town?" I thought.

My mind flew back to that year-old interview with Easy when I had told him that I must wait for Elmer's return before I could decide which to marry. And then I thought of still earlier days—boy-and-girl love scenes on scented summer nights when Elmer and I, sure that we were at the height of romanticism, had walked in the moonlight, asking each other what we really thought of love, and how we felt about religion. Our words sprang into my memory, clear and articulate as if they had been spoken within the hour.

"Of course every man has his ideal of a girl," said Elmer's changing voice. "And mine is a good deal like you, Nancy. 'Sfunny, isn't it?"

"Awful funny," says Nancy. "Do you know, Elmer, I believe woman is the weaker sex—a sort of clinging vine who must have a strong man to lean on. You are awful strong, aren't you, Elmer?"

"Well, sort of!" says he modestly. "Nancy, I'd like to kiss you—awfully."

"Oh, you mustn't, Elmer," says she. "My brother told me that if I let any of the boys kiss me they will never come to call again."

And now I was possessed by a sudden fury at those who had returned unharmed from their sojourns in the Southern camps. How was it that our Elmer was the one to be flung back, broken, from overseas? Involuntarily I spoke his name, my throat aching with the pity of it.

"Elmer, my dear!" I cried.

He opened his eyes slowly, and looked at me as if I were part of his dream. Then he smiled, the old flashing smile that had been one of his most endearing characteristics.

"Nancy Steerforth!" he exclaimed, making an instinctive effort to rise before he remembered the difficulties of it. "How good to see you! Believe me, this butters my parsnips fine!"

"Don't move, Elmer!" I exclaimed hastily. "I'm going to sit down beside you for a moment. Tell me, when did you get back?"

"About a month ago," said he. "When did you?" I told him. "Seems queer, doesn't it?" he went on. "The old town's changed a lot."

"Indeed it has!" said I wrathfully. "And, oh, Elmer, it must be simply dreadful for you to find your grandmother's place like—like that!"

"It's pretty rotten, of course," said he. "You see I used to think about it a lot while I was in hospital. But it may turn out a lucky thing for me that the Bowditches have bought it up and developed it."

"How, Elmer?"

"Well, Morris has promised me a job selling tickets for the pictures at night," he replied evenly, "and helping around the store during the day, just as soon as I'm fit."

"Elmer, no!" I cried, as if I had been struck.

"Well," said he, grinning a trifle ruefully, but brave as a fighting cock, "what can a piece of hash like me do, Nancy? I've got to eat, same as the rest of us."

"But at your ancestral home—for Morris!" I protested.

"Morris was in the army too!" said he quietly. "That's likely one reason why he wants to help me out."

"He was in Camp Dove!" said I scornfully.

"That was a matter out of his hands," Elmer reminded me.

I had no answer of course.

"But in the meanwhile?" I asked him. "Until you get well?"

"Oh, I'll be all right," said he cheerfully. "I've got the remnants of my pay, and Tony has let me have a room, cheap, up over his restaurant yonder. I'll be in shape to start work in another week or two, I guess."

"Tony, my eye!" I said hotly. "Why, he's never got a cent for that miserable little cubby over the store before this! Elmer, you come and live with us. Please do. Bobby will back that to the limit, I know!"

He shook his head at my invitation, smiling still, but it was plain there was no use urging him.

"Nancy, you're a peach," he declared. "But I can't take you up. I've got to be on my own, now more than ever; self-respect, bringing oneself back—and all that sort of stuff. You get me, I'm sure. But thanks a lot, just the same, my dear!"

I arose, gathering up my eggs and butter and machine-made doughnuts, and held out my hand. He took it and we smiled an understanding into each other's eyes.

"There's a lot I can never ask you now, Nancy," said he. "But we will always be friends, won't we?"

"You bet, Elmer!" said I.

Then I gave the one poor hand a little squeeze and fled, ashamed that he, who was so brave, should see my tears.

All through the noon hour I figured and figured about Elmer Hoadley. Something ought to be done for him immediately, that was plain. That he, who had given the best of himself, who had literally presented his youth and strength to his country at the first call, should be thrown upon the mercies of Russian and Greek newcomers who, under the name of charity, were about to exploit him, was not to be endured for one moment. There must be someone in town who would see the situation as I did, and take the matter up better than I could—some man preferably.

Slowly I allowed the name of this man to come to the front of my mind—David Cooper! Easy was the one person who would be certain to do the right thing if he realized his old friend's plight. But Easy was deep in his own affairs. It was quite possible that the thing would escape his notice unless someone told him. And so I decided I would.

Early in the afternoon I put on a shade hat and started for the Cooper place, which was on the outskirts of town. I walked, because, anxious as I was to see him, I wanted, in feminine fashion, to delay getting there!

It was a good two miles out to the little house Easy had built for his mother, and on my way I had to pass the old Neptune farm. The house was an enormous building with overhanging second story and long eaves, built over a century ago for the housing of innumerable Neptunes, of whom the little daughter killed by Spinelli's car had been the last. As I approached it I wondered idly who lived there now.

In the old days it had been shabby and run down, but about its decay was the inescapable dignity of long service. In my childhood when one went out to Jake's, hoping to persuade him to a day's work, it was at first impossible to tell if he were home or not. The front door, overgrown with a tangle of ancient honeysuckle and trumpet vine, hadn't been opened in a generation. The front windows were hermetically sealed, and the untidy side entrance permanently open. The same broken surrey had stood under the same decrepit apple tree winter and summer ever since I could remember, and Jake had pulled the same line about mending it soon's he got around to it. The upper stories of the vast tired old building were a complete mystery. What their usage nobody knew; not even Jake, in all probability, for he and the child had occupied some rat's nest in the L of the ground floor. That was Jake's place before the town took it for taxes.

But now the old house had sprung into an obscene activity—a liveliness as painful to behold as that of an ancient horse beaten into a last desperate haul. Every window was open, and from most hung soiled bedclothes. No attempt had been made to repair the house, but it was certainly being used to capacity. On the side porch two decrepit baby carriages were parked, their squalling occupants unnoticed, and under the newly pruned apple tree stood a long table, constructed of planks laid on sawhorses and covered with oilcloth, about which was an array of broken chairs and benches.

But the greatest change of all lay in the fields behind the house, for these, long run to waste, were now a vast market garden in which three women were toiling industriously. So were half a dozen children, none of them over ten years old, and a lone man sat upon the fence near the road, smoking, and apparently acting as overseer. As I watched, an enormous hag, toothless and filthy, came to an upper window of the house and leaned on the bedding upon the sill, looking out at nothing in particular, her jaws working ceaselessly. I thought of Jupiter Street in the city, and of how I, gazing raptly from the window of my bedroom at the settlement house, had seen just this thing and called it picturesque!

Of course I realized that these newcomers were working Jake's land and making it produce as never before, but I was furious! If Jake and his father had put their women and children into those fields they, too, could have developed a big farm. Seething with anger, I was continuing my walk when the man by the fence hailed me with a smile.

"Hello!" he said, his wet black eyes friendly. "Nize day!"

"Yes!" said I, nodding sharply and hurrying on, a chill seizing me at recognition of him. The man was Spinelli's cousin—the one who had run over Jake's little girl!

Easy's home lay not far beyond, a sharp contrast to the place I had just left. The small white house in its nest of pine trees was immaculate, and the patch of lawn and small old-fashioned flower garden were neatness itself. It emanated a sense of peace and the odor of a dear familiar tradition.

At the rear of the house was a rambling shed from which came the whine of a lathe. Easy was a carpenter by trade and made all the lobster pots for the district in his otherwise unoccupied time. Apparently he had not given this work up since accepting his Federal job, and was busy at it even now. I went directly to the shop door and looked in.

He was working at a long bench, above which a machine belt of some kind made a moving black streak. Clad in shirt and khaki trousers, his great forearms bare, his golden head catching a shaft of sunlight, this masculine beauty thrilled me anew. The shop smelled deliciously of new lumber, and behind him, the fruit of his hands, was a stack of lobster pots. He looked up, smiling, at my entrance, expecting no doubt to see his mother. And then, at recognition of me, the smile vanished. My heart fell at the danger signal, but I came bravely in. Easy stopped the machine and came to me.

"Well, Nancy?" said he, and waited. It was horribly uncomfortable.

"Easy, I had to come!" I managed to get out. "You see, there were certain things—oh, can't you forget for a moment, and just think of me as a messenger, who has come to you about something important?"

"Is that so?" he questioned in a level voice, still hostile.

"It's about Elmer Hoadley!" I cried. "Don't look at me that way, Easy! He's destitute and he won't admit it, and he's got to be helped, but he won't let me do it. He'd never let you know in a thousand years, so I had to"

(Continued on Page 39)

Some 1924 Figuring
—*on plant management*

As the year draws to a close, many plant executives are figuring on their contribution to next year's production. It is timely now to ask yourself the question: "Can I get more work out of our present machines—more horse power out of our present prime movers?"

Yes, you almost surely can—if you will turn from casually considered lubrication to scientifically correct lubrication.

Time and time again our oils and our lubrication advice have helped to postpone the expense of new installations, to say nothing of the expense of dismantling and disposing of old equipment.

But, whether you keep on next year with your old machinery or put in new units, the best oil you can buy and the best lubricating counsel you can get will prove the cheapest insurance against wear and tear, future costly repairs, and interrupted operation.

You probably have thousands of dollars invested in machinery. Why jeopardize that investment with incorrect lubrication?

When we prescribe the correct oil for any given engine or machine in your plant, our 57 years of lubricating knowledge and engineering experience is brought to bear on your individual problem. The Lubrication Audit outlined in column at right illustrates the care and accuracy of our approach to the problem.

For many years Gargoyle Lubricating Oils have been protecting every kind of machine—in every industry—in every country of the world.

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RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine

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(1) The inspection of the machines [illegible]

(2) Your operating conditions.

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"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

The Radiant Christmas Gift

NUMBER FOUR OF A SERIES

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You can make this Christmas a perpetual festival by the gift of a radio set.

A radio set is not one but a multitude of blessings. It makes you and your friends partakers of the wonders that are passing through the air in endless waves with the speed of light.

Into the home a radio set will carry the joyful Christmas spirit every day in the coming year. Present one as a Christmas gift to a friend and it will make him at once a member of the greatest audience in the world. From hundreds of miles in every direction; over cities and plains; across broad rivers and from the islands of the sea, the delectable messages of joy are his to capture when he will.

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By the medium of a Loud Speaker that beautiful anthem of the Christmas season: "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" will resound in harmony within the sanctity of your own home.

Don't worry at all about your Christmas gift. The Radio set solves your problem. There is a set to suit your purse and once installed the cost is negligible, compared to the joys you get.

Dozens of radio sets, all ready to install, are on the market. Get any one of them made by a *reliable* manufacturer and you can't go wrong.

It will be a Happy Christmas and a Miraculous New Year!

The battery is the vital part of any radio receiving set. Eveready batteries—especially made for Radio, serve better, last longer and give better results.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.

Continued from Page 36

"I'm glad you came, then, Nancy," said David. "I hadn't seen him. I've been away, you know."

"He will go to work for Morris—take on a janitor job in his own old home if something isn't done to prevent," I went on. "And it's too dreadful!"

"That's impossible, of course," he agreed shortly. Then he smiled a twisted little sour smile, this time. "So you aren't as crazy over our foreign friends as you used to be, eh, Nancy?" said he. "Beginning to find I didn't do the situation such injustice after all, perhaps?"

"Oh, Dave!" I cried, on the verge of tears. "I have learned such a lot in the past month! Yes, you were right about everything, in fact! Including Adrian Lee!"

"Tired of your gang already?" he scoffed. "I see he doesn't think so. At any rate he turned up in town very shortly after you."

"But I tell you I'm through with him, Dave!" I protested helplessly. "I hate the man! I had no more idea he was coming to Little Cape than you had!"

"Well, that mightn't have been so vague," he reminded me. "It's my business to know where he is."

"Then perhaps you can tell me why he is here," I suggested. "I swear by all I hold sacred that man is nothing to me, and that I am absolutely ignorant of his affairs. All I know is that I made a mistake about him in a—personal matter."

Easy looked at the floor thoughtfully, kicking the crisp shavings about with the toe of his boot. Then his eyes flashed to mine, clear and penetrating. I felt as if he must see into the very back of my mind and, seeing so, know that I was telling the truth. But David Cooper was not of the caliber that softens easily.

"Nancy, I would like to believe you," he said at last, "but everything is against it. I've been stung pretty badly, and I can't forget. I have, in fact, no right to forget."

"I'll make you believe me, David!" I cried wildly. "I'll prove myself somehow."

He looked at me again, and there was actually a mist over his eyes.

"For God's sake, do!" said he.

Although we stood well apart we were curiously close together at that moment. But there was no happiness in it. The shadow still lay over us, thick and heavy. I felt desperate, almost broken. Yet there was comfort in the evidence that Easy cared. Yes, he still loved me—and wished most heartily that he didn't!

"Well," said I finally, "I guess I'll be going. But I'll show you, Dave, that I mean what I say."

When I reached the door of the shop he spoke.

"That ought to be—be useful!" said he.

The walk home seemed infinitely longer than the journey out. I had now to acknowledge freely and fully just what he meant to me, and I knew, in that frank self-examination, that David Cooper was the one real love of my life, and that I would fight for his love with all the strength that was in me.

The hours between my return to the village and my appointment with Adrian were interminable. I spent them in my garden, and the time was made even more difficult by my brother, who kept plying me with questions.

He was excruciatingly nervous, and paced about, hands in pockets, an endless chain of cigarettes succeeding one another rapidly to their tremulous position on his nether lip.

"Say, sis, will you be in New York long?" he asked as a beginner.

"Why, no, Bobby," said I, turning my attention from my weeding. "I only have to get the rest of my things out of the studio."

"Why don't you go tonight and get it over with?" he suggested. "I'll run you into Boston in the car and you could get a sleeper."

"I can't go tonight, thanks just the same," said I.

"Why not?" he wanted to know. "It's no trouble for me really."

"That's sweet of you, dear," said I, "but I've got a date."

"Oh!" said he. "Easy, I suppose. Let him wait. You can't lose him."

"No, hon, it's not Easy," said I.

"Then who is it?"

"None of your affair!" I retorted, laughing. "It's a secret."

"Well, I suppose you'll go tomorrow, then," Bobby persisted. "Better have it all cleaned up so you can settle down for the summer."

At length I got up from my knees, my hands full of pusley, and faced him with a direct shot.

"See here, Bobby Steerforth, are you trying to get rid of me?" I demanded.

"What bunk!" he replied. "What'd I want to get rid of you for? I just was trying to be helpful!"

"Well, in that case," said I, still uneasy and dissatisfied, "let me tell you that there is no hurry about my books and furniture, such as they are. I shan't run down to New York until sometime next week. The—the other matter I spoke to you about—well, it's taken care of, dear, without my having to leave, after all."

Bobby seemed satisfied with that, and after a while drove off in his new car to some unknown destination, leaving me free to make ready for my interview with Adrian, and to steal out of the house unchallenged.

A full moon was riding high in the clear air as I made my way through the long wet grass of the orchard, and the spring night was sweet with insect music. On such an evening as this I should have been, I thought a trifle bitterly, hurrying to a love tryst. And my heart gave a painful leap as I recalled how short a time ago meeting Adrian at such a time and place would have meant the seventh heaven of happiness to me.

I was first at the appointed spot, and found myself a seat upon a rock close to the cliff wall. Then I dug into my bosom and got out the money. I rolled it up and held it tightly in one hand, sitting tense and still, listening to the slow beat of the waves, which seemed to keep time with my heart.

At length Adrian came into sight, swinging a light stick, his tall figure moving with the old familiar heavy grace. As he came nearer I arose to my feet, every fiber instinct with antagonism. This interview was going to be short, and not too sweet. But when he greeted me I was again at a loss for words, and in another instant he had the situation all in his hands.

"Beautiful Nancy!" said he. "What a night, eh? How I love the romance of this place, the sense of adventure it gives one, the secrecy of this little cove, hidden away, yet so accessible from the sea! There might be pirates here—eh? And buried treasure. Your grandfather was a pirate, wasn't he, Nancy?"

"I didn't come here to discuss my ancestry with you, Adrian," said I. "Have you brought the note?"

"Oh, yes!" said he; not offering it, however. "But there is no hurry about that. Can't we sit down? I have some things I want to say to you."

"Adrian," I replied firmly, "there is absolutely nothing between us now, except the conclusion of our business. Let go my arm, please. I won't sit down, and I won't listen."

With a sigh he released me and then he gave a little laugh.

"Most lovely and indignant lady!" he said. "What a mistake I made about you! However, have it your own way. From the point of view of the conventional woman, I was a beast. But I thought we were neither of us people who lived or wished to live by the usual rules!"

His poise was astounding. Or was it merely that he was incapable of taking offense? An irresistible curiosity concerning him was upon me.

"Adrian, why did you come to Little Cape?" I asked.

"To see you, of course!" he replied easily.

"But how did you know I was here?"

"Where else would you go?" he retorted. "Besides, I had only to ask Lila."

That seemed simple enough, and yet I did not believe him.

"But why should you want to see me, after all that happened?" I persisted.

"Because," said he, "very little that I set my heart on gets away from me. I want you. And when you see how things lie here you may think better about taking me, after all."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded. "I am here in my brother's care—quite safe from you or any other objectionable person!"

"Your brother!" He gave a little laugh that fairly made my blood boil with rage.

"You needn't think because Bobby is just a kid that he's not capable of looking after the honor of his family," I retorted.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I have proof. Why, he gave me the money to pay you!"

To my amazement Adrian burst out laughing, then checked his mirth and buried his face in his handkerchief for a moment, coughing.

"I beg your pardon!" said he. "I see! Well, perhaps I did your brother an injustice! He doesn't strike one offhand as very much of a sturdy oak, you know. May I ask if you told him who this much-discussed money was for?"

"No, I didn't tell him," I retorted. "He isn't even aware that I know you. I felt it was better not to say who the man was, because there is no use in carrying this thing on into an endless row. But I told him why I had to have the money, and I didn't mince the facts."

"So?" said Adrian.

Something still seemed to amuse him, and his finding the situation humorous filled me with new fears. Did Bobby know this man? Evidently! How, then, and in what connection? Only one solution presented itself, and that I instantly dismissed as too absurd for serious consideration. If Adrian was really bootlegging, then this sudden money of Bobby's—— But no, that couldn't be true!

"See here, Adrian!" said I sharply. "We have wasted time enough. There is nothing you can say to me that will do either of us any good one way or another. Please give me the note and let me go."

"Well, so be it, if you insist," he replied. Reluctantly he drew out his wallet and abstracted the precious bit of paper, holding it toward me.

"Light a match, please!" said I. "I wish to make sure!"

"You are a trusting young thing, aren't you?" he gibed. But he obeyed me, none the less, and struck a light. In the moment's flare I recognized my note with a sigh of relief, and took it from him.

"Thank God!" said I. "Here is your money, Adrian."

"Suppose I demand a light for that, too?" said he.

"All right!" said I tartly. "That's fair enough. Here, I'll keep a light going while you count it."

He passed me the matches and I gave him the bills and lit three flares while he found the sum to be correct.

"Good-by, Adrian," said I. "No, don't come with me. I prefer to go back alone, please."

"Just as you say, Nancy!" he replied. "I am leaving tonight, so don't worry about having to run into me in the morning."

"That will certainly make things easier," I agreed. "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" said he.

Suddenly I realized that we were not alone on the beach. Out of the shadows directly behind Adrian a figure moved swiftly and silently toward us, detaching itself from the solid cliff about fifty feet away. I smothered a scream and Adrian swore under his breath. The figure drew closer, became recognizable, and passed by.

It was Easy!

"David!" I cried. "Wait! Oh, wait!"

"Sorry!" said he in a muffled voice. "Can't stop. I'm in a hurry. Good evening!"

The he was gone—swallowed again by the black shadows of the cliffs, and leaving me frozen by the realization that though he could not have heard he must have seen the whole transaction, and taken this method of letting me know that he had seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW

Continued from Page 21

and derisive of the accomplishments of others. Equally, he was proud of his expert workmanship, charitable under a rough exterior, brilliant in monologue, unwavering in his devotion to knowledge as the sole end of all being, and patient in its limited dissemination. As a result, his daughter Eunice, at the age of sixteen, knew more than all the other girls of all ages in the village put together.

Because her father called her Vic, everyone else came to do the same; but to none but herself had the old man ever divulged the derivation of the nickname; nor did she. Even in the face of certain remarks overheard, to the effect that Abe had granted his wife's dying request at the baptismal font only to snatch it back in characteristic fashion at the cobbler's bench, Eunice would merely toss her head and presently smile to herself. She did not mind her father's irony: it did not even affect her secret joy in having been christened Happily Victorious; for to her the name was not a misfit. It was at once an omen and the single thread upon which she hung all her love for the mother she had never known.

Towns are proverbially proud of a prodigy, and advertise it; villages are equally proud of such a possession, but keep their mouths tightly closed about it at least within hearing of the prodigy. To all intents and purposes Vic Teller's fame as a scholar was more notorious in Salem, Fairton or Bridgeton, even at the ancient settlement of Sheppard's Mills, only two miles away, than it was in Greenwich. Wasn't old Abe hard enough to live with as things stood? All of which served Eunice well rather than ill. Her isolation made of her a lonely figure, but it did her good.

It is comparatively easy to look back from the year 1923 through the long telescope of four decades and see Eunice as she was at sixteen, when the judge had caught his first glimpse of her, never dreaming that the fleeting vision was to gather cobwebs for eighteen years and still live. Children then, as now, wore straight-hanging smocks; girls of sixteen, one-piece frocks, modestly yoked; and women went about not unbecomingly clothed in high-necked dresses fitted closely to shoulders and arms. Jackets were in vogue for those who fancied them, and poke-shaped hats.

What the judge had seen was a swift figure, vivid as a golden shaft of sunlight, a young girl, slight, but by no means frail. Hair wavy, and so light that it suggested a breeze even though the air was still. A saddle of freckles across her nose and freckles of a darker shade floating in her hazel eyes. An expressive mouth, inherited from her acidulous father, only that it wore a smile easily and more sweetly than ever could his. Her appearance had not struck the youthful visiting lawyer as remarkable in any particular, but as a whole it had lived in memory so that, after all the years which had intervened, the judge could conjure a picture of symmetrical and eager youth, crowned with the eternal allure of springtime—a lasting vision of the subtle essence of loveliness.

Everyone knew of her prowess as a scholar and of her consuming ambition to go to college. There were reasons why this aspiration was absurd, but that did not preclude her being pointed out with smug satisfaction as one who was expecting an important communication, nothing less than a report on her entrance examinations, which would prove that it was not for lack of learning she could not go.

The mail was in. You could be sure of it when you saw her like that, darting out hatless in a swirling organdie frock to run to the little post office. Alive she was, from the feet up. Not only her brain—all of her.

VIII

SITTING in the kitchen at Rattling Run Fields, with head bowed and eyes fastened on that vibrant vision of the past, the judge could hear Eunice Sherborne moving about, sending Drake and putting Io to bed, climbing up the stairs at their call to say a last good night, descending again, pausing in the parlor; and then he heard no more. Instead, he felt her presence. As she pushed open the door, passed swiftly to a chair and sat down, it was as though some vital essence had been injected into the air he breathed. She was silent, but she was alive. He did not look up. He could feel her, sitting there, hands clasped, eyes wide, waiting. Waiting for what? For him to speak?

See Her Catch Her Dress at the Shoulder Between Thumb and Finger and Begin Tearing It Off in Strips

"I saw you once before," he murmured. "It was in Greenwich, the day you got your letter ——"

"Did you know my father?" she interrupted in a low voice.

"As everybody knew him," replied the judge.

"As everybody knew him," she repeated, her eyes staring backward down the years. "The day I got the letter."

At her tone the judge could not help but look up. He had returned to the chair placed midway of the kitchen for the convenience of the children, whose quiet games had centered about his knee. On his left was the still form of Warner Sherborne; in front of him and a little to the right was the cooking stove; still farther to the right, beside a window which looked out down the road by day but was now black with night, sat Eunice Sherborne. Her chair was turned from him; but, at the moment of speaking, she had twisted her body and folded her arms on its back. None but a supple woman could have taken that pose and held it. The light of the lamp, set on a table just behind the judge, left her in half shadow, so that when he glanced at her he was startled at the sudden girlishness of her appearance.

"I didn't know him as everybody knew him," she continued. "He and I were friends."

Remembering the sardonic smile habitually worn by the cobbler, and his caustic reputation, the judge could not help but wonder; but he did not question aloud. He watched, listened, waited. The trained instinct of the bench warned him that this woman who had abruptly sunk from sight so many years ago, and whose incipient resurrection he had witnessed, was on the point of revealing hidden things, secret things which demanded release as importunately as a planted seed. He fastened his eyes on her face. Presently he felt like one who watches a play in an unknown language. What did she see?

Eunice was watching a young girl with a letter pressed to her breast, flying to tell the great news to her father the father who had sometimes postponed but never refused a request; the father who, short of mortgaging the house, provided he could find a mortgagee, could not have paid even her railway fare to college, and yet had never told her so. With what a bitter look he had read the letter; but that was nothing, only himself. How he had evaded her, taking perverse pleasure in forestalling every attempt to broach the all-important subject! He had arisen, stumped off to bed, and, just at the top of the steep, straight flight of stairs which led from the upper structure of the house down to the workshop in the lean-to, he had fallen dead and pitched headlong, to bring up with a crash against his cobbler's bench.

Eunice Sherborne's eyes grew fixed, almost glassy. She saw the young girl spring to her feet at the terrifying sound and then stop, her body all of a tremble. How suddenly empty the house, with such an emptiness as it had never before known! The girl, swaying to the blow of premonition, reaching down to steady herself with shaking fingers, wishing to cry out over the lump in her throat, swallowing spasmodically, calling, at first hoarsely inaudible, and then clear, full-throated, "Father! Father, what is it?"

Silence. Not even an echo. Frightened eyes bent on the double reading lamp, too heavy to carry. Courage! A candle, tremulously lit, held high as she followed the course her father had taken. How palpable the stillness! How vast the emptiness! Here his footsteps had ceased, quite suddenly; here the rattle and rumble had begun. She peered down the slanting pit of the stairway to the shop and stopped to call again:

"Father! Wha what is it?"

Ashamed of the break and tremor in her voice, she crept down the steps, one by one, pausing, waiting for she knew not what, going on again, until at last she reached the bottom of the stairs. She held the candle high above her head and the gloom seemed to open with a majestic slowness. There in the light, with his back to the cobbler's bench he had faced for a lifetime, legs extended and limp, sat Abraham Teller, his head fallen as though in profound thought.

(Continued on Page 42)

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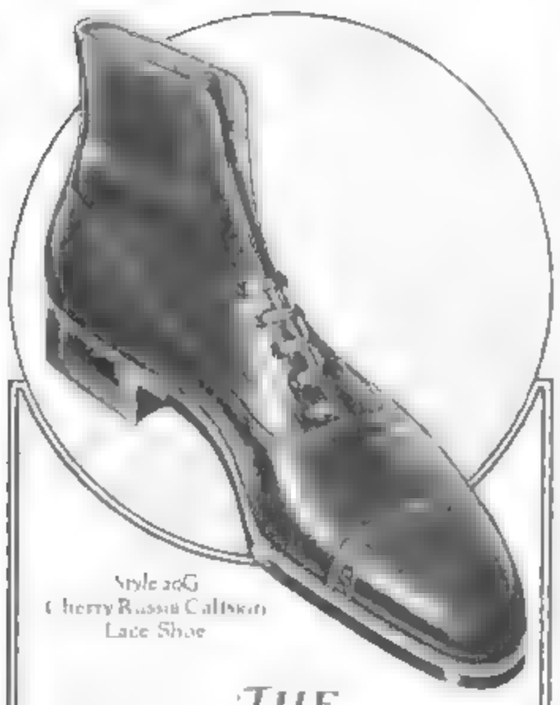
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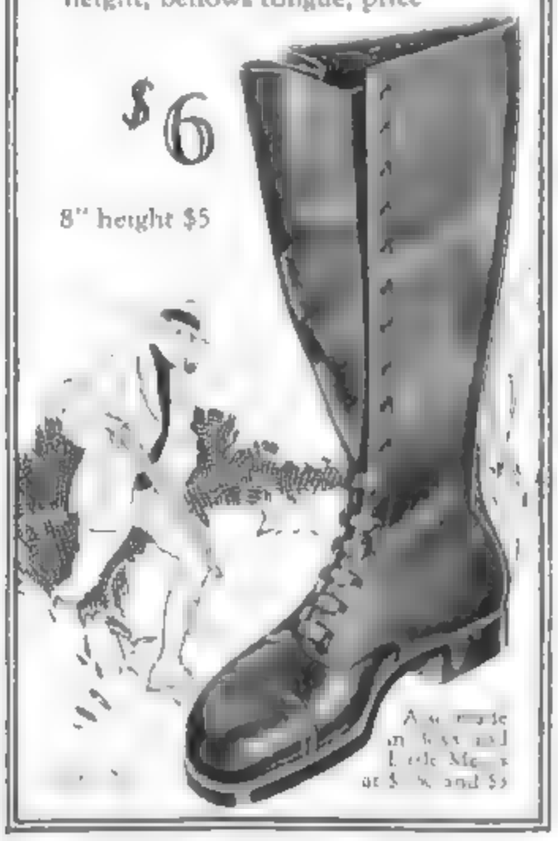
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(Continued from Page 40)

On his face was fixed the deep, sardonic smile, giving the lie even after death to the heart that had stopped beating rather than let him tell his daughter, so happily victorious, that she could not go to college.

"The day the letter came," said Eunice aloud. "The day ——"

"The day your father dropped dead" supplemented the judge to his own astonishment.

She tossed her head in the characteristic gesture of her girlhood and stared at him, but there was no youthful surprise in her eyes at his having read her face

"Yes," she said gravely; and presently continued, "She had to get away—she had to."

It was altogether natural to the judge that she should speak of herself in the third person, as though Vic Teller were quite divided from Eunice Sherborne, mother of Drake and Io. A peculiar atmosphere had entered the room, an air to which he was thoroughly inured. It seemed to him that himself, Warner Sherborne and Eunice were three judges, gathered together to weigh evidence against a prisoner unseen but vitally present, and that that prisoner's name was Vic Teller.

IX

"ALL Vic possessed," began Eunice, "was the house, and nobody wanted it—nobody. The bankers at Salem and Bridgeton gasped when she asked for sixteen hundred dollars on mortgage. You see, she needed sixteen hundred to see her clear of debts and through college. Her guardian and the merchants whom her father owed, when she asked them, threw back their heads and laughed. All of them said one thing—almost in the same words. This is what they said: 'Why, Miss Vic, Tryer Mattis himself couldn't raise sixteen hundred on that house!' She had heard of Tryer Mattis, a Salem man, but had never seen him. She looked him up to ask him how to borrow money. He—he loaned her what she needed."

"Tryer Mattis!" exclaimed the judge with a sudden contraction of his hands. He leaned forward and fastened shrewd eyes upon her.

"That man," she whispered.

She spoke almost inaudibly, but her lips formed the words so deliberately that they seemed to resound, magnified. The judge was puzzled by her bearing, for it appeared to be presenting contradictory evidence. Her eyes, not fixed on him, were very wide open and her head was erect; but he caught the shadow of a deepening flush in her cheeks. So, he thought, the youth which had been Vic Teller had been caught in that old, old trap of loaned money—of a mortgage and threats of foreclosure! Suddenly her eyes turned, met his, and read them.

"That is what she thought," said Eunice, "when she learned he was a married man."

"What do you mean?" demanded the judge.

"You know. You think he wanted the mortgage as a club over her. She thought so too."

Judge Alder could not at once surrender his deduction, knowing Tryer Mattis. He remembered the swift look with which the man had been wont from the beginning of his career to examine a job when everything hung on the making of a shrewd snap estimate—the same look with which he appraised women.

Even in the presence of men who were his rivals in business or in love, that look never lingered long enough to be measured. The judge could picture it passing over Vic Teller at sixteen so swiftly that she might never have noticed it, let alone taken it for a cynical calculation.

At the thought Mattis came vividly to mind. The word "cynical" did not fit and the judge withdrew it. The passing years had brought scarcely a change to Tryer's blond virility; he had always been an easy man to talk to, large-framed, open-faced, hearty in appearance and manner, a professional enthusiast rather than a cynic. Everything about him was turbulently static—everything but his eyes. When they were open they were round and seemed large; when they were narrowed they looked like two points of polished steel. As he was today, so had he been yesterday, so would he be tomorrow.

Eunice had been watching the judge's face, but now let her eyes fall and rested her chin lightly on her hands, folded on the back of the chair.

"It was Warner Sherborne," she stated, "who drove Vic, fresh from graduation, out to where Mattis was overseeing a job."

She stopped speaking and closed her eyes; she could hear Tryer's great voice as though he were in the room.

"Well, now," he had cried heartily as he helped her down from the buggy, "if it ain't the college graduate! Don't have to ask how are you, Miss Vic. Pretty as April dogwood and sound as a winter apple!"

There had been something in the grasp of his hand and in the bold caress of his words, startlingly imaginative, that had sent the blood leaping through Vic Teller's veins in little skips and pauses. When Warner Sherborne tried to make love he was nothing but a dumb misery; when Tryer Mattis, a comparative stranger in spite of his benefaction, merely took her hand in friendly greeting and told the world at large how she looked, she felt drenched in his vitality and wanted to gasp as though at the impact of a bucket of cold, invigorating water. She had laughed in his face for the very joy of laughter, even while she wondered why she did it. Then he had led her out of hearing into the construction shack, only to state that that was no place to arrange their business affairs.

"Look at it!" he had shouted. "Nothing! No paper and pen! No desk! Nothing but shovels and picks and two cases of dynamite—one in the corner yonder, and the other is me."

"You a case of dynamite, Mr. Mattis?" she had laughed, responsive to the gayety in his words.

"Sure, ma'am," Tryer had replied, smiling broadly. "Slow to burn, but the devil to blow up. Show me a rock. Perhaps I can't split it, but I can try." Then his expression had changed suddenly and his voice had fallen to a lower key. "Tell me now, what are you traipsing around the country for behind a team that ought to be plowing this very minute? Why, that Warner Sherborne ain't nothing but a lump of marl. He ought to be mashed up and spread on his own worn-out fields. Why don't you go buggy riding with a fence post and be done with it"

"Tryer Mattis," said Eunice aloud, "called Warner a lump of marl and fence post."

"He would!" exclaimed the judge, and waited.

He knew that there was more to come, that she had scarcely begun to tell her story. So absorbed was he in watching her face and rare gestures of hand and body that he did not realize how seldom she spoke.

"That very day," she continued in a hoarse whisper, "on the way home, Warner said, 'Vic, I want you should marry me. I ain't got much, but what I got don't include a wife and two children.'"

She was silent for a long while, remembering the shock of thus learning that Mattis was a married man—had been a married man since before she first met him. When he came that evening Vic Teller had been ready for him. He did not drive up to the house, but there was nothing surreptitious in the manner of his approach from the tavern where he had left his team. He entered her gate boldly, paused to plunge his face into a bush of pungent clipped box, walked up the steps and knocked. She opened the door and led him into the parlor, a formal room, never used. She had had to search long for the key with which to unlock it.

Tryer was a man of quick perceptions. He had greeted her with a hearty word and a broad smile, but as soon as he had perceived her cold face and the stilted room into which he was shown his demeanor changed with a single swift gradation, as the color of a chameleon changes to accord with its background. With cool deliberation he had picked the strongest chair and settled into it his spare yet massive frame.

"You got two good pieces in this room," he remarked. "The mullioned desk, that's San Domingo mahogany; you can tell it a mile by the black hefty look of it. And the table is Sheraton—genuine."

He pronounced "genuine" to rime with "columbine," but that was not what had startled Vic Teller, nor even the surprising content of his words. What startled her was the fact that she had not seen him cast a single glance around the room, and yet she knew positively that he had never before entered it. Strange, she had thought, that such a man should bother or stoop to lay the old, old trap of a mortgage!

Just there Eunice Sherborne, sitting in the kitchen of Rattling Run Fields, heard across the years the echo of Mattis' shouting voice and threw up her hands as if to shut out the sound:

"You little bit of pretty nothing, so proud of yourself and what you thought out about me, do you want me to read the inside of your head out loud? You think because a man's married he's got no call to see, hear or feel no more. That's nothing. Why shouldn't you think it along of all the wooden people in the world? But this here, this other thing! You think that I'm the kind that has to buy a mortgage to get a woman. Me? Tryer Mattis? Why, if I had the damned paper here I'd tear it up and throw it in your face!" Suddenly he had leaned forward and his hands gripped hard. "Stand up!" he had commanded.

Scarcely knowing what she did or why she did it, Vic Teller had arisen, and the next instant staggered like an untried ship launched into deep water. What was the matter? What was happening? What right had Mattis—any man—to speak to her like that? Why had she obeyed? He, too, was on his feet, masterful, unsmiling, striding toward her. He caught her in his arms, lifted her up, crushed his mouth to hers, dropped her and was gone. From the door he had called back heartily, "I'll bring that paper tomorrow night."

Eunice raised her eyes and turned their troubled gaze upon the judge.

"She thought what you're thinking about the mortgage until he said, 'Why, if I had the damned paper here I'd tear it up and throw it in your face.' Then he caught her up, kissed her, dropped her and walked out. She—she didn't scream. She let him do it."

Judge Alder nodded his head violently, but Eunice did not see him. Her eyes were away again, watching Vic Teller, only half reassured by the light of day, riding with Warner Sherborne, at whose advances she had consistently jeered, and thinking A lump of marl? Well, marl had its uses; it enriched dead soil. A fence post? Yes, Warner was like a fence post, inarticulate, submissive, fixed; but more like an anchor post than the rank and file. A man easy to handle, whom one would always know where to find. Not like Tryer Mattis, a married man, a philanderer. How absurd to be afraid of him—she, a college graduate! Why, even if he were free—ten times free—would she want him? Never!

True to his word, Mattis came back the next night, and Vic had grown so secure in the accumulated calm of the day that she led him through the hall into the familiar sitting room, where she and her father had passed so many placid evenings in unplacid and daring speculations. She did it on an impulse; it was an instinctive appeal for the presence at the interview of the spirit of the old man, all his life steadfastly ironic to outer seeming, yet so charitable within. Were he alive, he alone in the whole world could never misjudge her.

She had not looked at Mattis; she had merely opened the door when he knocked, left him to close it or not as he saw fit, and walked before him into the sitting room. Arrived there, he had spoken in his lightest manner:

"Well, aren't we going to shake hands?"

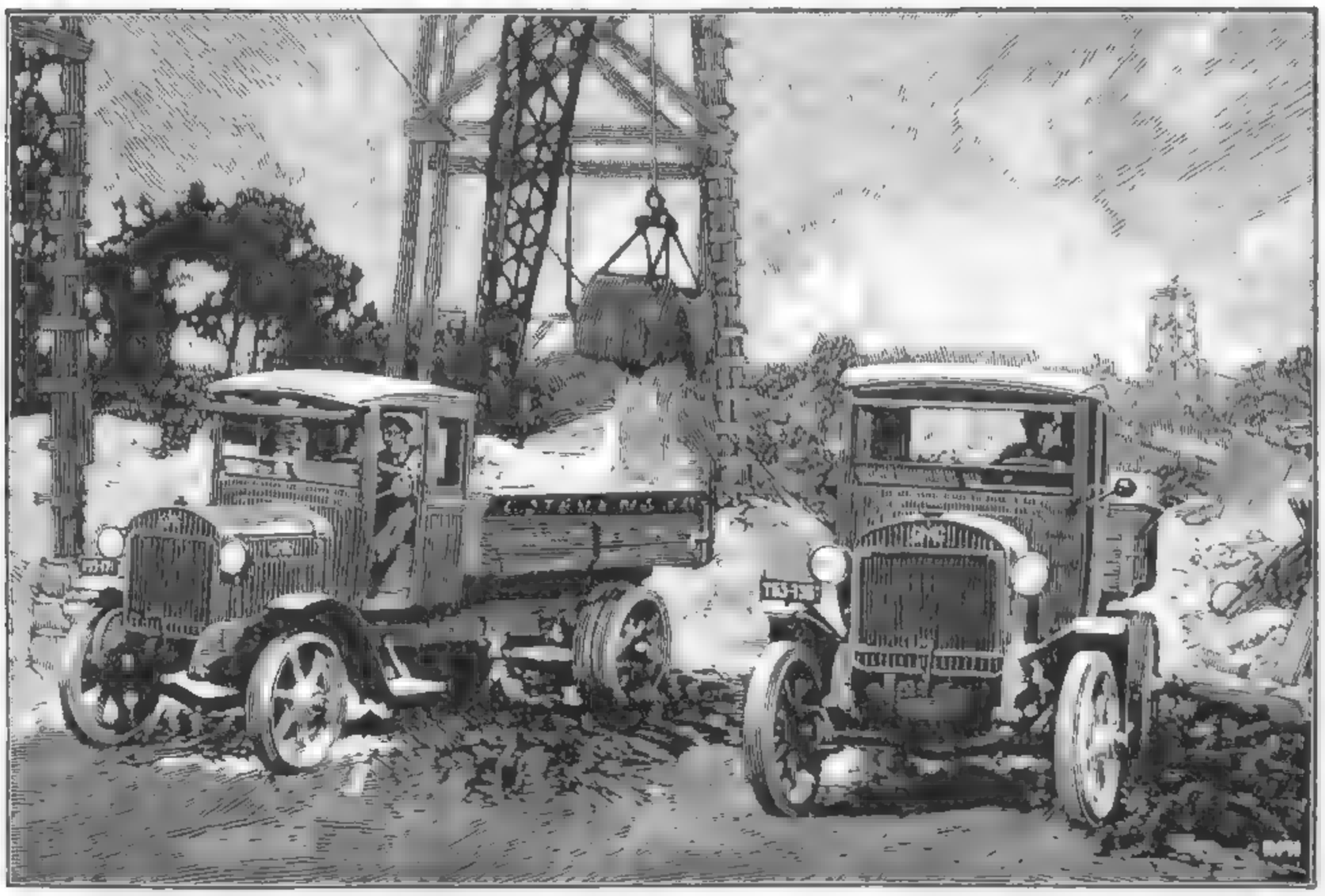
At the sound of his voice, casual and apparently unremembering, a tremor had gone through her frame. She paused for an instant, controlled the tremor, turned and gave him her hand. He held it; his fingers closed on hers steadily as though forcing her, daring her, to look up. Fire shot along her arm and into the blood of her body.

Instantly her hard-earned calm had been shattered into fragments, struck by lightning, falling with a deafening internal crash of thunder. Within her was whirlpool, tempest, a conflagration. She dared not look up for very shame; but all else she had dared. Ah, God! Arms about his neck, clinging to him desperately; face pressed passionately against his rough coat; she herself sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Vic, honey, don't you cry now," Mattis had murmured, his voice steady, but his eyes round and startled. "It's all right. Leave off your crying and smile, for I'm telling you it's all right. I'll find a way. I don't know how, but I can try. Don't you be afraid, Vic. Leave it to Tryer Mattis."

For all answer she had clung to him more desperately, her sobs, one after the other, shivering through her slight body as though they would shake it apart. He had gathered her in his arms as one picks up a feather pillow. To hear her weep had been agony,

(Continued on Page 44)



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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 42)

but to feel her weep was terrifying. How small she was! How light, yet firm! How her warm flesh quivered and writhed beneath his touch! He felt that he was treading on something alive, crushing the life out of it.

"Vic," he had cried roughly, "come out o' that! I mean it! You come out o' that!"

Then, without moving, she had spoken—the words so muffled that he could not hear what she said

"What's that now? Say it again." He shook her. "Say it again"

She did; again and again, each repetition ending in a trailing, fading, heart-rending sob.

Suddenly Eunice Sherborne's body collapsed against the back of the chair, face buried, head fallen on her doubled arm. There came from her crumpled body a terrible hoarse sound, repeated again and again, each repetition ending in a heart-rending sob:

"Go away! Go away! Go away! Go away!"

Judge Alder sprang to his feet and stood with clenched hands, staring first at the woman and then casting a desperate glance of appeal toward the peaceful presence on the bed. Not for an instant did he mistake that raucous cry as addressed to himself. No! Let Tryer Mattis carry that burden. But he—Judge Alder—what was he doing here? What had he to do with the all but translucent body of Warner Sherborne, lingering like the pale reflection of a flame? Or with this hoarse woman, scorching him with the memory of her ancient moment of despair?

As though in answer to his question, she raised her head and showed him her face. He drew back from its revelation with a strange tremor and a feeling that he had been standing on holy ground, too near the burning bush. The realization swept over him that she whom he had taken for a withered bit of human harness had once been a torchbearer of the divine fire, foolishly, supremely ardent. Even today—His thought broke with the abruptness of the snapping of a pipestem. He could think of neither youth nor age as he gazed upon Eunice Sherborne's face, stained with tears, illumined from within, ageless as an unwritten page, and yet alive, quivering.

'Did he go?" he murmured, and, suddenly remembering the presence on the bed, trembled for the answer. What if Warner was dead? What right had he, Judge Alder, to sit in inquisition on his wife? How had he dared ask that question? He need not have feared, save for the lapse of his own intelligence, for this woman had nothing to hide. Something big had riven her wide open. She was disclosed. A glimmering reached his brain that there were depths in Eunice Sherborne still unsounded.

"Yes," she answered simply and without hesitation. "He went away; but he had to unloose her fingers one by one and force her arms from around his neck."

x

THE judge sank into his chair and sat with bowed head. He was not visioning Tryer Mattis frightened, escaping from that passionate embrace, nor thinking of the nobility which abasement can assume on the lips of a woman in love. His thoughts were upon that which had happened to him through this same man so many years ago, long before Mattis had crossed Vic Teller's path, and he was wondering if only today he had come upon the key to that disaster. Was this what had come to Elizabeth Banning whom himself, young Alder, had loved? Had she been swept away from him by some such inner storm as this? Had she? Long was the road behind that question, and while he traveled it Eunice sank bodily into memory.

She was back at nineteen years old, wilting before Tryer's gasping acquiescence:

"Go away? All right, Vic. I heard you now. You don't have to say it any more. Don't! Do you hear me, Vic? For God's sake, don't! I tell you I heard you! I'll go; but I'll come back."

The dress Vic had worn that night was a filmy, simple frock; not a new one, but still a favorite. It was white, with a modest round yoke and a ruffle of lawn from which her slim throat rose like a pillar, crowned above with the airy lightness of her disordered hair. She had chosen it deliberately because she had hoped it would make her appear girlish, unsmirched; for even in her calm security she had felt the need of the support of an atmosphere of purity. Fully an hour after Tryer's departure she had gone upstairs. Arrived before the mirror in her room, flooded with moonlight, she had fastened scornful eyes on her reflection, and before their merciless inspection her body seemed to begin gradually to shrivel. In the glass had been the youth of Vic Teller; in the withering glance of the eyes was the age, and the accusation, of generations.

What had happened to her? She did not know; she did not even dare to ask. Whatever the power that had ripped her pride sobbing from her body, to her it was vile. Of a generation still held in absolute subjection to the ogres of the mind, she accepted it as vile. Behind was all the massed tradition of suppression; before her, held in the grip of overmastering desire she saw only an abysmal brink. Tryer Mattis had not had what he would of her because he had been frightened by the violence of her surrender. All the more was she defiled.

What a sight was Vic at nineteen, slim, upright and smooth as a young hickory! See her face turn white and her full lips set in a straight line. See her shudder, draw nearer to the glass, and, with her eyes buried in their own level reflection, catch her dress at the shoulder between thumb and finger and begin tearing it off in strips. The flimsy material tears easily and it is not long before she stands in her plain, high-bodiced chemise within a snow-white, feathery circle of tatters and raveled lint. She gleams for a moment in the moonlight like a marble shaft; then crumples at the knees, sinking to the floor, to sit cross-legged, with her head buried in her arms, and weep, not as she had sobbed against Tryer's rough coat, but unashamed, as a young girl cries for sorrow alone.

"Mother! Mother! A married man!"

To some Vic Teller in a little heap on the floor, whiter than the white moonlight, telling her trouble to a mother she had never known, will seem a pathetic figure; to others she will appear merely an unbalanced young woman at the end of a neurotic fit.

But in truth she was neither of these things; she was something more than both of them put together. She was the human heart in direct action, before anyone had thought of an index file for impulses.

She was miserably unhappy, terrified; but under her unhappiness and terror immeasurable forces which today are already half forgotten were at work. The traditions of her race and church were the least of these influences, while the greatest of them were certain obsolete traits of the pioneer; an assured cleavage between right and wrong, for instance. Add fortitude in abnegation, and, above all, a cruel power of self-elimination for the protection of the tender plant of the secret soul.

That exposition may sound like Greek to the sentimentalist or to the impatient; nevertheless, it contains the solid girders of the platform from which she was about to launch herself into life. It is not a question of what any other girl would have done in like circumstances and under the whip of similar traditions, for though the equation of impulses may or may not conform to the mathematical rule of the doctrine of complexes, one truth is written large in the annals of the throbbing heart, and that is that the equation of character never does. Its attitude ever has been and ever shall be, "Complexes be damned."

It was this illusive and indefinable attribute which we term character that led Vic to issue from her night of torment a straight-lipped, cool and determined woman. In a manner of speaking, she was stripped—stripped of more than the symbolic frock, stripped of youth, of college education, of all those corollaries and frills which individual habit adds to the stark stem of what we are. She had discovered her own metal; but having discovered it, she did not knuckle down under the whip of tradition—far from it. She and tradition marched as equals, hand in hand. She waited with folded hands and fatalistic assurance for the coming of Warner Sherborne. He did not fail her, either in the hour of his arrival or in the steadfastness of his purpose. They drove to Salem and were married.

Eunice looked up to find the judge's eyes fastened on her with deepening intensity.

"So," she said, interlacing her fingers and dragging on them nervously, "she married Warner. She—she had to. She was frightened. But Warner knew she did not love him."

Once more the judge nodded violently. He was afraid of her words; he wanted her to know that the brief signposts she gave him from time to time were enough to point the way and enable his thoughts to follow. Never again did he wish to hear a woman say of her girlhood: "He had to unloose her fingers one by one and force her arms from around his neck." That the words should have been uttered at all had been his fault; he had asked a question; he would ask no more.

The marriage, which to Vic Teller had been merely an impregnable wall raised between herself and her own weakness, to Tryer Mattis was a bombshell. He was like a madman, a maniac so caged within the strait-jacket of circumstances that he could move neither hand nor foot. None could value more accurately than he the finality of the step she had taken. So absolute did he know her sudden security to be, intrenched behind marriage, added to tradition, that it seemed to his distorted perception the result of a shrewd and malicious move. He became infuriated, and, for lack of any other outlet to his rage, had foreclosed on the Teller homestead and its contents. When all obligations were met and fees paid, Eunice Sherborne received the sum of twelve dollars.

"Then Tryer Mattis foreclosed," she said aloud. She raised her hand to her bodice and drew out a folded packet, wrapped in paper, incredibly flat as are only the packets left folded for many years. "Here," she added, "is the twelve dollars I received—the same twelve dollars."

Knowing the stark poverty of Rattling Run Fields, and sensing the terrific long-drawn-out struggle to which this woman had been subjected, each of those identical notes became to the judge an eloquent tongue. In the face of innumerable temptations she must have clung to this insignificant sum because, to her, it was not insignificant, but vital as the spar to which a drowning sailor clings in the midst of a limitless sea

xi

EUNICE arose, went to the stove, where a pot of black coffee was brewing, and filled a large cup for the judge, but poured none for herself. Then she turned and looked steadfastly toward the still figure on the bed. The fine features showed up sharply, like a cameo in silhouette. They did not appear to be lifeless, except in the sense that marble is lifeless, though perpetuated by the sculptor's skill in an undying image of life. A suggestion of such permanence lingered in the empty shell of Warner Sherborne; something endured which made his widow's throat contract and her eyes harden as she looked at him.

Watching her face, the judge was startled; not that it showed hate, for it did not, but because its expression was eloquent and yet absolutely unreadable according to the catalogue of known emotions. It had the calm of apathy, but none of the indifference which apathy implies; it had passion, but passion as frigid as the grandeur of a glacier. If it were possible for the human countenance to make concrete to the eye so abstract a thing as a definition he would have said that the expression on Eunice Sherborne's face symbolized a monumental division. For the first time she seemed totally unconscious of him, and as she resumed her seat without taking her eyes from the figure on the bed, the judge knew that the trend of her thoughts, at least for the moment, had evaded him.

She was, in fact, retraveling a dull road. She was remembering how with her framed diploma, her scant personal possessions packed in the trunk she had bought to go to college, and a single case of books, she had driven with Warner to this house at Rattling Run Fields, which for six generations before him had harbored the Sherborne lineage. No description can picture the bleakness of its prospect at that time, or the sordidness of its interior; but by a paradox these very features had been invested to her with the quality of mercy. It fitted in with her mood that her material place of refuge should be as shriveled as the hope within her.

She had hung the diploma in the darkened parlor and set about her duties mechanically, but with an expert thoroughness. Warner had inherited what was virtually already rack and ruin, all but the house itself, built of the red native stone which grows more flintlike in its texture with each passing century. His dumb courtship of her had so consumed his time and attention

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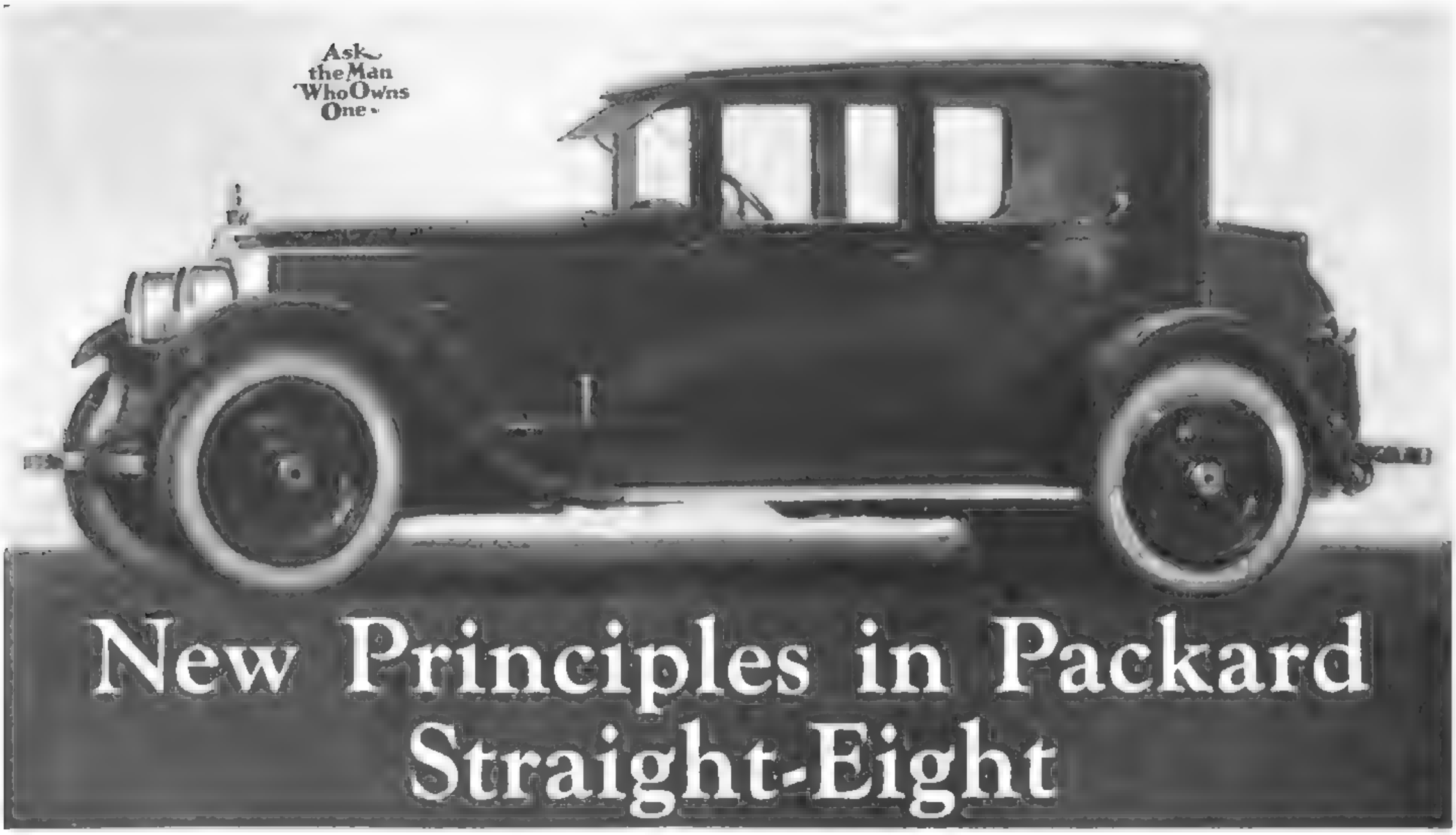

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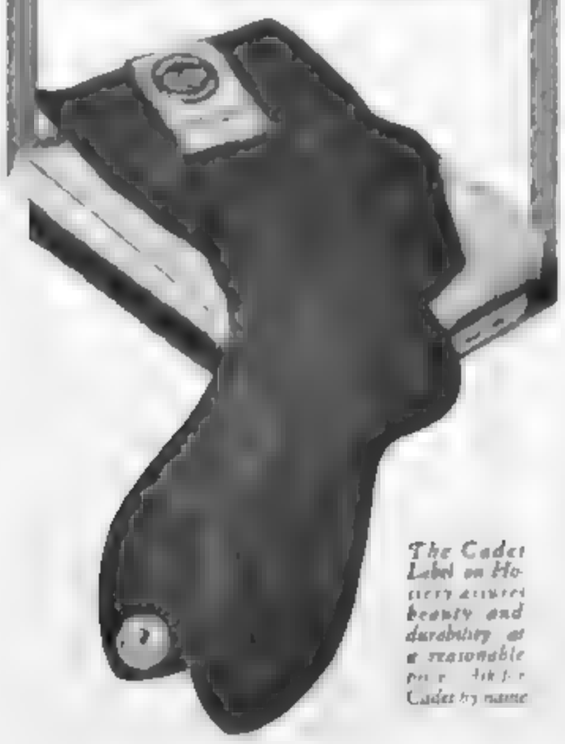

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(Continued from Page 44)

that he had neglected even the common decencies of the chores of daily life, to say nothing of the crying needs of the farm. The suddenness with which he had won his bride had given him no chance for preparation. As a result, the young couple were plunged from the heights of two dreams, strongly diversified, straight into the welter of the lowest forms of toil. Eunice in the house and chicken run, Warner in the barns and pigpen, started in to get rid of filth. Fences to mend was the order of their days.

It is difficult to say just when she began to discover that Warner Sherborne had other qualities than the inanimate anchorage and submission of a fence post. True to his generation and environment, it never entered his head to make love to his wife in the sense of courting after marriage. To him, as to millions of others of his time, marriage was not yet a beginning so much as a terminating period. Like the rites of accretion to certain African tribes, it marked the slamming of the door on freedom. It was a culminating act beyond which two people entered, not upon initiation but into a fixed condition. With this attitude Eunice had had no quarrel whatsoever; she gloried in it. To have had Warner suing for her favors or appealing to that intimate tenderness which is the immortal crown on human affection would have driven her mad.

Her slow discoveries as to his character were quite other than this. At first the bodies of both of them were so completely drained of vitality by each day's unadorned labor that the mind had no chance either for thought or expression. Warner was innately unselfish. He did everything possible to lighten her burden so automatically that his unselfishness lost the meaning it might otherwise have carried and passed virtually unnoticed. That it should have done so is natural, for it lacked the personal touch of an intentional gift. In addition to helping her in little ways, generally after dark, he worked daily from the rising to the setting of the sun with a perseverance that was uncanny. He even plowed occasionally by lantern light.

This faculty for unremitting labor had begun to wear on her in spite of the fact that she worked almost as continuously as he. What? Never sit down at ease? Never linger to watch a sunset? Never save enough strength for five minutes of leisurely talk before banking the fire and putting out the light? Never read? Bury the mind forever beneath the rubble of incessant occupation? The conviction, gradually attained, that unceasing labor was a constituent element in Warner's make-up formed the first of her series of discoveries as to his character. And the second illumination was allied unto it; for all Warner's automatic thoughtfulness, he took it for granted that Eunice should work her slim fingers to the bone.

As time wore on she suffered a reaction; her mentality clamored for an appeal to intelligence. What if she wasn't a schoolteacher? Was there any law against Warner Sherborne's wife using her brain? In the dead Sherbornes' sparse library she found an old book on the treatment of the soil and a few bulletins of later date. She read them avidly and emerged with only one gleam of comfort: marl was a revivifier of the soil. She had known that before; had not Tryer Mattis likened Warner to a lump of marl? A wan flush spread over her face; it was actually the first time she had thought of Mattis since her marriage. But even before his advent the opened-faced marl quarries of neighboring creeks had been familiar to her childhood. Marl in that region was not expensive to those who would haul it for themselves; it could be had almost for the asking.

She approached Warner and made her suggestion. He gave her a look she would never forget, and yet it was well-nigh indescribable. It was the look of a dog on a treadmill, waiting for the refilling of the churn. It neither enthused nor denied. Without a word he got the warped wagon and hauled load after load of marl. He hauled marl and hauled marl until Eunice, hindered in her work by standing in the window against her will to watch for the heads of the straining horses appear over the rise from the hollow of Rattling Run, dashed out hatless with outstretched hand to cry, "Stop, Warner, I can't stand it! Don't bring any more marl! Don't!"

Any other farmer would have thrown a clod at her head, thinking that she was joking or had gone crazy; but not so Warner. He knew what was happening to her; he did not understand, but he knew. She was beginning to learn the meaning of his look, of the look of the dog on a treadmill—a meaning which he could never hope to put into words. Work and Rattling Run Fields were not allies. Rattling Run Fields ate work, devoured work. Rattling Run Fields produced in return only one harvest—the harvest of more work. Here barren labor by some extraordinary contortion of hidden forces became its own end.

When Eunice began to catch a glimmering of this amazing truth she gasped, and then almost laughed aloud. Work was meant to pay in cash; even the Bible had recorded the right of a laborer to his hire. It was inconceivable that such efforts as she and Warner were daily putting forth should not produce, almost anywhere else, more than a living wage. Promptly she went to him with her second suggestion:

"Warner, this place will never pay. Even the marl doesn't seem to be doing much good. We have had just one thing of Rattling Run Fields—it has taught us how to work. Let's try working somewhere where it will pay. Advertise the place; sell it."

Within the next half hour, the next year, the next decade, she made the discovery in regard to Warner Sherborne which was destined to blind her forever to any other faults or virtues he might possess. She did not uncover it all at once, because it was too huge, too inconceivable, too overpowering for immediate absorption. It was the discovery that he was not a submissive fence post, but a rock embedded for all time in the very bowels of the soil. At first it astonished her that she could not shake him. Later she was to laugh at herself derisively, not aloud, but deep within where laughter hurts, for having thought she could shake that which such elemental forces as poverty, hunger, death of one's own flesh and blood, and the loss of love and companionship could not budge so much as an inch.

"Advertise the place," she repeated. "Sell it."

Warner's eyes met hers for a startled instant, and then wandered vaguely. By the movement of his Adam's apple, prominent because his frame had grown so gaunt, she could see that he swallowed twice before he answered.

"We ain't got no call, Vic, to sell the land."

There was something in his tone which made it different from any speech he had ever before uttered. She puzzled over it, and for the moment let the matter drop. But the time was to come when, after several repetitions, that quiet announcement, "We ain't got no call, Vic, to sell the land," was to assume in her ears terrifying proportions, more ponderous, more ominous, than are the anathema and excommunication of the infallible pope to the faithful.

In the meantime day followed day on the swift wings which only routine can lend to time. The first toiling week of married life, seen over the shoulder, became a speck in recollection; the first month a shrunken moment. Almost a year went by before an event occurred which raised an unforgetable landmark amid the even flood of hours; she became aware that she was going to bear a child. Her first feeling was one of anger and shame, for what cause let those who know answer. But there followed days less emotional, when a sober elation, unconnected with the love of man for woman, took root within her and grew apace. Weeks went by, and months, without her saying a word to Warner; but finally he could not help but know.

He would steal a few moments between supper and bed to watch her flying fingers fashion some tiny garment out of the materials of some of her former wardrobe, long since laid aside for the coarsest gingham. Three and four times a day he would pass through the house and his eyes would follow her about, not anxiously, but as if they were looking for something he might do to help her, something out of the ordinary. On one such occasion he found her strangely perturbed, her face white and her lips blue. He flushed and gave her a questioning look.

"Tryer Mattis is here," she had said shortly. "He is out looking for you."

Once or twice in the last few weeks she had thought she recognized Tryer's trim runabout with its fast team of horses taking a short cut from the highway to the lower road. She had wondered vaguely what he might be up to, for the only part of her that at that time was afraid to meet him face to face was her pride. This day he had taken the road to the house itself, had come to the kitchen window, and called out that he wished to see Warner. Without opening the door, she had sent him to the upper field, not because she thought Warner was there, but because it was the farthest away.

At her word Warner had gone out, and when he came back she asked listlessly, "What did he want?"

Sherborne did not hesitate.

"He wanted I should sell the place."

For a moment Eunice was absorbed by wonder as to the motive behind Tryer's action. Was it pity? Did he know the straits they were in? She had not pictured him as a forgiving man. Then the significance of the sheer fact that there had been a tentative bid struck her with its full force. She threw up her head and asked, "How much?"

"He had no call to make an offer," answered Warner, his eyes aglow. "I put him off at the outset."

To most farmers winter brings a time of idleness; but winter or summer, Rattling Run Fields gave no man a holiday. With two fires burning wood all day long and most of the night, with the stock to feed single-handed and the cows to milk, with a long path to keep clear of snow between the house, the barn and the scattered outhouses, and with endless patching of all sorts to do, whatever way he turned, Warner had little occasion for idling. But as the evenings lengthened and Eunice grew less capable of attending to her duties he found the time to assume them one by one.

In her ignorance, due to youth and a healthy body, of all medicines and medical men, and most especially of the caliber of the country practitioner, she had been wondering hour after hour and day after day as to whether any doctor would come to Rattling Run Fields for twelve dollars. In the event, as it happened, no doctor reached the secluded farm. Instead came the most terrible blizzard in the memory of living man, the blizzard of the month of March, 1888.

Draw a torn veil across what happened at Rattling Run Fields during that three days' storm—and after. Through the veil only glimpse what no outsider has the right to see fully. Two people, trapped behind mountainous drifts, mastering the terror in their inmost souls and rising triumphantly to the pinnacle of human woe and courage. Eunice, blue-lipped, silent, abandoning her body to the agony of immolation; Warner, equally silent, a tower of tender strength grown great in the supreme acceptance of the term, transcended in his wife's eyes, for the first and last time, to kinship with Godhood itself.

In that tremendous grappling between the forces of life and death, where they two, man and woman, were the trampled field of battle, it mattered not that he was inarticulate. Wordless, he himself had become expression—an expression of incarnate tenderness, valor and strength, moving with humbleness and majesty amid the mists of her pain. For a moment she loved him. Make no mistake. There is such a thing as momentary love, rare visitant, phœnix of the white fires of the heart, poising unseen on strong pinions—for an instant inviting capture; but unseized, gone forever.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Vernal Falls, Yosemite National Park, California

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BOYS IN THE WOODS

By Jim Smiley

I FOUND a boy sitting beside the trail to Metcalf one afternoon a few years ago. He was sitting on a big blanket roll, and beside him was a suitcase. He had a .30-30 carbine repeater, a hunting knife with a ten-inch blade, and a .45-caliber revolver. He was eating cookies and bologna without much relish. I'd noticed his tracks in the soft woods trail, and wondered at the way he slipped and slewed around.

He stopped eating to meet me with his steadfast, unflinching gaze, for he was back in the big woods where men must be men. He was a nice-looking youngster, but just an ignorant city boy in a lot worse fix than he realized. I sat down, resting my elm-splint pack basket on a log.

"Seen any deer?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"No bears?"

"No, sir."

"You jumped a nice buck back on the ridge there," I told him. "And that rotten log was all tore up by a bear and her cub, probably this morning."

"Really!" he exclaimed, all on fire.

Right then, on our hands and knees, I showed him claw and pad marks, tracks and signs. I showed him the tracks leading away across the hardwood, from the ant nest to the beechnuts on the ground. Then I rigged his suitcase straps and some cotton trot line into pack straps, and put his blanket, suitcase and paper bags of grub on his back proper. He watched me without a word. With rifle in one hand, revolver in its holster and knife in its sheath, he followed me to Metcalf, and over to Indian River Valley, where I had a hidden log trap-line cabin.

He said his name was Hunter Cal. He lived in New York, but lately he had gone on his own. In fact, he had left home Saturday morning, and this was Wednesday night. Luck had been with him. He had struck a mail carrier, who set him down at the Wilmurt Lake road, and he had followed it to the club camp, and some fool there had headed him into the big woods on the Metcalf Lake trail. I hate to think what would have happened to that boy, ten miles back in the woods beyond the end of the trail, with no camp, no matches, no woodcraft—nothing but the longing in a boy's heart to be a trapper for his living, and a hunter for sport.

He was tired, but carried in armfuls of wood I split for the fireplace. He brought water from the spring, while I mixed up flapjacks and sliced venison I had hung up before I went out. I put him right to work, so he would know what a trapper must do. He slept that night rolled in his own blanket. He was dead tired, and I let him sleep till breakfast was ready, just before sunrise.

Cal Gets Homesick

Next day I took him over my line, around the head of Indian River Flow, over the top of Spruce Lake Mountain, and down to camp again. I told him why I had set every trap in exactly that place, for mink on brooks, and marten on the top of the mountain, and fisher on the side of the mountain on the runways, and for otter at Sol Carnahan's old dam and down below at the mouths of two brooks. I baited the cubbies, but it was a week too early to set the traps, and after that fourteen miles the boy dragged his toes back to camp. But he carried in wood and brought fresh water without my saying anything. And he stood by, watching every move I made. I let him flip a cooked flapjack to learn how. He practiced fifteen minutes, and then he fried his own flapjacks; it wasn't a week before he could turn a panful of venison steaks with one twitch of his wrist as well as I could do it.

He was a fine boy, sixteen years old, and bright. He showed his grit the first night, when he was tired, worried, and learned that camping is hard work after an all-day tramp in the woods. His name was Cal, and not Hunter Cal. He was surprised when he found I carried a .22-caliber repeater, and that I shot such small things as red squirrels, blue jays, whisky jacks, and even chipmunks for bait.

He had practiced shooting a .22 himself, in shooting galleries on the Bowery and along Third Avenue, but till he saw my .22 he was ashamed of such popgun experience. He didn't know how to load his carbine, and I showed him the best I knew how. I made him leave it in camp, though, the first few days, because I was afraid of his inexperience. I started him shooting red squirrels with the .22, though, and if he used more cartridges, he saved me quite a lot of bother getting the game bait.

He had a hundred .30-30 soft-nose and forty hard-nose cartridges for his rifle. I had him shoot it four times each day, besides the .22-caliber practice. It was six days before he began to worry much about the folks back home. I didn't say a word, nor hint anything.

One day he said, "Mr. Smiley, I'm afraid my mother'll be worrying a lot about me!"

"Probably," I admitted.

"I'd better get word to her."

"You sure had!"

He looked around the camp, which was on White Mink Brook, as I call it. He had been with me over a hundred miles on my lines and loops. He had crossed only two or three old woods roads. He knew, now, which was north, and had some inklings as to woodcraft, but he did not know how to get out of the woods, nor where he was except as to meaningless names, and he did know that hunting, trapping, camping and going in the woods meant knowing thousands of things. He had learned fast, at that.

A Fourteen-Year-Old Tramp

"I don't know how to send word," he admitted at last, "nor where to go."

"We'll go out day after tomorrow," I promised him, and the next day I took him hunting. He had seen deer every day, but I held his horses, so he would realize that we mustn't kill game we couldn't use.

About nine o'clock the next morning, on a long spruce knoll, he saw a deer standing broadside six rods away. He aimed and fired, and then I let him try to find what he had hit. That, I think, was his biggest surprise, for the deer, though hit in the shoulders, ran two hundred yards, and I made the boy at last follow the tracks on his hands and knees, one by one. He found his four-point buck himself. Then I made him butcher the carcass, and together we carried the hide, saddles, head and all down to Wilmurt, and he found fifty pounds was a big load to lug.

I hired a rig to drive him down to the telegraph office, and the following day both father and mother arrived on the first train. Cal had had a pretty hard time at school, especially the previous winter. The man was pretty cross, but we two went for a walk and I told him exactly what had happened.

"I don't know where Cal would have wound up if I hadn't found him that afternoon," I told him, "but he would have had a bad time."

"As it is he has had nothing but a picnic, while we worried our lives out trying to find him!" the father said.

They took Cal home, but his father bought an old farm up here afterwards. The boy married ten years ago, and his two boys are never going to run away to be trappers and hunters, because they know the woods too well. One hates to see anything shot, but makes photographs with his own little camera. And they both can make a camp out of a pup tent or waterproofed canvas tarpaulin.

About the toughest boy I ever saw came up the West Canada about 1893. He was barefooted, ragged, dirty, sullen and mean. He was just a tramp boy, fourteen years old. He was hard, too, cold with the grimness of hand-picking his living, meal to meal, friendless and homeless. I saw him picking and gulping down blackberries just below my place. He was starved, according to his gestures, so I hailed him.

He turned, crouching, his lips twitching as he sized me up. He thought I objected to his taking the wild berries, the most delicious fruit he had ever tasted. I told him they were wild berries, belonging to anyone who picked them. He didn't believe me. He suspected a trap, but by and by he came to the house. I fed him some partridge potpie, with lots of dumplings and gravy. He would stop, staring at the full plate as though he didn't believe that either.

I made him take a bath before putting him to bed in a bunk filled with balsam boughs; and as I had some potatoes to dig and other jobs to do, I had him around for about six weeks before I had to go into the woods on my trap line. He tamed right down. He worked, doing something all the time! He cut my winter wood, about ten cords, and then I took him up to a log camp. They took him on for lobby dog, and he worked all winter, at ten dollars a month and board. He bought some clothes, felts and other things, and in the spring drive he made two dollars a day.

He stuck to the log-camp life for four years. He loved the woods. He learned to swing an ax, drive team, cook in camp, and to shoot. The last year in the woods he was meat hunter for the camp and killed a lot of deer. I saw him every once in a while. I never saw a human's face change the way his did. It smoothed right out. He wasn't afraid nor hungry nor bitter any more.

"Jim," he said that last year in the camps, "I've killed fifty-four deer this fall, and I'm sick of butchering. I'm going to quit."

He went down into the farms and worked two years as farm hand. He met a girl as big and husky as himself, who married him. He bought a big farm, and they paid it all off in ten years. He drives a six-cylinder car now, has a tractor and a truck and a lot of fine cattle. Lots of times I wonder what instinct drove that boy up out of the city streets into this backwoods country. Seems just as though he needed the woods to sweeten him up. And every year he comes away back in and spends a few days with his family, leaving hired men to look after the milk and things. His wife taught him how to read, write and figure, but the woods made him want to learn.

The way things are, if a boy doesn't like the woods he can't make much use of them. But if a boy wants the woods he ought to have them while he needs them. There's a spell of three or four years in every boy's life when he is hungry for the outdoors, and when that fit is on he's liable to make a break. Quite a few show up in the Adirondacks, running away every year—more now than ever on account of automobiles giving them long rides. They come to log camps, hunters' camps and backwoods settlements. But mostly they are caught in some town down in the Mohawk Valley, or before they have half a chance to find what they seek and need.

Why Boys Leave Home

I remember my own dreams. I wanted a regular education, but never had it. I wanted to be tall and handsome, dressed right up in white collar, cuffs, and creased, spruce clothes. But when I grew up and put those things on I felt as funny as I looked. But every once in a while some old longing comes back. Lots of times I go and do what I wanted to do, getting it out of my system.

I was a lone trapper from Black River through to Jones Lake and up on the West Canada lakes when I was sixteen years old. I shot one wolf that winter and had the luck in after years to kill four or five panthers. But I was never satisfied. I wanted big country, and after thirty years I still hankered for Out West. So I at last went Out West and satisfied myself.

Sometimes I wonder what a difference it would have made for me if I could have had a few years in the city as well as my years in the country. The boys who run away to the country, or to the city, are just trying to broaden themselves to be bigger, better, more capable boys. They want to strengthen themselves with experiences and new abilities.

And so when I read or hear about some boy running away from home to trap or hunt, or to be a city chap all dressed up, I only wish the kid could go through with it till he saw the truth and knew the reality. I know I'd been quite a different and a lot more capable man if somebody had helped me as a boy to get a whack at some of the life and learning and abilities I longed for - and which I might have attained with a bit of encouragement.

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

WHAT DID the congregation say when asked to become movie-extras? With a hearty "Yes," one hundred and eighty-five members of the Rev. Dr. H. C. Culbertson's flock at the Plymouth Congregational Church, Twenty-first and Lovelace Streets, Los Angeles, donned grease paint and for three whole days attended services before the cameras shooting Booth Tarkington's new story, "Misunderstood." And when it was all over they donated their "talent-checks" to the church's mission fund

"Misunderstood" is young Ben Alexander's latest, produced by J. K. McDonald and directed by William Beaudine.

Critics Capitulate

HUMPTY-DUMPTY, who sat on the wall, never fell half as hard as fell the hard boiled eggs for "Flaming Youth" said hard boiled eggs being the members of First National's reviewing staff who see all pictures immediately they leave the studio and pass critical, caustic or congratulatory comment, as each production deserves. They're tougher than newspaper critics to please. And yet in their reviews of "Flaming Youth" I discovered -

"Colleen Moore is magnificent. She is alluring, provocative, enticing, yet conveys the innocence, candor and wholesomeness of youth."—L. D.

"The best depiction of an important phase of American life yet brought to the screen. The appeal is in the glitter and emotion of intense scenes and in the faithful portrayal of a big problem."—R. H.

"A tremendous surprise to me and I think it will be to the public who may be expecting 'just another of those society jazz-life films.'"—M. T.

A dozen other critics reported in similar vein and incidentally with such superlatives as a press-agent couldn't hope to use. Which says much for "Flaming Youth."

"Black Oxen" in January

"BLACK OXEN" starts the New Year. Aptly so. Frank Lloyd has finished his production of the Gertrude Atherton novel, featuring Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle; and some hundreds of important theatres have arranged to present it during January.

• • •

WITH "Jealous Husbands" establishing itself as a mighty popular piece of entertainment, Maurice Tourneur is filming William Dudley Pelley's "Torment," with Owen Moore and Bessie Love

• • •

CHALK this up as a record-cast: Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, Mary Carr, Anna Q. Nilsson, Russell Simpson, June Elvidge, Mary Alden, Clara Bow, Sam de Grasse and Charles Murray. Every one of them appears in "The Swamp Angel," now in production.

Woman on the Jury

WONDER who we'll see in the film version of "The Woman on the Jury"? That's the new Broadway dramatic hit, and there's a wonderful chance for somebody in the part of the wife who, empanelled with her own husband on a murder-trial jury, has to bare her own past to save the woman in the case. The plot is the season's strongest

Sylvia Breamer's beauty radiantly revealed in coming season's styles in "Her Temporary Husband."

UNWELCOME HUSBANDS NEVER DIE—

—nor will they fade away. Sylvia Breamer, Tully Marshall and Owen Moore spread humor in "Her Temporary Husband," the story of a marriage that "took" too well

WANTED—A temporary husband, preferably a feeble old gentleman guaranteed to die conveniently, and leave me duly qualified heiress to my aunt's millions.

NO paper carried that advertisement," but it just about expresses Blanche Ingram's matrimonial requirements. She simply must marry within twenty-four hours to inherit a fortune. The only eligible barred by the will is the man she is really engaged to. At his suggestion, she decides to unite herself, to the oldest inmate of a sanitarium, but between the hour of proposal and hour of marriage extraordinary changes take place. And when wedding bells ring out Blanche finds herself firmly wedded to a hale and hearty young stranger named Tom Burton, who looks as though he will live forever and ever

Such is the start of her troubles—and of Burton's. With the old man's whiskers he has inherited a dozen enemies who pursue with pistol, knife and poison. The rest is riot and a grand gnashing of the hance's teeth.

Made for merriment, "Her Temporary Husband" represents a forward step in comedy production, in that it manifests the same size of sets and detail of construction as are associated only with dramatic specials. Through these scenes of underworld and upper, run Owen Moore, Sylvia Breamer, Sidney Chaplin, Tully Marshall and half-a-dozen other comedy favorites. A surprising crew!

John McDermott directed.

So Say All of Us

"'PONJOLA' lends itself dramatically to the screen under the management of a good director and a clever cast," writes the critical Mae Tinee in the Chicago *Tribune*. "Anna Q. Nilsson as a boy makes a surprisingly convincing one. As a woman she is lovely. The scenery and photography are fine, and the story unfolds naturally with reason and punch behind the plot. Hope you enjoy 'Ponjola' as much as I did."

Have You Seen These?

"FLAMING YOUTH," featuring Colleen Moore.—Warner Fabian's sensation among novels presented as an equal sensation among motion pictures.

"ISLANDS OF DESIRE." A Maurice Tourneur production just as original in straight dramatic fields as were "The Brass Bottle" and "The Isle of Lost Ships" in spectacular novelty. Jealousy as the breeder of despair provides thematic material for splendid entertainment, in which Jane Novak, Earle Williams, Ben Alexander and Bull Montana are seen to advantage.

"LORD OF THUNDERGATE." Wherein an American masquerades as a Chinese lord and finds he has "inherited" a strange white girl as wife, and vengeance startlingly Oriental. Owen Moore excellent in both Chinese and American characterizations, supported by Sylvia Breamer, Virginia Brown Faire, Tully Marshall and Robert McKim. See this for speedy action, color and screen amusement with a big difference.

"THE BAD MAN," with Holbrook Blinn.—Edwin Carewe presents Porter Emerson Browne's play with all the humor that made it a stage hit. Supporting Mr. Blinn are Enid Bennett, Jack Mulhall, Harry Myers, Walter McGrail and Charles Sellon, who extract the utmost laughter and thrill, particularly the former—long, long laughs.

"THE AGE OF DESIRE." The picture of mother memory and an unwanted son [illegible] with all the human appeal that made "Hungry Eyes" and "Children of Dust" what they were. A Frank Borzage production having Mary Philbin, William Collier, Jr., and Myrtle Stedman as featured players.

"PONJOLA." Cynthia Stockley's best seller faithfully transferred to the screen. African veldts, Anna Q. Nilsson in a male role, James Kirkwood make fine attractions.

"THE WANDERERS." Most of us mirrored by John M. Stahl in picturizing Marie Prevost as the lady's maid who becomes a lady or tries to, and seeks a desperate way out when a "good marriage" has an unexpected aftermath. Robert Ellis is seen with Miss Prevost at the head of a typical Stahl cast

—*John Lincoln*

Above.—Sir Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," as produced by George Fitzmaurice, reveals dramatic force and scenic magnificence. Here Barbara La Marr is seen as Roma, Bert Lytell as Rossi and Lionel Barrymore as Bonelli.

Right.—Moments of heart interest as interpreted by Jane Novak, Earle Williams and Ben Alexander, punctuate the thrill of "Jealous Husbands."

Above.—One of the year's finest performances is given by Colleen Moore in "Flaming Youth," here seen with Elliott Dexter and Milton Sills.

Left.—Surprising entertainment to look forward to in "Black Oxen," the drama of rejuvenation. Characters most people have read about and want to see are Corinne Griffith as Countess Zattiany, and Alan Hale as Prince Hohenhauer.

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THE CHESTER CONCESSION

(Continued from Page 18)

All this was bad enough. Far worse was the succession of wars, heralded by a revolution, which lasted practically from 1912 until 1922.

Because he was unable to manage the project single-handed, Admiral Chester enlisted the Canadian interests which now own the majority of stock in the Ottoman American Development Company, to which the concession was officially granted. In order to maintain the concern nominally as an American institution, 51 per cent of the stock has been turned over to a voting trust to be voted by a group composed of Major General George W. Goethals, Rear Admiral H. H. Rousseau, of the Department of Yards and Docks of the United States Navy, and Frederick S. Blackall, a Rhode Island manufacturer. The arbitrators to whom the muddle over control was referred awarded Admiral Chester $300,000 and 10 per cent of the profits.

Since we are interested only in the larger aspects of the enterprise, the important fact to be pointed out is that after all his years of struggling to obtain this concession Admiral Chester's authority has practically ceased, and with it, unhappily, the American control, despite the voting trust, for it expires in four years.

If the project by any chance should succeed, even then it will not be what it set out to be—namely, a 100 per cent American proposition.

If the Chester project is anything but an out-and-out American undertaking, our aspirations in Turkey will have a definite setback. Kemal Pasha himself told me that his government regards the grant as a tribute of confidence and hope in the American people.

When I had my first interview with Rauf Bey, then the premier, at Angora, the concession row at home was at its worst and there seemed little likelihood that the company would qualify. He warned me that American prestige in Turkey depended on the Chester people making good, and added: "If they would only send over two engineers and turn over two spadefuls of earth, so as to stave off default, it would mean something." Such has been the Turkish hope of American consummation.

Moreover, in the mind of nearly every Anatolian peasant and shopkeeper—and I have talked to scores of them—the Chester concession is synonymous with the American Government. They cannot understand how it can be a matter for private individuals. They have such implicit confidence in it that they believe it means railroad sidings in their back yards within a few months. Turkish Government officials are unable to comprehend how the enterprise has fallen in such troubled waters. Now you can understand why the whole episode is so discouraging to Americans in Turkey, and to those who want to do business there.

Practical Difficulties

If the Ottoman American Development Company finally gets started it is unfortunately booked for more obstacles. Its principal railway project—the line from Samsun, a port on the Black Sea, southeast to Sivas, and the first in order of construction—presents possibilities for international complication. In 1913 the French made the Turks a loan of 800,000,000 francs with the understanding that they had these construction rights. When the Great War began only part of the loan had been paid and very little work done by the French. As soon as the Chester concession was proposed in its present form France immediately made objection, claiming prior lien on the Samsun-Sivas right of way. The Turks offered to make reimbursement and went ahead with the Chester ratification. France, however, is not satisfied and is not likely to surrender. Moreover, there is a long gap between a Turkish national promise to pay and the payment.

Some years before the war the Turks entered into a contract through the National Bank of Turkey, which is a British institution organized by the late Sir Ernest Cassel, who was King Edward's banker, to construct the ports of Samsun and Trebizond. Since the Chester project calls for the creation of a modern harbor at Samsun, a difference is likely to develop on this score.

Far more serious is the loss which will come to the Chester concessionaires by reason of their inevitable inability to maintain the Mosul oil rights. At this point we touch the heart of the international petroleum controversy, which has a distinct interest for America.

When the Germans were at the high tide of their economic favor in Turkey they secured certain oil rights in Mesopotamia, which was then a part of the Turkish Empire. They were all centered in the vilayet, or province, of Mosul, which is regarded as one of the richest oil areas in the world. The Turkish Petroleum Company was organized, with Dutch and British interests affiliated.

At the San Remo conference, following the Armistice, the British took over the stewardship of the Turkish Petroleum Company, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company having 50 per cent of the stock. The Royal Dutch Oil people maintained their 25 per cent, while the remaining 25 per cent, which was part of the German share, was given to the French. The American State Department protested against this allocation on the ground that American interests were frozen out. The Anglo-Persian Company therefore disposed of half its share to an American oil group. The Turkish Petroleum Company is now a sort of four-handed game in which English, French, American and Dutch interests sit.

The Labor Clause

When the Chester concession was created it included rights for the construction of a railway through Mosul by way of Kerkuk to Suleimanieh in Mesopotamia. Since the Chester people were given a monopoly for the oil rights contiguous to their right of way, they naturally claim the Mosul field. England, however, has the mandate for Mesopotamia and maintains that Mosul is outside the territorial jurisdiction of the new Turkey. The settlement of this vexing problem came up at Lausanne, but was referred to private arbitration between England and Turkey within six months. There does not seem to be the slightest doubt that Mosul is a part of Mesopotamia, which will probably prevent the Chester group from availing themselves of the oil fields, even if they ever build that far.

The climax to all these Chester troubles is in a specific provision in the concession itself, which stipulates that all labor on any project in Turkey must be Turkish. Since the Turks have deported the Greeks and Armenians and are opposed to any influx of aliens, and, furthermore, since the Anatolian peasant must now concentrate on the cultivation of the long-neglected soil, who is to build the railroads, harbors and other improvements?

Any summary of the Chester project viewed with the friendliest of eyes must disclose the fact that its whole career has been a continued succession of difficulties, all of which are regretted by every American who desires to see his country advance its commercial interests in Turkey.

In passing—and as a reverse of all the turmoil and tribulation that has attended the Chester proposition—let me give an illustration of how other countries put over their desire for economic penetration in Turkey. It is embodied in what is known as the Corporation for the Economic Development of Turkey and marks the first step in the new British attempt to dominate Turkish business.

When the Lausanne conference reached an impasse over foreign concessions, the delegates called into consultation Leslie Urquhart, one of the best known of British international promoters, and organizer of the famous Russo-Asiatic Company, whose properties in Russia and Siberia are valued at more than $1,000,000,000. It was Urquhart who acted as envoy for the British Government to the soviet administration, when an attempt was made to make some settlement of foreign claims. Born near Smyrna, he speaks Turkish as well as any native and has long been conspicuous in Turkish economic affairs.

The Turks wanted to effect some organization by which a control of imports and exports could be brought about. Urquhart suggested the organization of a holding company—the aforesaid Corporation for the Economic Development of Turkey—and the creation of an affiliated concern to be called the National Turkish Company of Imports and Exports. His advice was heeded and both corporations came into being.

The National Turkish Company of Imports and Exports includes among its stockholders 172 members of the Grand National Assembly at Angora. This assures the company any special privileges that might be lying around loose. The business of the company is to dispose of all properties which come into possession of the Turkish Government. These properties will be considerable, because the Turkish Government now permits the farmers to pay their taxes in kind, so as to encourage agriculture. It means that the National Turkish Company of Imports and Exports will have an immense quantity of hides, tobacco, raisins, figs, barley, wool and licorice root with which to do business. It has the sole disposal of these products. By the same token, it is permitted to make extensive imports, which means that Britain will have the right of way in selling the goods.

The organization of these two companies shows the shrewdness which attaches to the British business colonization procedure. Not only have they made the Turkish Government a partner but well-known Turks sit with Britons in the directorates. In this acquisition of the native as a first aid to enterprise lies the one real formula of success in commerce abroad. It begets good will, and it is likewise an antidote for the lack of understanding of the psychology of peoples like the Turks.

There is not the slightest reason why America should not have been given this opportunity in Turkey. Of course, we have no Leslie Urquhart, for he is the product of years of doing business successfully in foreign lands. We had made such a hash of the Chester concession, however, that the Turks probably hesitated to call us in, despite their avowed friendliness to the United States.

The New Treaty

Despite the unfavorable impression created by the complications which have attended the Chester concession, England's enterprise in tying up the government with an import-and-export company, and the high tariff that the Turks have imposed, there are ample opportunities in Turkey for American commercial enterprise. We now have a treaty of amity and commerce with the Turks, which was negotiated at Lausanne between Joseph C. Grew, United States minister to Switzerland, and Ismet Pasha, who headed the Turkish delegation at the conference, which was signed August sixth last. It will come up before the new Congress for ratification.

Diplomatic relations between the United States and Turkey were severed in April, 1917; and though no declaration of war followed, there have been no official relations between the two countries from that date. Since 1919 our interests have been protected—and most capably, I might add—by an American high commissioner, Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, who established himself in the old American Embassy at Constantinople. We were not a signatory of the Treaty of Sèvres, which the Allies tried to impose upon the Turks in 1920, and which was scrapped in favor of the Treaty of Lausanne.

The new treaty between America and Turkey gives American merchant and war vessels and aircraft complete liberty of navigation and traffic in the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosporus, on the basis of equality with similar craft of other most favored nations.

As in the Treaty of Lausanne, this document abrogates the capitulations which formerly prevailed and which gave foreigners many privileges, including their own consular courts, armed guards at the consulates, and immunity from personal taxation. Thus for the first time American citizens will be subject to Turkish courts, taxation and law as to schools, churches and hospitals.

One of the striking facts that stand out in the consideration of the new Turkey is that, despite centuries of war waged against the Moslem, his rule still obtains over the Christians. In Turkey, of course, there is no longer even a Christian minority, thanks to the wholesale deportation of Greeks and Armenians and the shrinkage of the whole

(Continued on Page 52)

You save money by buying Silk Hosiery Direct from our Mills

Take the Guess out of Christmas Giving

Here is a gift that is sure to please

A box of highest quality, perfect-fitting silk hosiery is, *of course*, the most acceptable gift of all.

But—how to find out just the right size and the right color *without spoiling the surprise* always has been the problem.

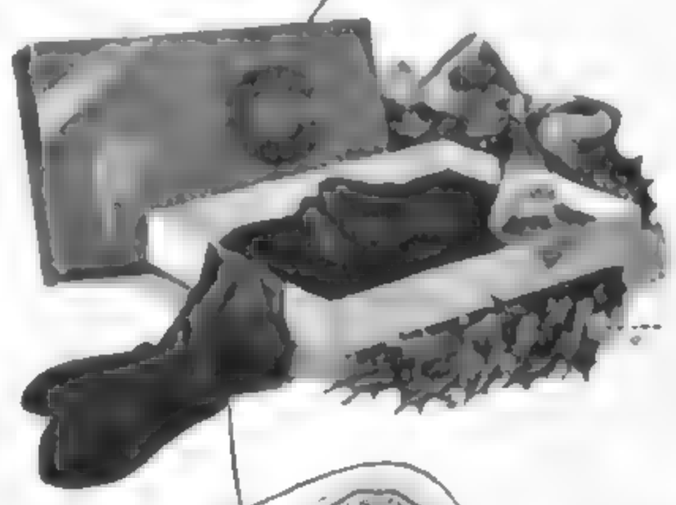
The Real Silk Christmas Gift Certificate leaves the selection of size and color, *as it should be*, entirely to the person receiving the hosiery. No uncertainty—no guessing—no *possible* disappointment.

You will be confidently happy in the knowledge that, this year, your gift is *sure* to please.

Only the largest silk hosiery mills of their kind in the world would have the facilities to render such an unheard of nation wide Christmas service—enabling you to give precisely the right color and size of hosiery to your friends in any part of the country.

Our Representative will call at your home, or office, extending this service to you.

This Gift Certificate applies to both REAL SILK *Guaranteed Hosiery and* REAL SILK *Super-Service Socks*



REAL SILK

HOSIERY MILLS

INDIANAPOLIS · INDIANA

There is a Real Silk Service Office in Your City

OUR REPRESENTATIVE CALLS AT YOUR HOME WITH SAMPLES

a useful gift

DEALERS now have sets of four or six Splitdorf Green Jacket Spark Plugs, the right type for every engine, packed in special Christmas boxes. For motorists who know that Splitdorf Plugs are worth more, these sets will prove a most pleasing gift.

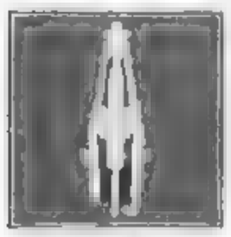
Mica Insulation

Insulated with India Ruby MICA, the most perfect di-electric substance known and made with extra heavy electrodes—of course, they're worth more.

Unbreakable

Absolutely impervious to the effects of heat, cold, shock and vibration — of course, they're worth more.

Leak-proof



They're made gas and oil tight at the factory and thereafter every explosion in the cylinder makes them even tighter—of course, they're worth more.

Easy to clean

Being the most accessible plugs ever made, they are easily taken apart with two wrenches so — of course, they're worth more.

Splitdorf Electrical Company
Newark, N. J.
Manufacturers of
The Plug with the Green Jacket

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

(Continued from Page 50

Ottoman Empire. Formerly the percentage of Turks in the Turkish Empire was barely 40 per cent. In the reborn Turkey the Turks are almost 100 per cent.

Some idea of American trade opportunities in Turkey may be gained from the fact that last year we shipped to Constantinople alone more than $10,000,000 worth of flour. After flour, the principal articles from America were cotton goods, sugar, petroleum and oleo oil. Other items of consequence were rice, wheat, coal, glucose, condensed milk, cotton oil, alcohol, automobiles, machinery and tin plates. The principal articles of export from Turkey to the United States have been tobacco, figs, licorice root, carpets, rugs, mohair, raisins, manganese ore, raw fur, sausage casings, walnuts, filberts and a small amount of opium. Incidentally, Turkey is still one of the great opium-producing countries, and all the international conferences and uplift movements have apparently been unavailing to stop the business.

The best American commercial bet in Turkey is in agricultural implements, machinery, automobiles and hardware. The country needs tractors for its farms, sawmills for its forests and smelting furnaces for its mines.

It is not generally known that the Arghana Maden in Turkey is believed to be the greatest copper deposit in the world. It has been worked by the most primitive methods since the days of Moses and only the surface is scratched. The Keban Maden, also in Anatolia, is an immense silver deposit. In fact the whole Sivas area is rich in silver, and the silversmiths of Sivas are famous throughout the Near East for their craftsmanship. You see their work in all the Oriental bazaars.

With agricultural machinery we have made a definite start. In 1920 there was not a single American tractor in Turkey. In 1921 one made its appearance. Last year ninety-six were acquired, and up to September first of this year the number had risen to 106. Before modern agricultural machinery can be widely introduced the Turkish farmer must be educated, because, as I have already pointed out, he still uses the wooden plow of Biblical days. He is willing to learn, however, and Turkey should develop into a big market because the country is primarily pastoral and, save for silk, carpets and objects of art, there are no native industries.

American Tractors in Turkey

Most of the tractors installed in Turkey have been due to the enterprise of an American company headed by a former diplomatic officer who has lived in Turkey for many years and who speaks Turkish fluently. This is, of course, the first selling point. He has established branches at Samsun, Trebizond, Mersina, Brusa and Angora, and put them in charge of Turkish agents. Here you have the one key to success in such a field as Turkey, and, for that matter, in any alien land with the exception of England. The best aid to selling is always through a native intermediary, because it begets good will and confidence. If Americans want to go into Turkey in a big way they must do business at the start, at least, and until they have acquired the language, through Turks.

In the matter of agricultural machinery it is worth pointing out that the most serious competition that we have is from Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. The Stinnes and Krupp organizations have set out to make good in the Turkish field and have already made a promising start. Until the Lausanne conference German machines were camouflaged as Czecho-Slovakian goods. Now the Czechs have unfurled their own business flag and a big Prague factory is exporting in quantities. Vying with agricultural machinery for the premier place in the Turkish market is the American automobile.

Though the new Turkish tariff is a serious impediment to foreign trade in foodstuffs, it favors not only machinery of all kinds but also hardware. In entering the hardware field in Turkey the American manufacturer will primarily encounter German competition, to which may be added that of Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia and Great Britain. For many years Germany had first call on hardware. Prior to 1914, although 60 per cent of all the shelf hardware was sold in Turkey as American, less than 20 per cent of it was actually American. It was German goods with the Yankee label on it, and most of it was handled by Hamburg and Bremen firms. Though some of them were agents for American houses, they would not ship an American article to Turkey except when it could not be replaced on the same terms with the German article. Thus by imitating American manufactures, by dumping to destroy competition, and by freight rebates—in those days the German steamship lines were all-powerful Germany almost put American hardware out of the market. Today, with proper initiative, we can take over a great deal of the former German business.

A century ago America ranked first in the lumber trade of the Near East. Gradually this position was surrendered to Europe when sailing vessels were superseded by steamboats. Austria took the lead and kept it until about 1909, when Scandinavia, through a process of penetration which forms the real romance of the lumber industry, forged ahead and attained the dominancy in the Turkish market which it now wields.

The cardinal principles applied by Norway and Sweden for their lumber penetration—and they may well be heeded by Americans for any kind of export—were: C. i. f. quotations instead of f. o. b., metric specifications, constant and regular deliveries by direct water route, and minute attention to the full terms of the contracts.

The Tobacco Industry

Before the World War, Russia obtained a foothold in the lumber market of Constantinople. Russia's place has now been taken by Rumania, whose lately acquired Transylvania forests give her huge timber resources. America has furnished some pitch pine for shipbuilding, usually transshipped at Marseilles, and minor shipments of hard wood. The bulk of the business still goes to Scandinavia. It is worth more than $5,000,000 a year and is certain to expand. Though this is not a vast figure as foreign trade goes, a growing business in lumber —and also in coal, where there are further possibilities—would enable us to expand in other lines.

After philanthropy and oil and they seem to be members of the same club—our best organized effort in Turkey so far is with tobacco. This, however, is not a matter of export for us, but import. This activity has a peculiar interest, because tobacco itself originated in America, and it is not definitely known when or how the seed was transported to Turkey.

In its adopted country tobacco lost many of its American characteristics and gradually took on new qualifications so different that Turkish tobacco, as most people know, is now a distinct type. The leaf is smaller than the American and is extremely thin. The most marked difference, however, is in taste, which is spicy and pungent. Just as we have Virginia, Burley, Maryland and other types in America, so are there many varieties of Turkish leaf, which take their names from the important towns of the district where it is grown. The best known of these are Samsun, Smyrna, Kavala and Xanthi.

Prior to 1914 Samsun was the most important tobacco-producing center in Asia Minor, although Smyrna, the eye of Anatolia, before war and fire ravaged her, was the point where most of the leading American tobacco buyers foregathered. Many of these buyers have lived in Turkey for long periods, speak Turkish fluently and have really become part and parcel of the economic life.

In fact the whole American tobacco procedure in Turkey affords an illuminating example of the right way to do business abroad. All the great American cigarette manufacturers maintain their resident buyers in the Turkish tobacco districts. They advance money to planters and supervise tobacco culture and curing through their various stages. In other words, they live with their jobs.

The wars and the exodus of Greeks and Armenians have given the Turkish tobacco industry a serious blow, as the statistics show. The total prewar production of all the districts was 61,000,000 okas—an oka is equal to about 2.83 pounds avoirdupois in Turkey —of which more than half came to us. We bought approximately 70 per cent of the production of Samsun and Smyrna, because it is best adapted to the American needs. The estimated crop for this year is 45,000,000 okas. These figures include the product of the so-called Greek districts, which mean areas in Turkey formerly cultivated entirely by Greeks, who are skilled and successful growers. If Turkey is to hold her own as a tobacco producer she will have to permit the thousands of deported Greek farmers to return to Anatolia. The only alternative is the return of the Turkish planters now residing in Macedonia and Western Thrace to their native land

A little known Turkish export to America is licorice root, which is employed in the manufacture of chewing and smoking tobacco and for flavoring confectionery and beer imitations. I speak of it because this business is controlled by the oldest American commercial concern operating in Turkey. When the Great War broke, American tobacco manufacturers were up against a serious problem because the exportation of licorice suddenly stopped. All sorts of fancy prices were offered for it, and a product that was almost despised suddenly assumed international importance.

Turkey offers one interesting opportunity for American manufacturers that must not be overlooked. I refer to raw silk. This opening is all the more desirable since the earthquake in Japan, our principal source of supply, and because of the possibility of future upheavals there.

Silk has been an industry in Turkey since the days of the Byzantine triumphs In later years it has been almost exclusively dominated by the French in the district around Brusa. The point has been well made that we could duplicate with Turkish silk what we did with Turkish tobacco that is, finance the producer and supervise the whole crop. It would not only make us to some extent independent of the Japanese silk output, but would also enable us to escape the frenzied speculation which so often demoralizes the Japanese silk market. Those inclined to uplift see in sericulture a substitute for the opium crop in Turkey.

For those Americans who want to do business in Turkey ample facilities are available. In 1911 American business men in Constantinople, at the instigation of G. B. Ravndal, the energetic consul-general, organized the American Chamber of Commerce for the Levant, which has been in continuous existence ever since. It has upheld American commercial interests; resisted unfavorable or discriminatory customs taxes, tariffs and laws; set up machinery for the arbitration of commercial disputes, aided the American ambassadors, interpreted American business methods to the Levantine, and vice versa. It has well-equipped offices in Constantinople, where the American business man is always welcome, and it also publishes a monthly magazine, which is set up by a printer who cannot speak or read English!

Commercial Relations

At the outset it was the hope of the organizers to have the Constantinople chamber represent the whole Near East, but the Greeks as well as the Americans in Greece wanted their own show. So, too, the Egyptians and the Americans in Egypt. The result was the organization of American chambers of commerce in Greece and Egypt, with headquarters in Athens and Alexandria respectively. There is now a Federated American Chamber of Commerce of the Near East, with headquarters in New York, which is bound to be a factor in the commercial regeneration of the Balkans.

This organization has in view the establishment in New York of a Levant house, which would be the meeting place for all the American interests concerned in the Near East. These would include not only commercial enterprises, but the missionary, educational and relief activities, which have done so much toward enhancing the moral prestige of the United States.

This leads us to that phase of our activity in the Near East without which any explanation of America in Turkey would be incomplete. It is our educational mandate as expressed in the work of Robert College and the Woman's College at Constantinople and the American College of Beirut. Perhaps the best analysis of the provocation for the continued existence of these admirable institutions is in the words of one of their sponsors, which are:

"The loss of our opportunity for political leadership in the Near East has not lessened American sympathy for the people there. The millions of money poured out in relief work since the war bespeak America's strong desire to help. But sacks of flour and

(Continued on Page 54)

"125,000 Miles of Superlative Motoring

Every Mile in My Marmon Confirms My High Opinion of It"

By BUSEY H. HOWARD

Member of the Firm of James J. Lampton Co., Realtors, Washington, D. C.

"THE SPEEDOMETER on my Marmon registers well past the 125,000 mile mark. Throughout the time I have driven it, I have never once regretted my choice in cars.

"Each time I ride in it I seem to like it better . . . . it is the ultimate in luxurious transportation.

"Before I got this car, I had already owned one Marmon. Its sturdy reliability had set a high standard I feared I could never equal. But my present car has even strengthened my regard for the cars that Marmon makes.

"It is low in gas and oil consumption, it gives long tire mileage and it seems to be immune from the ailments that generally affect cars.

"I need not be told that the Marmon is a great car. I know it. For 125,000 miles of superlative motoring have proved it."

NORDYKE & MARMON CO., *Established 1851*, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

M A R M O N

Marmon prices reduced: 7-passenger Phaeton now $2785 (formerly $3185) f. o. b. Indianapolis, without Government tax. Corresponding reductions on all other models

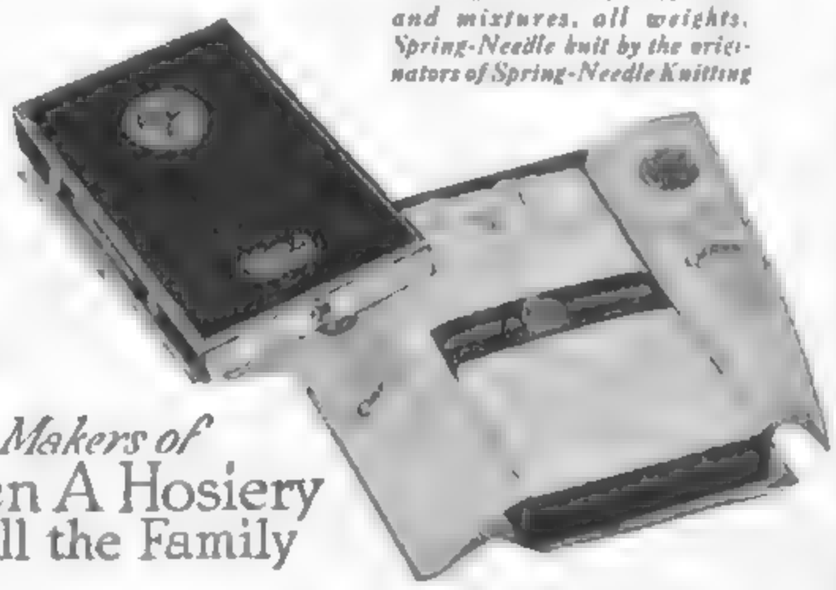
Hosiery & Allen A Underwear

To the Man Who Discriminates in Selecting His Underwear

BY his every viewpoint of fit and comfort—"Allen A" Spring-Needle Knit Underwear gives the fastidious man complete satisfaction. As an accepted standard of *value*, "Allen A" Underwear, for men or boys, is always worth more than its cost. Look for the "Allen A" mark of quality, fit, service and

Style that Wears

Allen A Underwear for Men and Boys—in wool, lisle, cotton and mixtures, all weights. Spring-Needle knit by the originators of Spring-Needle Knitting



Also Makers of
Allen A Hosiery
for all the Family

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

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(Continued from Page 52

cases of clinical thermometers, however needful they may be, will not of themselves relieve the ills of the Near East. The fundamental need of the day is for leadership from within—leadership by thoroughly educated and highly trained men and women, natives of the soil, rightful heirs to the problem of the country and fully aware of the temper and traditions of the people, which must be observed for any work of rehabilitation."

The origin of Robert College, which is for boys and which was founded in September, 1863, by Christopher Rhinelander Robert, a New York sugar merchant, and Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, a missionary, is an interesting story. Robert had come to Constantinople on a visit and while looking over the side of his steamer in the harbor saw a boatload of homemade bread. In searching for the baker he discovered that it was Doctor Hamlin, who was baking the bread at his school for wounded soldiers and sailors from the Crimea at the British hospital at Scutari, just across the Bosporus from Constantinople. The New Yorker sought out the missionary, who interested him in the work he was doing and the additional educational possibilities in the ancient capital. Out of this chance meeting came the organization of Robert College, which has educated thousands of Turks, Armenians, Egyptians, Bulgarians, Albanians, Greeks, Syrians and Jews to be leaders of their races.

The Constantinople Woman's College has performed a work for women no less constructive. Now that the Eastern woman is emerging from the veil, its scope is enhanced. Among its conspicuous graduates is Halide Hanum, the foremost woman reformer of Turkey, who got her first ideas of Western progress in the American institution whose stately buildings and lovely groves and gardens overlook the Bosporus. Its full mate in service is the American University of Beirut, which, now that France has the mandate for Syria, is outside the territorial confines of the new Turkey.

Nor must it be overlooked that in Constantinople there is a well-organized American hospital; an American Red Cross which literally saved the lives of tens of thousands of Russian refugees after the disastrous evacuation of Wrangel's army; and an American Young Women's Christian Association, which recognizes neither caste nor creed in its beneficent labors.

The one thing that we lack is a corresponding American economic offensive that will be on a par with these educational and altruistic endeavors.

Edwards' Nerve

For the final section of this article I have reserved the account of still another American activity which, contrary to the general conception of its purpose, became a distinct aid to American trade effort in Turkey during the years that have followed the World War. Many will be surprised when I state that the American Navy in Turkish waters has done more to develop American business than almost any other agency.

This did not entirely result from Rear Admiral Bristol's skill and diplomacy in meeting the almost endless succession of knotty international problems that passed across his desk. It was because, from the outset of his service as unofficial ambassador, he placed his fleet of destroyers at the service of every American business man who came to Constantinople with a real mission, and who had to visit Smyrna, Samsun, Mersina, Adalia, Athens, Odessa, Batum or elsewhere. Immediately following the Armistice there were no regular means of transportation to these points except in warships. What was at first a case of necessity became a sort of regular thing. The American commercial scout who arrived at a Near Eastern port in an American destroyer had his prestige enhanced the moment he stepped ashore. It registered his first and in some cases his most effective selling argument.

In the regular line of duty the Navy has maintained the highest traditions of its service. It was the first important unit at Smyrna when the great fire ravaged that city, and it did the major part in evacuating the tens of thousands of refugees. Not only did it send landing parties ashore, to protect American life and property during the conflagration, but it was largely due to the presence of our bluejackets that the red hand of massacre was stayed.

When a French transport was reported afire in the Sea of Marmora with many sick aboard, the United States destroyer Lambridge, Lieut. Commander W. Atlee Edwards, was the nearest of all the American vessels. She raced to the rescue at her full speed of thirty-five knots an hour. When Edwards was warned by an officer of a British ship that there were explosives aboard the Frenchman and he would be in danger of being blown up if he got too close, he replied:

"Then we will go down with her."

He rammed his ship alongside the French vessel and took off nearly everyone aboard by ropes. The others were picked up out of the water.

The Edsall's Orphanage

Into the narrative of American naval heroism and humanitarianism in Turkish waters crept a little incident of intense human interest. Among the destroyers that took part in the rescue work at Smyrna was the Edsall, commanded by Commander Halsey Powell. A chief petty officer on the ship discovered that 100 orphans, whose families had been wiped out in the massacre, were about to be shipped off to the Greek concentration camp at the island of Mitylene in the Ægean. Seeking out Powell, he said that a group of his fellow sailors were willing to raise a fund and take care of these youngsters if the commander would convey them to Constantinople. The consent was, of course, given, and today those waifs of war are comfortably housed and are being educated in Constantinople at the expense of the Edsall's crew.

In performing these services for peace in Turkish waters the American Navy has merely run true to form. In the old days when the Barbary pirates seized the wheat shipped by our Western farmers to Mediterranean ports, our warships came to the rescue and made those ocean ways safe for the product of the American agriculturist. It was the Navy that opened up Japan and China to American commerce. Thus the fleet is a potent factor for business no less than for war.

All the facilities for the aid of American commercial expansion in Turkey that I have enumerated will be unavailing if the element of peace is lacking. No one will invest money or open up branch houses if the war and unrest that have ravaged the Near East for more than a decade are likely to be revived. In the new nationalism that has dawned on Turkey lies some guaranty of a much needed political stabilization. The way is now open. If Americans do not make good in Turkey it is their own fault, because both the opportunity and the good will are there.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will appear in an early issue.

Rangers' Club House in Winter Garb, Yosemite National Park, California

What Maxwell is doing for its dealers

Club Coupe, $935
$795
The New Maxwell Base Price the biggest achievement of the year
Special Sport Touring, $975
Club Sedan, $1045

Maxwell is co-operating with its dealers to increase their profits and their volume of business:

By giving them an unusual value to sell—whose dependability and style is bringing it a widening circle of friends the world over.

By rendering sales assistance along progressive lines.

By putting service on a business basis through its *flat rate* service system.

By intelligently conceived finance plans and banker co-operation.

Maxwell has consistently anticipated public desire by bringing out merchandising successes that mean larger volume and profits.

Four achievements stand out beyond all others in expanding the Maxwell market. They have overcome limited selling seasons on account of particular design appeal, value, style and price.

Any one of these achievements alone is noteworthy. Taken together and as the developments of a single year they show Maxwell merchandising vigor and resourcefulness, and in particular the Maxwell genius for timing its models.

First—the Club Coupe met the growing demand for sturdy closed cars at prices but little above open car figures. The appeal of this model to men and women, and in all professions and all lines of business, has brought it in some territories to 42% of gross sales for the season.

Next—the Sport models, which demonstrated, by their peculiar attraction to the eye and their unusual value in car and equipment, the sales possibilities of open cars even in the dead of Winter.

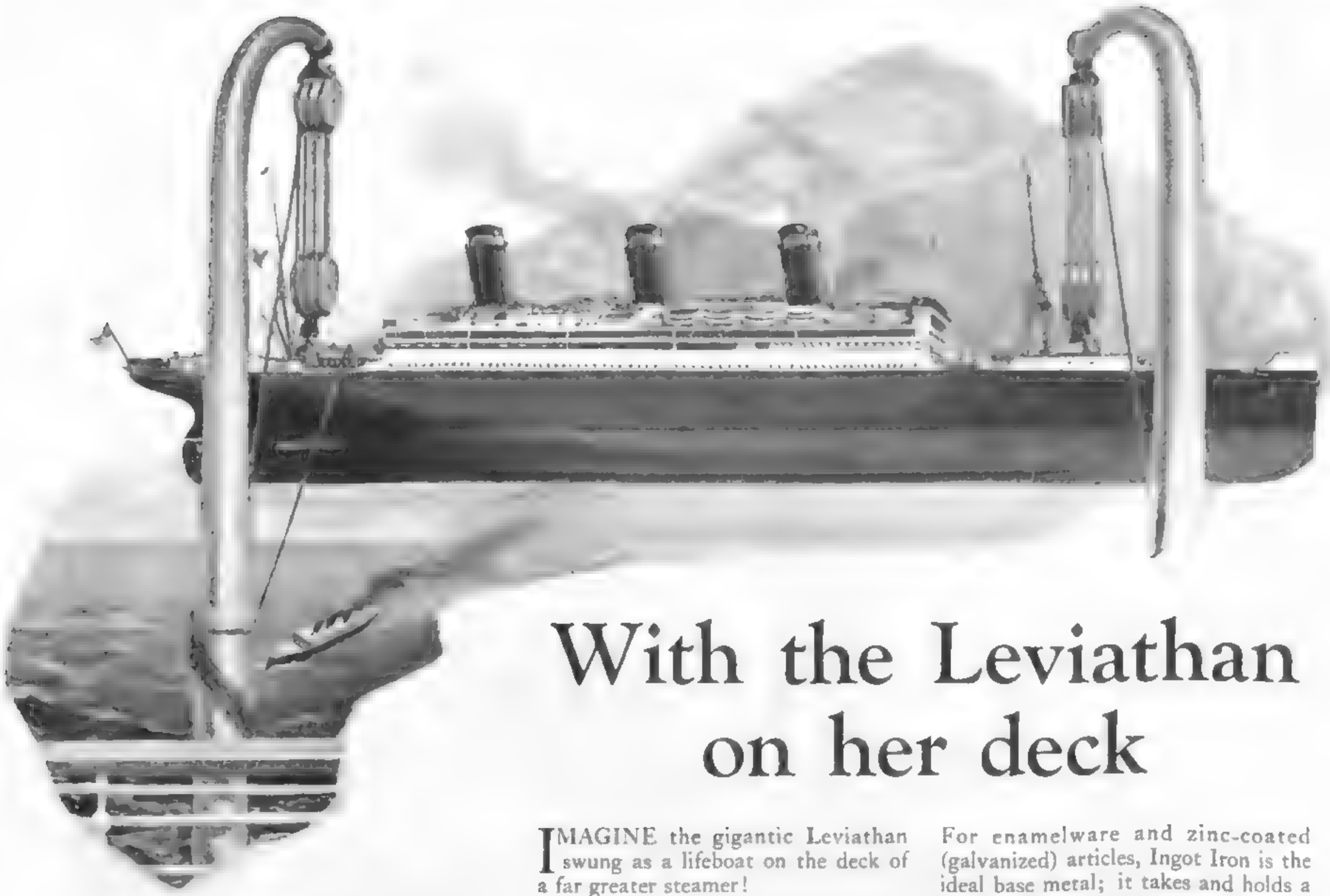
Third—the price reduction—made possible by the business policies and manufacturing acumen which insure the already remarkable Maxwell values at the new low prices.

Most recently—the Club Sedan; whose timely appearance immediately developed a widespread demand, again indicating that Maxwell has sensed what the public wants—a roomy closed car of quality at a near open-car price.

Such achievements incline dealers and their bankers to further expectations from the Maxwell organization.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL-CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

Merchants in any line can sell automobiles. Every business man and his banker should have the book—"What Dealers Have Gotten From the Good Maxwell." It is a literal record of Maxwell dealers' experiences—a book of business achievements and profits. It tells what attractive returns merchants can make with reasonable investment. Write Dept. DP for copy of this booklet and indicate territory in which you are interested.



With the Leviathan on her deck

IMAGINE the gigantic Leviathan swung as a lifeboat on the deck of a far greater steamer!

Such a vessel would have a tonnage equal to the combined tonnage of fifty of the larger passenger and freight steamers now sailing the Atlantic and Pacific—of a dozen government transports—and a hundred famous yachts.

There is a list of steamers, transports, and yachts whose combined tonnage would equal the tonnage of such a vessel. The Leviathan, America, George Washington, Korea, Kroonland, President Grant, and Corsair are a part of this list. It is a fleet of fine ships, in whose galley equipment ARMCO Ingot Iron is used.

The advantages of Ingot Iron

Why do builders of fine ships specify Ingot Iron for ranges, baking ovens, steam cookers, water boilers, warming shelves, cooking utensils?

The answer is—for sanitation and long life; because Ingot Iron resists the constant attacks of salt air and moisture longer than any other ferrous metal.

For enamelware and zinc-coated (galvanized) articles, Ingot Iron is the ideal base metal; it takes and holds a coating of enamel or zinc as no ordinary sheet metal will.

A widely used material

The uses for Ingot Iron are wide and varied—in every industry; in the sheet metal work on both commercial and private buildings; and in the home.

And wherever Ingot Iron is used, it affords real economy and long service.

Wherever you use sheet metal in building or renovating—whenever new kitchen equipment, tanks, refrigerators, etc., are needed—specify ARMCO Ingot Iron.

Look for the ARMCO Label

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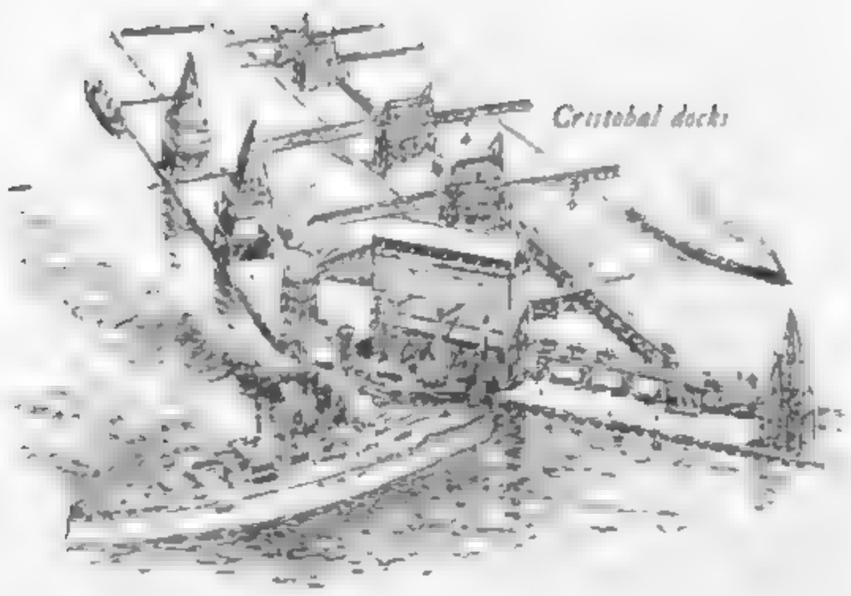

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THE SPANISH REVOLUTION

Continued from Page 4

for during the first half of the nineteenth century. The same tendency is coming to a climax elsewhere in Europe.

For a time at least—until the pendulum swings back again in the deep flux and reflux of the collective thought of humanity democracy is perhaps going to be progressively more and more discredited in Europe. Mussolini the other day stigmatized it publicly as a mere fashion in political thought peculiar to the nineteenth century, no longer applicable to the needs of the twentieth. That which was, two generations ago, the bright and universal evangel of hope now appears a menace to the fabric of civilization in the modern psychologist's destructive criticism of the herd mind, subject to equally dangerous panics and exaltations, canceling out all individual higher qualities to the one lowest common denominator of the primitive instincts.

Once more the faith of those old communities, with their deep and potent background of historical consciousness, is beginning to turn towards a benevolent and sternly competent autocracy—by no means that of the old and outworn royal families. It is, on an immensely larger scale, comparable with that movement which at the end of the Middle Ages impelled the self-governing communes of the Italian cities, threatened with destruction by the internecine feuds of their political parties, to save themselves by choosing "tyrants" like the Viscontis, the Sforzas and the Scaligers. The tremendous task of coordinating the powerful and complex forces of the modern state is vaguely felt to demand, as in the great commercial organisms of our time, the supreme authority of a specialist managing director, owing his position to his acknowledged competence, and not dependent upon the unstable passions and changing favors of an electorate where the most ignorant is of equal potency with the wisest. Long ago Rudyard Kipling prophesied something of the sort in his grimly humorous story of the inhabitants of Chigago, a hundred years or so hence, cutting themselves out of the world system governed by the benevolent autocracy of a specialist aërial board of control in protest against a group of cranks who wanted to reintroduce the bad old days of making speeches and counting votes, and prevented with difficulty from killing those dangerous reactionaries out of hand.

The Menace of Communism

There is another aspect, too, of this new spirit in Europe. Just as the human organism, when sick and overstrained, may develop suicidal tendencies, so the political organism of Europe, drained and overstressed by the war, developed a suicidal complex which threatened it with destruction. It decked itself plausibly, as is the way of all subconscious psychological impulses, perverted or not, with the alluring theory of a world state of international fraternity in which wars would have no place and the ideal of communism, no rich and no poor, would reign triumphant. To the suffering masses of Europe it sounded good.

In practice, this nice-looking theory speedily showed what was the real instinct at work; it was the perverted instinct of an overstrained organism towards self-destruction. In practice, communism meant murder, social chaos, a bitter, rabid hatred towards the national emblems and national entity of whatever country the communist happened to be a citizen; it meant a deliberate sabotage of the means of existence; it meant ultimately chaos, starvation and a relapse to barbarism, as in Russia. It meant suicide. Now Europe is convalescent. She is reacting with growing strength from those impulses which threatened her civilization with death. The real deep-flowing vital current underneath the new spirit in Europe is a reaction against communism and the vague and certainly premature internationalism which was the cover for the attack upon its life. Fascism in Italy and the new government in Spain are each, in their essence, vehement reaffirmations of the national spirit and the national existence which the old political system had failed to safeguard. And it will be surprising if Europe does not see yet more such reaffirmations in the near future.

That is the essential motive power behind the revolutions in Italy and Spain. But in each case there were, of course, specific circumstances which determined the moment and the manner of the upheaval. In Italy it was definitely the murderous violence of the communists culminating in the attempted hold-up of the general strike in August last year. In Spain it was a concatenation of abuses, added each to each over a long period until they became intolerable, coinciding with a climax of personal and less avowable intrigues. If Primo de Rivera had not made his revolution, there would still have been one. Spain could not exist longer under her politicians.

It had long become a weary farce to pretend that those politicians represented the country. The task and profits of government were monopolized by a little group of men calling themselves by various labels Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists and what not who, while fighting often enough among themselves for the spoils of office, were at one in keeping the too-often illicit potentialities of political power a close preserve for themselves. In the last few years this charmed circle of politicians, as professional as stockbrokers, always a feature of Spanish political life, had become even more restricted in its membership, its monopoly even more accentuated.

The Boss System

The Spanish Cortes had become almost a family party. Out of the 409 seats in the Chamber of Deputies no less than 260 were filled by relatives or direct dependents of five or six families. For instance, Count Romanones, who has been innumerable times prime minister, has five sons—they are all deputies; he has two sons-in-law they are both senators; he has three private secretaries they are all either deputies or senators. The Marqués de Alhucemas, the prime minister who has just been deposed, happens to have no sons, but he has two sons-in-law—both deputies; he has three nephews two of them are deputies and the other is an undersecretary of state; he is himself a lawyer and of the men in his firm five have become either ministers or deputies. One could go on multiplying examples, with even more numerous ramifications than these

It is a curious coincidence that all these gentlemen seem to join the boards of railroad companies and great industrial concerns—and not one board each, but many—after they have become deputies and ministers. Election to the Cortes seems to discover a happy conjuncture of business and political talent of which Spain, somehow, fails to reap the benefit. What Spain thinks of it is shown by the universal chorus of acclamation which, more than for any other of Primo de Rivera's proposals, has greeted that devastating sentence in his pronunciamiento: "The collective responsibility of the political parties we punish by that complete ostracism to which we condemn them." All parties alike! To Spain it was a glimpse of the millennium.

This political system was based on what in Spain is called *caciquismo*—a system of political bosses carried to a pitch of long-established perfection. In every village there are as a rule two landed proprietors who, if not equal to each other in wealth, at least outdistance the rest of the community. One of these gentlemen is the Conservative cacique, the other the Liberal cacique. They are the local bosses, holding, economically, the agricultural laborer in the hollow of their hands. When the big caciques in Madrid decide that the time has come to make way for the other fellow for a bit, the local cacique arranges—most decidedly arranges—the local election.

Moreover, in addition to all the petty tyranny and intimidation practiced for that purpose upon the peasant community over which he dominates, the cacique has a further noxious influence upon the national life. The system of justice in Spain is, to put it mildly, rudimentary. The judges, poorly paid, are appointed by whichever political party happens to be in power, and locally, of course, are hand in glove with the local cacique. Now the individuals aggregated, for example, to the Liberal cacique take very good care that their cases, if they have to go to law, are not adjudicated upon by the Conservative judge—and vice versa. Cases are quite usually kept hanging undecided for two or three years, until one or other of the parties wins a tactical victory and gets the case brought before the judge of his own side.

Furthermore, the cacique in power can and does use this judicial system to avenge himself upon refractory people who do not vote as he bids, or upon the followers of his rival. He merely has them put in prison on some trivial charge, and there they are likely to remain, indefinitely awaiting their trial. For example, the Spanish papers of September 23, 1923, report that a man put in prison eighteen months before on the charge of stealing a ham, and two others similarly in prison on a charge of quarreling, but without violence, were at last to be brought to trial; and the newspapers adduced these cases—happening in one village as two of the innumerable instances of the tyranny of *caciquismo*. That is what Primo de Rivera meant when, in his pronunciamiento, he denounced "justice under the influence of politics." *Caciquismo* is hated throughout the length and breadth of Spain, and the new dictator has pledged himself to its immediate abolition but Spain is skeptical

Closely interwoven with the professional politician is the problem of the bureaucracy. There are over 100,000 government employes in Spain, and a very large percentage of them do no work at all. They have been put on the pay sheet of one or other of the ministries—often simultaneously on several by some politician, and they go to the office once a month merely for those few minutes in which they draw their pay. Of those who go regularly there are three or four times as many as are necessary to do the work, with the natural result that the work is always someone else's job and only too frequently is done by none. Until the fourteenth of September the Spanish bureaucracy was one of the most overstaffed, and one of the most inefficient in the world; since then—but let us not anticipate.

The Tariff as an Issue

Señor Santiago Alba, who has suddenly come into the limelight in consequence of the Spanish dictator's uncompromising vendetta against him—"The prosecution of Don Santiago Alba, foreign minister, is naturally certain," says the original pronunciamiento, with the unkind addition that he was a "depraved and cynical minister"—is to the Spanish people a typical representative of the political system now overthrown. Born in Valladolid, fifty-five years ago, Señor Alba first came into prominence after the disasters of the Spanish-American War as the secretary of the Union Nacional, a political party formed by the commercial classes to elucidate the responsibilities for the Spanish misfortunes and to press for sweeping reforms. Señor Alba is a brilliantly clever man, and under his guidance the Union Nacional began to look like a really formidable force. Just as it was about to effect something, however, Señor Alba discovered political sympathies on the other side. He went over to the government and the Union Nacional collapsed. Since then he has quite frequently found occasion to change his political opinions at critical moments. His last avatar was as foreign minister in the liberal government of the Marqués de Alhucemas. And it was in this post that he earned the bitter enmity of the army and General Primo de Rivera, together with that of the powerful Catalan manufacturing interests, which are undoubtedly behind the dictator.

He offended the Catalans by his attitude over the matter of protective tariffs. Practically all the manufacturing industries of Spain are concentrated in Catalonia, and after the Armistice, which loaded them with an immense quantity of undisposed-of stocks, the Catalans found themselves in such a serious position that the Bank of Barcelona, the oldest bank in Spain and one of the oldest in the world, eventually went bankrupt. Accordingly, two years ago, they forced through a prohibitive protective tariff law which, though it spelled salvation to them, was by no means to the advantage of the rest of Spain. A Conservative government was then in power. In July, 1922, it was succeeded by the Liberal administration of Alhucemas. Señor Alba—and whatever dark things are whispered about him, one need not accuse him of any motive but that of regard for the general interests of his country—immediately proceeded to draw the teeth of the protective tariff, to grant

for Him

HE'LL like this handsome Buxton Keytainer, of rich English Pigskin. No. 036–6 illustrated above is full Calf Lined; 14 K solid gold button and corners; 14 K gold plated key hooks hold 6 to 12 keys; handy pocket for small important papers; in satin lined gift box, $7. Others from $1.50 to $10.

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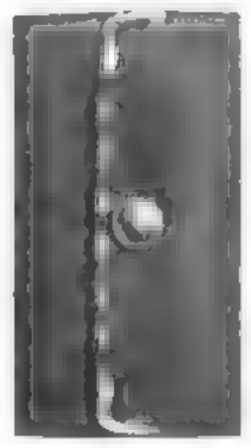

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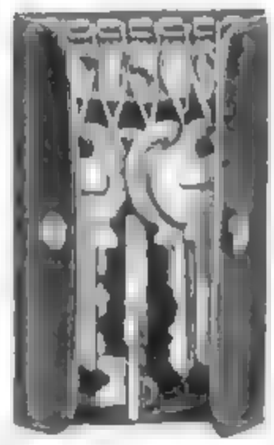

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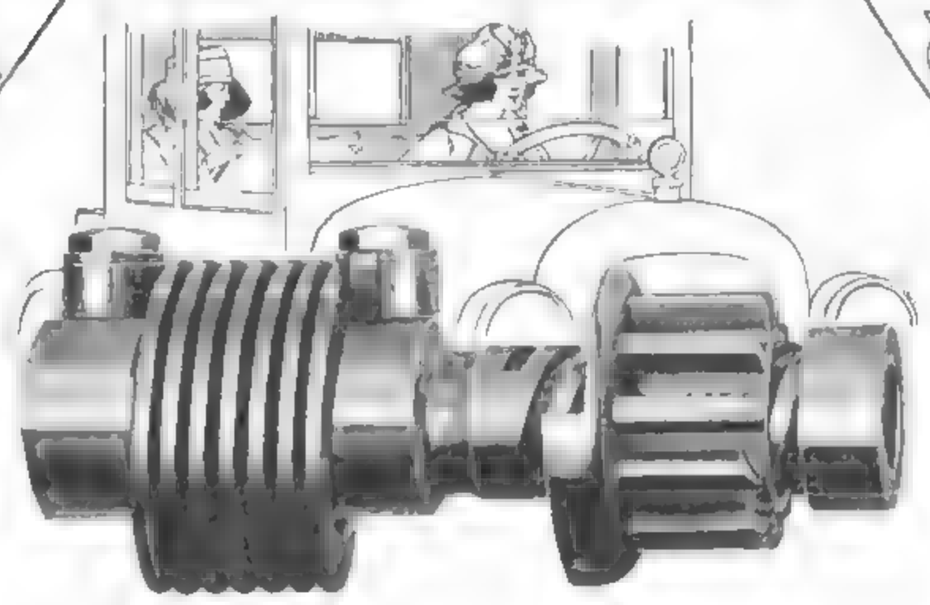

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The electric starter opened a new era of freedom and pleasure for women. For the first time they were able to start an automobile as easily as a man—and with absolute convenience and safety. And The Bendix Drive helped make it possible.

The Bendix Drive is a "mechanical arm and hand", for which your starting motor supplies the "muscle".

The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of your electric starting motor where it functions automatically as the connecting link between your starting motor and engine.

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The vast need filled by The Bendix Drive, and its dependable performance, are evidenced by the fact that it is standard equipment on the electric starters of a majority of the world's automobiles and trucks.

More than 4,000 dealers and garages supply genuine service parts for Bendix Drive. Look for the name "Bendix" on each genuine part.

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exemptions and rebates, and to enter upon negotiations with foreign powers for special treaties of reciprocity. To Barcelona—and it was in Barcelona that the revolution was launched—he instantly became synonymous with Satan.

He offended the army by his policy in Morocco—briefly, that it was cheaper for Spain to bribe the rebel chiefs than to fight them. He certainly interfered constantly in the operations, though it is but just to say that all his orders were countersigned by General Aizpurú, minister for war—the only member of the old government to be employed by General de Rivera and now sent by him to supreme command in Morocco—before transmission to headquarters in the field. It was he who negotiated the humiliating ransom of the Spanish prisoners held by the Moors, and one of the misdeeds of which he is accused by General de Rivera is not only malversation of huge secret-service funds but the embezzlement of a percentage of the ransom. Now it would be absurd to pretend that anyone in Spain has any faith in the financial rectitude of this or, for that matter, any other politician; but no one believes Señor Alba to be so stupid as to commit direct and easily discoverable frauds of this kind; and in fact—I have it on the authority of a high official in the treasury—his ministerial accounts are in order to the last centimo. But the desire—the overwhelming craving—of a section of the community to be rid of Señor Alba was undoubtedly one of the determining reasons for General de Rivera's pronunciamiento. It is hinted at in his phrase: "Suspicious fiscal and customs policy, the work of people who openly boast of their political immorality."

"Assassinations of prelates, of ex-governors, representatives of authority, masters, foremen and workmen," and "Communist propaganda, which goes on unchecked and unpunished" are given prominence in that pronunciamiento as reasons which impelled him to his act. In fact, for the past five years, a bitter and murderous conflict has been in progress, chiefly in Catalonia, with communism. Thousands of people have met with violent deaths. But the Communist wave was already ebbing; it is doubtful if at the moment it really menaced Spain with revolution. Similarly the separatist movement in Catalonia, likewise referred to in the proclamation, whatever ultimate potentialities for disintegration of the national unity it may possess, certainly in 1923 threatened no immediate danger. General de Rivera instinctively cited them as subversive tendencies in his appeal to a reawakening national spirit, rather than because they demanded prompt action if the country was to be saved. The immediate cause of the revolution—as it has been the cause of political crisis after political crisis during the past fourteen years—is undoubtedly the ill-starred war in Morocco.

The Massacre of Abd-el-Krim

Eschewing ancient history all more or less of a piece—at the end of July, 1921, the Spanish forces operating against the Rif chieftain, Abd-el-Krim, suffered a strange and appalling disaster. Within the space of a few days the results of twelve years' hard fighting had vanished and the Spanish army was completely annihilated, except for a couple of thousand who escaped in a state of disgraceful panic to Melilla. It was an extraordinary business, for the Spanish army engaged in the operations numbered 25,000 men, well armed and well equipped, while Abd-el-Krim's forces were certainly not more than 4000—he himself says he could never put more than 2000 into line. General Silvestre, commanding the operations, shot himself dead on the field, and a disorderly and terrified mob of fugitives shut themselves up in a position on Monte Arruit, where they were promptly besieged by the Moors.

There General de Rivera's brother, a colonel who had exhibited the greatest gallantry, died from a shell wound inflicted by one of the guns abandoned by the Spaniards in their mad flight not 300 yards from the position.

A few days later, apparently obeying orders cabled and heliographed from Madrid, the troops on Monte Arruit surrendered to Abd-el-Krim, and in defiance of the terms agreed upon the unfortunate rank and file were butchered to the last man. The officers, including the general who had taken over command, some 300 of them all that were left of Spain's only effective army in Morocco—were led off into captivity. For the military historian the story is interesting as one of the strangest exhibitions of collective mad panic that ever seized upon an army in modern times; for Spain it is a story of insufferably bitter humiliation that bit deep into the national soul.

The first impulse was, of course, to restore at all costs the national prestige. Fresh divisions were ordered to Morocco. Bitterly hating the whole Moroccan business though it did, the country voluntarily subscribed 1,000,000 pesetas for the purchase of a squadron of the finest bombing aeroplanes in existence—the story of those aeroplanes is a grimly humorous farce which I have not the space to relate. The army was given all the money it asked for. And in the interval of waiting for results Spain began with a passionate resentment to elucidate the responsibilities of those who had brought this disaster upon her.

As to the military results, after two years, and after spending 2,000,000,000 pesetas and many thousand lives, Spain is still waiting for them. The Spanish army is scarcely in a better position in Morocco than it was immediately after the collapse of 1921. Despairing of rescuing by force the unfortunate prisoners, stories of whose awful sufferings had aroused intense popular feeling, the Spanish Government opened negotiations with Abd-el-Krim and ransomed them for 4,000,000 pesetas, plus 20,000 pesetas more, which the greedy chief demanded at the last moment. The army was indignant, because obviously that 4,000,000 pesetas would speedily be turned into rifles to be used against them. But the money was paid and the surviving prisoners brought home. That is Spain's principal achievement in Morocco since 1921.

Punishment for Politicians

The elucidation of responsibilities, however, has been a distinctly more interesting business—and here we approach why General Primo de Rivera made his coup d'état just when and how he did. In 1921 and half of 1922 a Conservative government was in power. With its approbation, military tribunals were instituted, which not only inquired into the conduct of the officers, dead or alive, but punished with exemplary severity those survivors whom they found guilty. One unfortunate lieutenant was given the opportunity of committing suicide, and three colonels were sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment each, for example. Members of these tribunals who displayed leniency were themselves tried and sentenced for the crime. But the high command itself was specifically exempted by governmental order from inquiry by these tribunals. *En passant*, it may be remarked that the brother of General Berenguer, then and subsequently commander in chief in Morocco, who has repeatedly asked for an inquiry, was one of the associates of the dictator in the pronunciamiento.

The army demanded that the soldiers should not exclusively be punished for their share in this tragic business, but that the conduct of those civilian politicians whose maladministration had contributed to the disaster should also be inquired into and the guilty ministers brought to justice. It was a demand in which the whole country concurred vehemently, while insisting likewise that the supreme military chiefs should not escape. Accordingly, on the first of July this year, after the Cortes had gone into recess, a parliamentary commission composed of twenty-one deputies of all parties was nominated to inquire into the responsibility of the politicians. That commission never terminated its labors—it mutually destroyed itself before the thirteenth of September, and Primo de Rivera's revolution gave it the *coup de grâce*—but enough has leaked out to make it certain that when the Cortes reassembled on October first, the Liberal and Socialist members were going to report officially to congress that half a dozen of the most prominent Conservative leaders—La Cierva, Maura, Eza, Lema and others—were responsible and forthwith demand their impeachment. The Liberal bloc had a majority in congress and it was more than likely that the impeachment would be put into effect. It was also certain that the Conservative members of the commission were going to retaliate by alleging damaging things against the Liberal chiefs responsible for the impotence of the army during the past eighteen

(Continued on Page 60

Brake Is One Factor Which Makes Franklin Safest Car on the Road

We have not entered the controversy between two-wheel and four-wheel brakes because we do not employ either method.

We use the transmission brake on the Franklin car because of its many pronounced advantages over any other system.

It has, we believe, more elements of safety than any other brake known, without any element of danger.

The Franklin transmission brake is located on the drive-shaft. The braking action being passed through the differential equalizes the braking effect of each rear wheel regardless of road or brake conditions, resulting in an almost entire absence of skidding tendency.

Consequently, this brake is the safest to apply with maximum force at any speed—on any road or on a curve. It is impossible to get unequal braking force—mud, oil or water having no effect.

The braking action also passing through the rear axle gears gives a braking power unobtainable in any other way.

The rear axle gears and various leverages multiply the pedal pressure 39 times in applied braking power.

That makes it possible to stop the Franklin easily and quickly. The pressure of two fingers on the brake-pedal will hold the car on a steep hill. And if you apply the brake hard enough to lock the wheels, it doesn't interfere with steering.

Care and costs are also in its favor.

The transmission brake has only one adjustment, a simple thumb-nut to take up wear. No tools required. No worry about "equalizers."

Replacement of the brake-band is easy—a 50-minute job costing in the neighborhood of $4.00. No wheels to pull.

There is only one place to lubricate.

Locating the drum on the drive-shaft lengthens brake life. It cools quicker—dirt and water cannot reach it to cause rapid wear.

Every ounce of the extremely light weight of the brake is above the springs. That means greater protection than wheel brakes receive—road shocks can reach it only through the springs.

And the transmission brake has less tendency to drag, due to much greater motion of the band for a given movement of the pedal.

There is nothing experimental about it—it has been used on the Franklin for over 20 years.

It has six vital superiorities—safety, effectiveness, simplicity, economy, long life and easy maintenance.

The Franklin has the simplest, safest, easiest-operating brake known. It has the simplest, surest cooling system. The air-cooled motor (no water) has over a hundred fewer parts, and cannot overheat nor freeze under any conditions.

The vibration-absorber, an exclusive, newly-patented device, nullifies the periodic engine vibration that has always been thought unavoidable. New equipment.

The Franklin is the simplest, the easiest-riding, and the fastest car over a day's run, of all cars. It uses the best of everything all the way through. It is the safest for you and your family to drive.

Ask anyone who drives a Franklin. Or better yet, get a generous sample from the dealer—a 50 to 500 mile ride.

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Continued from Page 58

months. In fact, it is certain that there was going to be a most glorious parliamentary row, and—I have this personally from the lips of the Socialist parliamentary leader—it was considered highly probable that the King would be involved as ultimately responsible—there is said to be evidence extant that the ill-fated General Silvestre, to a strange extent anomalously independent of the high command in Morocco, was acting directly under royal orders—and that in this mutual extermination of the prestige of the parliamentary leaders there would be a popular rising in the streets, the extinction of the dynasty and the long-feared social revolution. That was what was meant by the phrase in General de Rivera's pronunciamiento, "biased political passion in facing the question of the responsibilities for the disasters in Morocco."

Here we are close to the inner secret of why the revolution was made precisely when and how it was; and although some of the minor details may be at fault, since these things are obviously not shouted from the housetops, what follows may be taken as substantially correct.

King Alfonso, with his court and the foreign embassies, was, as is usual during the summer recess, at San Sebastian. What he thought of this growing cloud of menace can only be guessed, but he has said publicly more than once, "These confounded politicians are going to cost me my throne."

At Barcelona, the captain general of the Fourth Region, which is Catalonia, was Miguel Primo de Rivera, a soldier who had received the highest possible decoration for bravery in the Moroccan War of 1895, and who had owed all his subsequent advancement to the royal favor. No one in Spain imagined him as a political factor. If ever there was a dark horse it was Primo de Rivera. And about the first week in September, after the parliamentary commission on responsibilities had broken up amid mutual recriminations, Primo de Rivera began to act. Precisely what were his preparations—they were very few—is not certain; but what is certain is that he drew up a statement of what he proposed to do and forwarded advance drafts of it to the Spanish ambassadors in London, Paris and Rome, putting them upon their honor to maintain secrecy and to destroy the documents if the coup failed. All these gentlemen are well-known personal friends of King Alfonso; but of course it is possible that they did not inform their royal master of what was going to happen.

Crossing the Rubicon

On the night of the twelfth-thirteenth of September General Primo de Rivera crossed the Rubicon. He summoned his staff and the chiefs of the Barcelona garrison to the Capitania-General, read his proclamation and appealed for their support. It was given unanimously and with enthusiasm, and during the night Barcelona was placarded with the proclamation of martial law. He then telephoned through to all the other captain generals of Spain—there are nine regions—and asked for their adherence. One, Saragossa, gave it unequivocally; one, Valencia, as unequivocally refused; the others said unanimously that their loyalty was only to the King. What the King ordered they would obey.

In the meanwhile, on that night of the twelfth-thirteenth of September, there was a royal ball at the Palace of Miramar, at San Sebastian. The Marqués de Alhucemas, prime minister, was in Madrid; but the foreign minister, Señor Alba, was present at the *fiesta*. At 10 P.M. Señor Alba, who maintained a private and extremely efficient secret service of his own, received telephonic information from Barcelona that Primo de Rivera had made the pronunciamiento which Alba had already vainly warned his colleagues was imminent. He went immediately to the King and asked to resign. Upon being asked the reason he replied that he was well aware that the hostility of the army was chiefly directed against himself, and rather than provoke it to extreme measures he would prefer to efface himself. The King, however, declined to accept the resignation, saying that it must be offered to the premier.

The foreign minister then quitted the ballroom, went to the ministry in San Sebastian and telephoned through to Alhucemas in Madrid. The prime minister, in considerable alarm, immediately convoked a meeting of all the ministers in the capital which, broken off once, was resumed and continued until long after dawn. There was a good deal of long-distance telephoning that night, and the replies from the provincial garrisons—excepting Barcelona and Saragossa, in full revolt—were all to the same effect: Whatever the King wished they would do. Whatever the King ordered they would obey.

This cryptic answer was only moderately comforting to those worried politicians, deliberating, with no clear plans and no clear knowledge, in the middle of the night. Forced to come to some resolution, they put on record that the salvation of the monarchy was their first care. Having cleared their conscience with this, they agreed that they would not resign until forced to do so. The army should at least be compelled to display the unconstitutional nature of the movement before the powers of government were resigned to it; and in the meantime the revolt might yet be crushed before it was well hatched. It was decided to arrest the five or six generals, some of them in Madrid, known or suspected to be at the head of the conspiracy. General Aizpurú, minister for war, but probably a secret sympathizer with the revolutionaries, since he has since been employed by them, accordingly called up Barcelona on the telephone, spoke to General de Rivera and informed him that he was dismissed from his post.

"Dismissed?" came the contemptuous echo from 450 miles away. "Nonsense! It is you who are dismissed!" And with those words telephonic communication between Madrid and Barcelona was broken and could not be restored.

The Midnight Council

Discomfited, that haggard group of politicians decided to send General Weyler, the chief of the general staff and the doyen of Spanish soldiers, at that time in the Balearic Islands, to Barcelona to relieve Primo de Rivera of his command. He was therefore telegraphed to that effect, and a fast destroyer was telegraphically ordered to proceed at once to Palma de Mallorca to convey the veteran general. The destroyer actually arrived, but it does not appear that General Weyler thought fit to avail himself of it.

Next, that midnight council of politicians resolved to make a bold move and arrest the generals in Madrid. They sent for the chief of the civil guard, a fine body of armed police and probably the most efficient force in Spain, and ordered him to act instantly. That officer point-blank declined to obey. The game was up. At four A.M. the prime minister, on behalf of the cabinet, telephoned to the King at San Sebastian and asked him to come as soon as possible to the capital. Virtually, they then renounced the problem, threw the responsibility onto the sovereign.

All that next day Madrid lived in a state of tension. The military were confined to barracks. The civil guard, in force, patrolled the streets. Anything might happen from moment to moment. But nothing did happen. All parties were waiting for the King.

He arrived on the morning of the fourteenth, and the premier met him at the railway station. The demeanor of the two men presented a striking contrast which was not a little commented upon by those present; the Marqués de Alhucemas was gloomy and depressed; the King was alert, brisk, smiling, in nowise like a man troubled by the startling event. They went together to the royal palace, and there the prime minister demanded the prompt arrest of the rebellious generals and the immediate convocation of congress.

The King replied: "Are you sure that the movement will cease with the arrest of these generals? Can you guarantee that the other garrisons will not imitate Barcelona and Saragossa?"

The premier could guarantee nothing. In fact, he did not know. He explained to the King that the movement had taken the government completely by surprise, as was evidenced by the fact that the minister for public works had gone to Barcelona the very night that Primo de Rivera had made his pronunciamiento.

The King then demanded four hours in which to reflect and to inform himself of the situation. The prime minister replied by presenting the resignation of the entire cabinet. It was accepted, and the King—in order, as he said, to avoid the possibility of a sanguinary conflict between two factions of the army—a strong minority of the army was decidedly hostile to the movement—telegraphed to Primo de Rivera at Barcelona, handed the government to him and requested him to come immediately to Madrid.

On the fifteenth General de Rivera, escorted to the station at Barcelona by enthusiastically cheering crowds, arrived in the capital—the dictator of Spain.

The day before, his personal enemy, Señor Alba, eluding the vigilance of the officers sent from Barcelona to watch him, had escaped from San Sebastian into France.

The Monarchy's Last Card

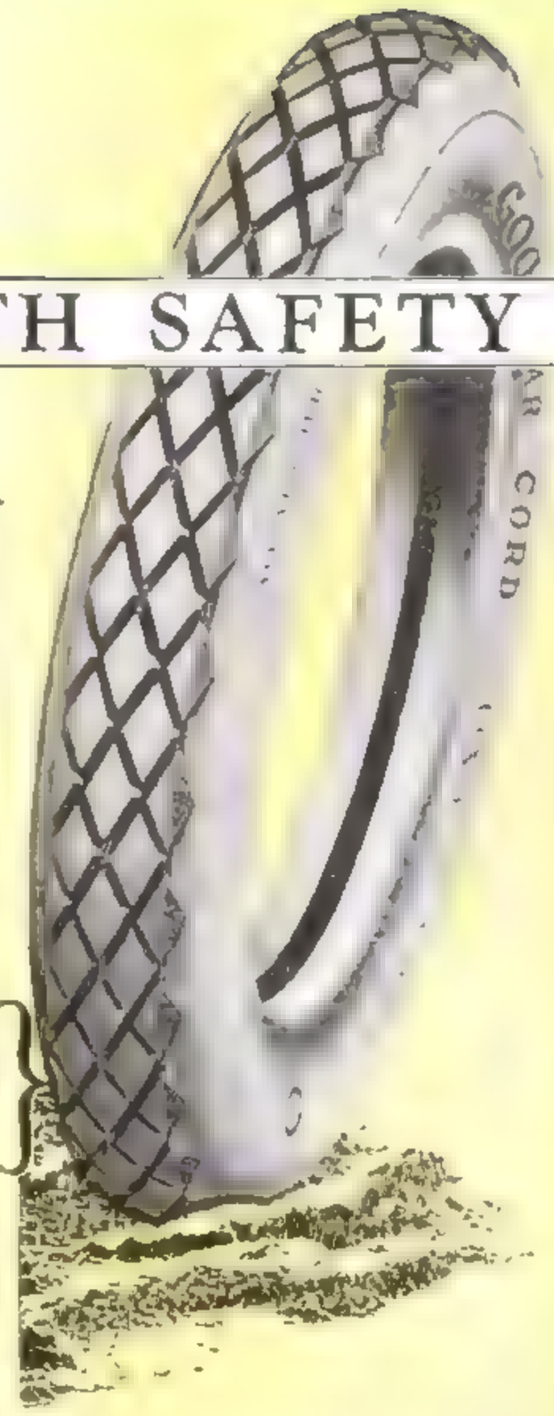
Thus was made the revolution which, to the stupefaction of the Spanish people, as the Spanish newspapers unanimously remarked, annihilated in a few hours the political structure of Spain, eliminated from any immediate prospect of further activity every politician in the country no matter what his party, and gave supreme power to a general acting through a directory of military chiefs. Whether that general really presents himself or is merely the agent of a higher personage is a problem discussed in whispers all over Spain. Certainly, whether King Alfonso was a party to the scheme before its execution or not—and there is no direct evidence of it—he was prompt to identify himself with its success. And unless there is that violent reaction of which there are already furtive rumors—a counter-revolution as hostile to the politicians as the other, made by a disaffected part of the army—he profits most by the new state of things. As wrote the exceedingly well-informed Madrid correspondent of the London Times, "The monarchy has played its last card."

But behind and transcending the conscious purposes of the men who happen to carry great revolutions into effect is frequently a deeper subconscious purpose of the nation itself of which these men have been merely the instruments. The revolution in Spain, following as it does upon the Fascist revolution in Italy, is a phenomenon of great significance in Europe. It could not have been made without the tacit support of the Spanish people. And the Spanish people, whatever they think about Primo de Rivera—and, in the main, they are reserving judgment—hold no two opinions about the "democratic" régime which has ceased. They spit upon its grave.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Austin. The next will deal with Spain under the dictator.

Crystal Peak From Lake George, Inyo National Forest, California

THEN YOUR CAR IS SHOD WITH SAFETY



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Its unusual thickness, and the extraordinarily dense and tough material of which it is made, assure extremely long wear.

Its deep-channeled symmetrical pattern, the big wedge-like keen-edged blocks that stud its design, attest its matchless gripping-power.

Its beveled outer edges, and the reinforcement at the base of its blocks, explain its quiet and vibrationless running.

Even more eloquent of the slipless, skidless service of the All-Weather Tread is the impress it leaves on the roadway.

There, clean-cut and unmistakable, it stamps the record of its reliable and sure-footed travel.

There, ridged and notched in the earth, is seen how this great tread clutches and clings, digging through for solid footing and security.

How it grips fast for traction under the drive of the engine, and hangs on for safety under the pressure of the brake.

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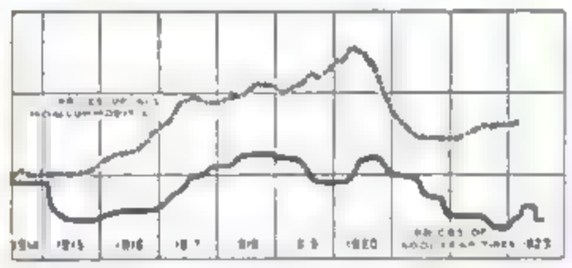
With such equipment, you can drive your car this winter in the confidence that it is shod with safety.

A GOOD TIME TO BUY GOODYEARS



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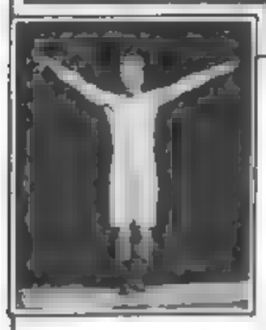

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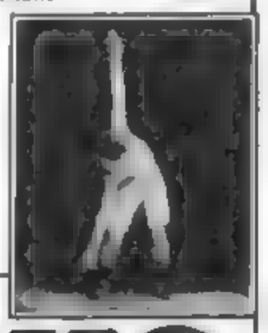
Provides the warmth that only WOOL can give—without the slightest scratch or restriction.

Soft warm absorptive Wool is so skilfully knitted into the AMHO fabric that its presence is never felt except in added comfort and service.

Maintains the body at an even, healthful temperature under all conditions.

If you are interested in keeping fit, send for our FREE BOOK,—containing Five complete physical culture exercises.



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American Hosiery Company
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

A WOLF IS A WOLF

Continued from Page 17

"Or mountain lions," I suggested.

"Yes," said Pete; "and the hills are full of wolves too."

Omar stirred uneasily and tossed away his cigarette.

"How about a mule?" he asked. "I've seen mules that fear nothing."

"No," said Pete. "You've got to get a wild animal that fights naturally and continuously. Well, good night, boys. Thanks for the buttermilk."

He clambered aboard his seven-passenger automobile and disappeared in the direction of Los Angeles, the lights of which flickered in the southern sky.

"How are we going to get any mountain lions around here?" Omar demanded.

"Advertise," I suggested.

"Good," said Omar. He then went to bed, thinking of several things.

"He's hooked," grinned Harmony when the little man's footsteps had ceased to echo. "It's mean, in a way, to play a joke on him, and yet it isn't a joke. Omar's a nice little man, though a coward. Our duty is to rid him of cowardice. If he believes himself to be a fighting fool he'll stand up to Joe Shuck. If he does that we have restored to him the self-reliance every man ought to have."

On the following morning Omar was up early, and when the Jap started for town on the two-ton truck the gland hunter was with him. There was an eager look in his eye, and when I ventured a question he said he was on his way into Los to put an advertisement in the paper.

"Fine," Harmony said later on, when I told him. "Now he's interested. If he don't get this wild animal I'll hustle out and dig one up myself."

When the newspapers came out to the ranch in the evening Omar brought me a copy proudly and pointed out his advertisement. It read:

> Wanted The wildest wild animal anybody can find, and the more vicious, the better.
> O. GILL, Swift Ranch, Roscovia.

There was immediate response to the advertisement, and for a week we did nothing but reject so-called wild animals. They started at house cats and ran up to Shetland ponies. One man brought what he said was a grizzly bear, and very wild. Omar favored a purchase.

"A bear is wild enough for me," he argued. "Who's going to have this operation anyhow?"

"You are," Harmony answered, "but we're paying for it, and we're not wasting money on bears."

I began to think, towards the end of the week, that California was peculiarly lacking in wild animals, but on Saturday morning there drifted into the ranch a team of mules hitched to a wagon, on top of which was a cagelike contraption of wire and wood. On the seat sprawled a farming citizen in overalls who named himself Rufus Karns and demanded to talk business. The three of us strolled out to the drive and entered into discourse.

"Is this the place where they want the wild animal?" he asked

We admitted the charge, and Omar introduced himself as the advertiser.

Mr. Karns climbed wearily down and put his whip in the socket. He was a serious-looking man of fifty, covered with wrinkles, dust, sunburn, and whiskers which straggled down from his chin in a discouraged loop.

He was what he called a dry rancher, living out on the Mohave Desert, where water is a surprise

"Gents," said Mr. Karns, after hearing Omar's requirements, "I got the wild animal you want. Take a look."

We could see in the cage in his wagon an uneasy quadruped moving about, muttering to himself and swishing a stubby tail, on the end of which was a knob of hair.

"What is that?" Omar asked.

"I don't know just what it is," answered the owner, "but if you want a wild animal that is wild, I'm here to sell him."

"Is he ferocious?" Harmony inquired.

"Is he? My good gosh! This animal which you are now looking at will chase a grizzly bear into a rain spout and eat the pipe. This four-legged hellion would chew up an electric dynamo and spit sparks. He's a terror. I never knew an animal as wild as this one. He's mad at everybody and he's getting madder."

"Well," said Omar thoughtfully, "there's such a thing as getting them too wild. I'm liable to inherit something."

We moved carefully around the wagon and surveyed the specimen, Omar standing slightly behind us, in case anything gave way. Mr. Karns knocked ashes from a clay pipe and resumed his selling talk. The beast surely looked truculent. He was brownish, with red and gray spots, shaggy hair and bangs that hid his mean little eyes

"I brang this thing up ever since it was a pup," Karns explained. "As a young thing, mind you, he was nice and friendly. Lick your hand and mew. But when he growed up—lick your hand, no. Eat your hand, sure; and the rest of you, including pants buttons."

It appeared that the what-is-it in the cage had come upon the Karns ranch as a mere infant, had been taken into the home by Mrs. Karns, and then proceeded to grow up and get nasty.

"Got him from a man named Houcks," Mr. Karns continued. "He's a rare animal, because he's half wolf and half wildcat; either that or mountain lion, with maybe a slight touch of jaguar. Figure it out yourself, gents. A wolf is wild enough, and a wildcat is plenty untame, but when you get 'em both in the same hide then you got something in the line of being wild -that is, if you're looking for wild animals."

We admitted that this had the sound of true logic. Omar was visibly impressed and wandered about the cage at a respectful distance. The strange-looking beast followed him with a baleful glare.

"In his youth," said Karns, "he was peaceful. All of a sudden he grew up and turned bitter. Went out one night, killed four sheep and two dogs and chewed the tire off a motorcycle."

"He did?" said Omar, surprised.

"He did. He like to killed my best mule, started to eat him up, beginning with the hind leg. He chased my wife into a well and half clawed her to death. My oldest boy is part cripple, and Virgil did it."

"Who did it?"

"Virgil. That's his name. He likewise run me up a windmill and kept me freezing six hours. He kills rattlesnakes with one bite, and if he was to get out of that cage this minute, us four would be duck soup."

Omar retired slightly. Obviously this was the animal we were seeking.

"Then he's a fighter," the little man said, his mind leaping ahead.

"He is," said Karns. "He's a fighting maniac, and he's always gloomy. He ain't never friendly to nothing, and I won't have him around any more, because he's a menace to life, limb and the pursuit of happiness. I sell him or I shoot him."

"How much?" asked Harmony Childs.

"One hundred dollars," Karns replied, and there began a financial argument that walked around the house a couple of times and eventually resulted in sale and purchase, the consideration being fifty dollars. Omar was at first in favor of renting Virgil for two weeks, but Karns spurned the offer. He sold outright, he said, or he killed.

When the deal was settled we began the delicate task of transferring Virgil to our henhouse, which contained no hens and was made of tough wire.

We set the Japs at work strengthening our defenses, because, as Karns pointed out, if Virgil once thought he could escape he would escape, and probably slaughter the population. Karns had lunch with us, borrowed plug tobacco, took his fifty fish and departed for his dry ranch on the desert.

"Don't feed him raw meat," he warned in departing. "He's mean enough."

"We won't feed him, at all," answered Omar. "We're going to get him good and sore."

Pete Swift, the celebrated two-handed surgeon, came out to see us the same afternoon, examined Virgil through the wire entanglements and declared himself satisfied as surgeon and scientist. Omar behaved in an anxious manner.

"When do we have this gland transaction?" he demanded. "Here we have the maddest animal in America, and I'm all set."

"Any morning," said Pete reassuringly. "It's a trifling operation; nothing to it at all."

"I heard that before," our patient declared, "and the next morning the widow was out pricing crape."

Now and then Harmony and I encountered Mr. Joe Shuck in Roscovia. Sometimes he was playing pool with the boys in the back room or at other times we would see him walking grandly in the sunshine with the fair Rosabel, who always seemed to me to be a confirmed flirt. Her manner towards Omar Gill was sympathetic, with a slight dash of scorn.

"I hate a coward," she said to him one morning, when he cornered her in front of the Dixie Drug Store. "I was fond of you, Omar, but I can't stand cowardice, so I just feel sorry for you."

"Keep your eye on me," he replied. "You're going to change your mind pretty sudden about me. I'll show you."

He then went hurriedly home, for fear of being seen by Joe Shuck. Pete Swift was busy carving people, and we had to wait for him. Of course, what we intended to do was merely to give Omar Gill a powerful dose of mental suggestion. Nobody intended to operate upon him, least of all, Pete Swift, who told me in confidence that all this bilge about glands is the bunk. You couldn't, said Pete, cure a mild case of blond dandruff with glands, and I believe him. Pete is a high-class surgeon, a little fat around the middle and intensely profane in his talk, but elegant with a knife. He has one of the swellest pay-as-he-enters trades in Los Angeles, and rich people crowd into line in front of his red-brick dormitory and plead with him to hone up and begin anywhere. And Pete had agreed to lend us his hospital, because, to make it convincing, we had to produce all the outward signs of a serious operation.

On Sunday morning Pete came out and said to Omar, "Don't eat anything for two days."

"All right," responded the victim, and he began fasting.

"And don't feed Virgil, either," Pete added. "The more irritable he is the better."

We followed instructions, and Omar wandered about the place, getting hungry. We secured a portable cage and got Virgil into it without loss of life, after which we propped it up on the heavy-duty truck, and with Mr. Gill sitting on the front seat, a trifle pale around the edges, we drove rapidly into town and pulled up before Pete's private repair shop. Pete was out on the front stoop to greet us, smiling cheerily. Pete never did look like a surgeon, but reminds you more of the escrow clerk in a bank.

A squad of eager young surgeons in linen dusters took charge of Virgil and dragged him and his cage into the main cutting room, where they shot him full of extract of anæsthesia, and tied him to an iron table with enough straps to hold the Leviathan on her back. Omar went in thoughtfully and joined Virgil on an adjoining table, whereupon the bright-eyed operators put him through the entire hospital curriculum, just as though Pete was intending to cut off both his legs and give him a new kidney.

I shall never forget the vision of that sanitary room, with Omar on one table, a question in his eye, and Virgil on the next slab, his four hairy legs pointing this way and that, and the white fur on his belly waving gently. Doc Swift hurried in and gave Omar a shot of something, just enough to pass him out for a minute, and during the minute he stabbed a hole in the victim's arm and smeared it with iodine. Surgeons stood about with flu masks to hide their mirth, and the tools of the trade gleamed everywhere. Omar opened one eye.

"How do you feel?" Pete asked.

"Fine," said Omar. "Are we starting; or is it over?"

"Over," said Pete, and he began tying a bandage on the arm.

"How's Virgil?" Omar asked.

"Unchanged," said Pete.

Virgil was in his usual condition after he came to, and proved it by trying to bite the arm off a young surgeon while they were shoveling him back into the cage. The surgeons departed, after complimenting our little hero. He walked up and down the room feeling his arm, and apparently waiting for something.

"Say," he said at length, "am I supposed to feel any different?"

"Not immediately," replied the surgeon.

(Continued on Page 65)

"A wise father tells his son"
"That car is three years old, son, and she's as good as ever
"Any good car will take a lot of punishment if you'll keep it properly lubricated
"And lubrication means more than oil It means Texaco Motor Oil, to my way of thinking
"You can't go wrong with Texaco in the crank-case See that you get the clean, clear, golden-colored Texaco every time you need a fill"
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
Run it with Texaco Gasoline
Save it with Texaco Motor Oil
TEXACO
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(Continued from Page 62)

"Oughtn't I feel like walloping somebody on the beezer?"

"Not today. Gland infusions don't work that quickly. It isn't until you actually get into a fight. You begin to get ferocious as you warm up."

"Is that so?"

"It is. For example, if I struck you a hard blow, which I will not, you'd come back at me like a wounded squill, and your new glands would begin functioning as you warmed up. I wouldn't like to have you get mad at me now, Omar."

Omar puffed out his chest, grinned at us, and the hospital episode was over.

Virgil had been loaded back upon the truck without disaster and we returned to our ranch, Omar maintaining a singular calm, apparently watching himself for signs of savagery.

"Now," said Harmony after supper, "the proper thing to do is to use these new fighting glands without losing time."

"That's my idea," Omar agreed. "They might fade on me."

"Tomorrow is Saturday, and there's the usual dance. What you want to do is dress up in your blue suit, go over to Rosy's, and take her to that dance."

"Where," I put in, "you will run into Joe Shuck."

"And that's what we want," said Harmony.

"Sure," agreed Omar, but there was doubt in his voice.

"Joe Shuck is going to get the surprise of his life," I chuckled. "Not knowing you are now a fighting fool, he will walk up and attack you."

Harmony burst into hearty laughter at the bare thought of it -of Joe Shuck walking to his doom. I laughed unrestrainedly. Omar laughed, too, but more moderately.

"And then," continued Harmony, "your fighting glands will begin, and the wild beast in you will spring to the surface. All I hope is that strong hands pull you off Shuck before you destroy him."

"Somebody'll have to pull me off him, hey?" Omar asked.

"Of course. Once you start you can't stop fighting, any more than Virgil can."

"H'm," said Omar. "I hope I don't kill him before they drag me off. I wouldn't want to disable this fellow, much as I hate him. And here's the funny thing about gland transfusions: I don't feel murderous right now. At this minute I'm calm."

I could see Harmony Childs stirring uneasily.

"Doc Swift explained all that," he replied. "Wildcat glands never burst into activity until you get mad, and you're not mad now. You won't be mad till Joe Shuck pulls your nose."

"I'll fix him!" Omar threatened. "We might as well get this over. I'll go see Rosy in the morning and invite her, and I know she'll go with me, because she'll be glad I'm brave again."

He walked out into the yard to think it over, and we could see his dim figure prowling in the direction of the henhouse.

"This has got to work!" murmured Harmony. "If it don't, then there's nothing in mental science."

At nine the following morning Omar Gill took his bicycle and started for the strawberry farm, found Rosabel at home, made his proposal and agreeably astonished the young woman, who had come to regard him as a perpetual poltroon. She believed that the little man would never dare to walk in public with her again, yet here he was, standing beside his bicycle and blithely asking her to accompany him to the same hall wherein he had been totally disgraced.

"Certainly, Omar," she said. "What's come over you?"

"I'm a changed man," he answered.

Meantime Virgil, the untamed, wandered irritably about the chicken run, as rampant and unapproachable as ever. Omar came home and studied him. Apparently here was one wild animal that could give up his savagery to science and still retain for himself a fair modicum of smoldering unamiability. The Jap lads kept Virgil in food and water, but did it with long sticks. His coal-black eyes sparkled with undying hatred of everything in the world over one inch high.

As the fateful hour of evening approached Harmony and I lolled nervously on the porch and smoked cigarettes. Omar appeared eventually, ready for the party and considerably dressed up. He wore a white waistcoat, a broad silk cravat, a pair of yellow shoes, gray spats, and he twiddled a cane. In his coat was a rosebud. His hat was a gray bowler with a white band.

"You look like you're going to a christening," said Harmony, astonished. "This is to be a fight, isn't it?"

"Yes, but the fight part will be short and sweet. They'll drag me off him, and that's all there is to it."

He summoned the Jap, who cranked the smaller of our trucks. Omar stepped up behind the wheel, and there was a serene confidence in his manner.

"Go over after a while," he said, "and watch this. This is going to be good."

"That's the spirit," Harmony said. "You are now a fighting whirlwind and nobody can whip you. Remember Virgil."

"I got you," said the hero, and the truck rumbled off down the lane.

We presently took the two-ton vehicle and started leisurely for Paradise Hall, our notion being to give Omar plenty of time to call for Rosabel and accompany her to the scene of carnage. When we parked outside the hall the place was beginning to fill with the dancing yokelry of the surrounding valley.

Harmony and I climbed the stairs and went to the same seats we had previously occupied, where we could gaze down unimpeded upon what was to be a striking demonstration of the power of mind over matter.

We had timed the occasion accurately, and there was no delay. Omar Gill's gray derby appeared in the main entrance, and beside him was the blooming lady, her face aglow with pride. When the dancers realized that the little man had again ventured out in public with the valley belle, there were murmurs of surprise and the straining of necks to see. Little groups gathered and pointed Omar out to one another. A gentle hush descended.

Two minutes later, and for all the world as though it had been rehearsed, Joe Shuck entered the hall, and at his appearance Omar handed his gray hat to Rosy to hold. A lane formed suddenly, reaching across the room, and down this lane came Joe Shuck, his jaw out, and his whole demeanor betraying intense annoyance. I could hear Harmony draw in a breath like a swimmer about to dive.

I observed Omar turn a shade paler as Rosy's friend neared him, but he stood his ground, and the dancers gathered joyously. Some of the girls squealed in anticipatory alarm. Rosabel stood defiantly at Omar's elbow, holding his derby, and Joe Shuck stopped.

"Say," he began in his loud braggart voice, so that all might hear, "I thought I warned you about being seen out with my girl. I gave you one lesson, didn't I?"

"Who are you addressing yourself to?" Omar asked in a voice that slightly shook.

"I'm talking to you, weasel face!" Joe snapped. "I said before if I ever saw you again with my Rosy I'd make you hard to pick up. Now I'm going to learn you a real lesson."

With that threat upon his lips the ex-jockey suddenly slapped Omar on the right cheek, a harsh resounding blow. The noise echoed through the hall and Omar grunted. His adversary waited an instant, reached over and slapped our comrade's other cheek, an even harder slap.

I waited tensely for Omar to leap upon Joe and rend him into mincemeat. Joe himself apparently waited for the same thing, but our Omar seemed stricken and petrified. He raised his hands slowly, feebly, doubling his fists, but he did nothing with them. Instead, his eyes roved uncertainly, in search of something. He turned and looked up at Harmony and me, as though bespeaking our aid. He gazed imploringly at Rosabel, who stood a pace away, waiting. He glanced at the ceiling beams and into the faces of the crowd, waiting expectantly, waiting for those wildcat-wolf glands to start working, so that he might smite this insulting fellow to the earth.

He waved his arms feebly, but not in the manner of a fighter tackling his job. In a surprised way, as though wondering what ailed his antagonist, Joe Shuck hit Omar in the stomach, doubling him up. Nothing resulting from this, he presently struck Omar on the nose, almost flattening it. A thin trickle appeared and crawled down his chin. And still he stood there, dumbly, helplessly, waiting for Virgil and the aid of modern surgical science.

"It don't work," Harmony said hoarsely in my ear. "He's a gone gander."

"Why don't you fight, you little rat?" Joe Shuck asked him, dancing about.

"Hit him back!" howled a voice in the crowd. "Go on, hit him—hit him, you little dummy!"

Joe Shuck began going around Omar like a cooper around a keg, hitting him at all points, knocking him this way and that. He turned Omar about and kicked him, not hard, but with indescribable insult. He pulled Omar's nose repeatedly, banged him in the ribs and finally floored him with a tremendous knock on the ear.

Our man arose unsteadily, his eyes slightly hazed, and staring up towards the balcony, as though seeking information. I made desperate gestures with both hands, indicating for Omar to begin fighting. The time had arrived. Harmony was leaning far over the balcony rail, at the imminent risk of his neck.

"Hit him!" he howled. "Great suffering sand dabs, hit him, you little hound!"

Omar could neither see nor hear. The crowd howled, once again, its insults and jeers. Rosabel Merkle had drawn away from Omar, her lips curled in a scornful sneer, and finally she threw his hat on the ground as though the touch defiled her. It was the most pitiable and disgraceful thing I have ever seen in my life, and I shall be forty-six years old on Christmas afternoon. My throat was dry from suppressed rage and humiliation. Mental science and suggestive therapeutics had failed us, and Doc Swift was a surgical liar.

The next few minutes are an unhappy blur to me. I recall that Joe Shuck chased Omar out of the dance pavilion, with the merrymakers shrieking derision. Not one blow had our human wildcat struck in defense of honor. If the first disgrace in Paradise Hall was bitter, then this was unbearable and fathomless. Presently Joe Shuck came back, wiping the dust from his fingers with a silk handkerchief. He strolled up to Rosabel, smiled pleasantly, took her arm, and they glided into a waltz.

The dancing began, just as though no great tragedy had befallen. The music fellows tootled their horns, and the fiddlers fiddled. Harmony and I slunk again from our seats, slunk down the aisle, disgraced and beaten men, sneaked out into the sheltering darkness and began looking for our two-ton truck.

"This is beyond words," he said as we started home. "It's awful."

"Yes," I agreed. "There's nothing to be done. We did all we could. We might stop and buy a nickel's worth of poison."

"You don't need a nickel's worth," he muttered. "Not for him."

Omar Gill disappeared completely for two mortal days, hiding himself from human sight. I learned afterward that he had spent his time under a haystack, eating Pete's celery and cabbages. When he did come back the ranch was progressing as usual, and Harmony and I were slowly recovering. Doc Swift had been informed of the test and its failure.

We were in our usual porch chairs, and the moon was creeping up over the barn. A dim shadow moved far down the lane.

"There he is," said Harmony.

It was he. He came on diffidently and hesitating, shuffling his feet through the dust. No word was said as he approached, and the silence was uncanny. Finally he sank down wearily upon the lower step and looked up at us like a pup that has been caught chasing little chicks. Immediately I began to feel sorry for him, because I have a soft heart. Not so Harmony Childs. In the grim silence we could hear Virgil, the wild beast, muttering and thrashing about his pen.

"Well," Harmony began slowly, "I wonder you've got the gall to come hanging around here."

Omar made no answer, but cleared his throat apologetically.

"That was the most disgraceful spectacle the human eye has ever seen."

"It was your fault," Omar said bitterly. "Yours and George's and Doc Swift's."

"Our fault?"

"Sure it was. You filled me with these bogus glands, didn't you? I'm no fighting man, and I know it. I'm peaceful. Your wildcat glands didn't work. They didn't work at all, because I kept waiting. Why blame me? I went there, didn't I? I was ready to fight whenever the glands were. I did what I could. I'm no fighter. You said they'd have to drag me off—hell!"

He rose eloquently and his voice became hoarse.

"Some Present" from "Dad"

What a wonderful thing it will be for any boy whose Dad makes it possible for him to take his first lesson on Christmas Day on his very own

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Plumb wedges keep this axe head tight!

INSTANTLY, with a turn of the Plumb Take-up Wedges, you retighten the handle of the Plumb Double Life Axe. Never again need you risk chopping with an axe that is loose on its handle.

Every axe with "the red handle, the black head and the name Plumb" has these wonderful wedges. No other axes can have them.

The head of the Plumb Axe has a spring temper. It will not batter or mash.

The eye is toughened by armor-plate heat treatment. It will not stretch nor buckle. Plumb Take-up Wedges (patented) keep handle tight in eye. Slot in wedges fits screw-driver blade. "A turn of the screw tightens the handle" whenever the wood shrinks or the head works loose.

The bit stays sharp. Tempered all the way through, it holds its splendid cutting edge.

Forged from one piece of solid steel, the Plumb is the axe for you. It is better balanced, easier to work with.

At hardware dealers'. Single bit, handled, $2.40; double bit, handled, $3 (except in Far West and Canada).

The RED HANDLE with the BLACK HEAD

TRADE MARK REG U. S. PAT OFF.

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Philadelphia, U. S. A.

PLUMB
DOUBLE LIFE

Hammers Hatchets
Files Sledges Axes

"I'm no fighter," he repeated; "and neither is Virgil, dog-gone his flea-bitten hide! He's a fake wildcat. He ain't got any more murder in him than a nickel's worth of Lima beans."

He then stalked upstairs moodily and went to bed, ignoring our demand that he stay and talk it over. We saw nothing of him for another day. He remained largely in his room, thinking of his infamy. When he did appear he growled at the Jap boys, ate by himself in the cellar and wandered aimlessly about the property, avoiding human contact.

His manner was downcast, as one who has suffered, but there was a curious gleam in his eye. I caught him muttering to himself several times, and on one occasion he was standing before Virgil's chicken run, staring in at the furry beast with a wondering expression. He shook his head, as though the puzzle was beyond his solving, and walked gloomily away.

It was Monday evening when Omar returned to the ranch in disgrace, and on Wednesday, about noon, Harmony and I encountered Rosabel Merkle in the Roscovia post office. At her side, in a new checked suit, was the redoubtable Joe Shuck, smiling pleasantly. I felt like handing him one on the nose. Rosabel stopped us.

"Mr. Childs," she said, "I'm sorry about Omar. I feel like I got him into that."

"You did," snapped Harmony.

"I like Omar," she continued. "He's awful nice, some ways. I'm really fond of him. But I like Joe Shuck too. This is Joe."

Joe nodded.

"I think they ought to be friends," the lady said, "instead of hating each other, and so I insisted on it this morning to Joe. Joe's going to Los to take a new job, and I said to Joe if he didn't want to be friends with Omar, then he needn't be friends with me either. Them's just my very words. So we are going over and make up with Omar before Joe goes to Los. I don't want any two gents hating each other over me. Am I right, Joe?"

"If I got to be friends with the little shrimp I will," Joe replied gloomily. "But I'm doing it for you, Rosy."

"See?" she said proudly. "Tell Omar we're coming over to call on him this afternoon."

They left us.

"What good does that do?" I asked.

"No good," said Harmony. "Anyhow, if Omar knew this peace party was coming he wouldn't be there."

We had no opportunity to inform our saddened mate that Rosy's heart had melted, because the two-ton truck had split its universal joint, and we were heading for the mechanic's. I spent an hour buying a new wash for peach scale, and by the time we started for home it was four o'clock.

We were rumbling along, still a quarter mile from the house, when we beheld Katsu, our youngest Jap. He was running rapidly towards us, the dust flying up behind him as he legged it briskly down the road. Harmony slowed and Katsu leaped upon the running board.

"Omar!" he gasped, his eyes round and scared.

"What about him?"

"Him gone crazy. Him take spoke bust into chicken coop wild wolf eat um up!"

"Is he dead?" Harmony asked as he stepped on the gas.

Katsu groaned and shook his head. Omar was not dead when he left, but Katsu thought he would be presently. We bounded down the lane, the truck careening as we went around the barn, and pulled up with a shrieking of brakes. There was Omar, alive still, inside the coop with Virgil.

His hat was off and his coat was off. His face was red and his eyes were yellow-white with rage, and in his hand he flourished an ordinary spoke, which he had snatched out of a buggy wheel. A large irregular rent in the netting indicated where he had gone in. We shouted at the little man, but he heard nothing. He was intently occupied with Virgil the tameless.

"You mule eater!" Omar was yelling at Virgil. "You and your wild glands! You will go and get me punched on the nose, will you?"

He then chased Virgil into a corner and hit him viciously with the spoke. Virgil howled bitterly. Omar ran him around and around and around the pen at breakneck speed, both of them falling over objects, but rising immediately. Once he caught the wild thing from the hills with a full-sized kick that lifted him half across the inclosure. Finally he hurled the spoke, made of hickory, and it hit Virgil on the skull and bounced high. Mr. Karns' dynamo chewer shrieked afresh and galloped on, whilst Omar returned to the attack, now with his bare hands.

My first feeling was that Virgil would kill Omar before we could do anything, but it began to dawn upon me that Omar would presently ruin Karns' pet. Howling like a banshee, Virgil dashed finally through the hole in the wire, leaving fur and skin, and Omar came bounding after him. We sat high on the truck, out of the danger zone and admired the spectacle. Omar's face was a fiery purple from heat and anger. Virgil cleared the buggy shed in one bound and headed south for the open spaces. Omar chased him across the yard, realized the futility of further effort, hurled a final rock and turned around, in time to see Rosabel Merkle drive up in her small car, with Joe Shuck sitting glumly by her side.

The dove of peace had arrived, but at an extremely unfortunate instant, because the lust of battle was still roaring through our little comrade's veins. He was chewed here and there, where Virgil had reached him, his pants were torn and there was blood on his nose. He recognized the little car and its occupants and without a word he started to run again, not away from the scene, but directly towards the callers.

I cannot truly tell what happened, because that same night, when Doc Pete Swift came out and begged to hear it, I tried to tell him, and Harmony said I left out all the good parts. At any rate, Omar seemed to rise into the air like a small balloon, and when he descended he landed on top of the astounded Joe Shuck, who had reluctantly come over to be friends.

The next instant Omar tore Joe loose from his moorings and hurled him violently from the car, ignoring the agonized shrieks of Rosabel. Omar jumped high into the afternoon sunlight and came down feet first upon Mr. Shuck's new checked suit, and from then on it was all Omar. In six minutes, larded with feminine shriekings, Mr. Joe Shuck lay motionless, his spirit fled, at least for the time being.

"You terrible little creature!" clamored Rosabel, who had lost her own hat in the mêlée. "You murderous brute! I'll have you arrested for this."

Omar was blowing hard, his face covered with bits of loose skin where either Joe or Virgil had scraped him. There was gore upon his brow, and his pants hung more precariously than ever; but he grinned through swollen lips and there was pride in his eye.

"You've killed him!" moaned Rosy, wringing her hands.

Omar bent over the prostrate gladiator, picked him up and dropped him in the rear seat.

"He's all right," he said thickly. "Take him away before he comes to, because I ain't responsible. I'm full of destruction glands and, believe me, they're working!"

He helped Rosy into the front seat, almost forcibly, I thought, while she continued to call him such names as came to her mind. As she turned to drive away, Mr. Shuck stirred slightly, and we heard afterward that a doctor spent two hours sewing him together.

Omar dropped wearily upon a bucket and began wiping off the stains of battle. Harmony and I hurried over and shook him by the hand.

"Fellow," said Harmony, his voice shaking with emotion, "you're all right! I'm proud to know you and be your friend!"

"I sort of lost control of myself," he said apologetically, looking up through an eye that was closing fast.

"You did so," I agreed, slapping him on the back.

Katsu then began hammering upon the supper bell.

"You know," Omar said thoughtfully, as he rose and headed for the house, "there may be something in this gland theory after all."

"There is," I admitted; "but not what most people think."

Five minutes later Omar Gill was carefully holding his bruised lips open with his fingers, eating bean soup, back in his old chair at the supper table, repatriated with his friends, and a respected and honored member of the household. From far across the fields came a mournful howl, which might have been Virgil, or just the sigh of an evening zephyr.

"No, Mr. Brown, it is NOT my fault. If you persist in buying cheap files, and won't let me put in some decent system, we will always be in a mess."

"Who can straighten out this mess?"

AS soon as you realize that your important papers should be, and can be filed and found more quickly than at present, you're ready for Baker-Vawter service.

Not new equipment necessarily. We make it and sell it—all good kinds—but our important job is finding out what to do; and how; the equipment is just the means of doing it right.

That's the service we offer: Better filing, quicker finding, savings of space. For instance, one of our files will give 25% more filing space, on the same floor area, than any other file. Our methods of indexing and transfer are elastic, thoroughly practical, speedy.

Materials are selected with the greatest care, and put together by craftsmen with lifelong training in the methods and standards of Baker-Vawter construction. We have a file for almost every purpose, a system for nearly every procedure. We don't fit your business to a system, but we do fit systems into your business where they are needed. Our advice is gratis to customers or prospective customers. Let us know your filing problems. We have a man near you.

The American Central Insurance Company of St. Louis writes us:

"Your steel sections meet our requirements in every respect. The rapid growth of our business made it necessary to conserve our floor space and we very fortunately decided on the installation of your five-drawer units on account of the increased filing capacity of from 20% to 25%.

"We are pleased to advise that the serviceableness and other features of your steel units prove a most profitable investment."

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Attach to your letterhead and mail

Baker-Vawter Company, Benton Harbor, Michigan
Please send me your filing booklet, "A file of distinction."

Mr. _____

P 12

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24

In his conduct of international affairs President Flivver was not quite so successful. There is no doubt that his efforts to settle the Franco-German reparations question were actuated by the highest motives, but European statesmen felt that his methods were ill chosen. When his peace ship, the U. S. S. George Flivver, landed at Bordeaux, laden with social workers, clergymen—of noncapitalistic affiliations—poets and artists, a storm of protest arose in the French press. His slogan, "Out of the Ruhr by April first!" did not seem to have the anticipated effect.

"I thought I could count on the support of the Junkers," declared the President bitterly.

The third year of his Administration was marked by his bitter fight with the Senate. The President's party had suffered heavily in the previous election, due to a new type of carburetor that had been put on the market by a rival concern. When the votes were counted it was found that the opposition had obtained a substantial majority. The first act of the new Senate was to order the removal of the red gasoline-filling pillars from the steps of the Capitol.

President Flivver refused a renomination. "I have given my best to my country," he said. "It would set a bad example to keep the same model for four years more." —*Newman Levy.*

Sons of Ok

I

OK, MY earliest ancestor,
Grabbed a club when he went to war.
Or the hard shin bone of a dinosaur.

It didn't hurt when he got a sock
On the coconut with a six-pound rock,
For his head was built like a paving block.

He kicked up a regular whale of a row,
But he didn't kill many—he didn't know how.
Ok was a lowbrow.

(Family ties are strong, but we
Seldom speak of our family tree.
Of course we're too well-bred to knock,
But we are ashamed of Grandpa Ok.)

II

Centuries passed, and Uncle Ik
Learned to fight with a sharpened stick.
This gave war a wonderful kick.

Every battle he bellowed through
Ik killed all of a dozen or two!
Mention his name and the world turned pale.
Ik had the universe by the tail.
On a pile of skulls he sat in state.
History called him Ik the Great.

(I mean no disrespect, but say,
How did those birds get that way?)

III

And then came Uk. He fought within
A union suit of rusty tin.
Take it from me, he sweat like sin.

The hot sun on the battlefield
Was like a furnace. In those sealed
Tin overalls the warrior felt
Exactly like a can of smelt.

And as the sun waxed hotter still,
Old Uk began to steam, until
He seemed to the appalled onlooker
A hot dog in a fireless cooker.

But where did all this hot stuff get him
When evening came and they upset him
And chiseled him out of his working pants
And sent him to bed in the ambulance?

Well, we admit that he had the will,
But he certainly didn't know how to kill.

Ok and Ik and Uk—that's why
We blush and pass their records by.
Their brows were low, their heads were flat—
Amateur butchers, and that is that.

IV

Now look at US—the perfect breed!
Into the press we eager feed
Those age-old lees of hate and greed—
Hideous things born in the time
Of Ok and Ik and Uk—the slime
Still dripping. . . . But we dip our hands
And fling the ichor o'er the lands,
And laugh to see the crop abound
With armed men springing from the ground.

We poison the air, and a thousand die;
We press a spring, and the Furies fly;
We press a spring, and a ship goes down
And thousands of women and children drown;
We press a spring, and the very earth
Quakes to our bidding and then gives birth
To a thousand hells. The blue sky rains
Dying and dead men. . . . On the plains,
When the war is over, we count the cost—
Millions maimed and millions lost;
Millions weeping above their dead;
Millions begging a crust of bread. . . .
The night comes down and our flags are furled,
And pestilence broods o'er a dying world.

V

Yes, Ok, my earliest ancestor,
Was a silly ass in the ways of war.
Still, though I blush for him the while,
I know that custom cramped his style.

Ok butchered with the best intent,
But he hadn't our enlightenment.
But, oh, how drab his life, and dull!
Ain't civilization wonderful? —*L. O. Reese.*

The Royal Road

OF OLD, the wight who planned to win
A corner in the hall of fame,
Or by annexing hordes of tin
Acquire a plutocratic name,
Soon found his task both long and irksome—
To reach the top, he had to work some!

No youth not made of proper stuff
Could ever hope to stand the goad.
The path he faced was steep and rough;
There was no plush-lined private road—
As one old philosophic gander
Remarked to youthful Alexander.

How different now! The dizziest heights
Are scarce above the lowliest head.
The stairs of fame, in easy flights,
Stretch up for any man to tread.
Our modern methods, swift, efficient,
Soon make you wealthy, wise, omniscient.

In fifteen minutes every day,
Perusing certain classic screeds,
The veriest dunce may store away
Culture enough for all his needs.
No trade's so hard you can't see through it
If you but put your evenings to it.

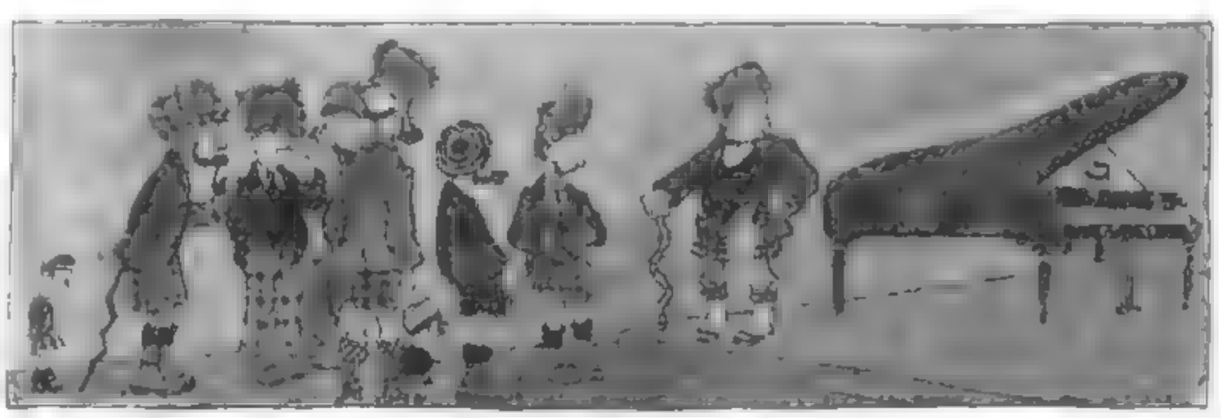
Then, if you find you're timid still,
A trifle doubtful of your worth,
A course in Blankton's Power of Will
Will let you dominate the earth.
And any weakness then remaining
Is cured by Fischman's Memory Training.

All homage pay to modern ways
By which the very humblest man
May scale the peaks of pelf and praise
On such a sane and simple plan!
(Where prizes are such easy winning
There's small incentive for beginning!)
—*Ted Olson.*

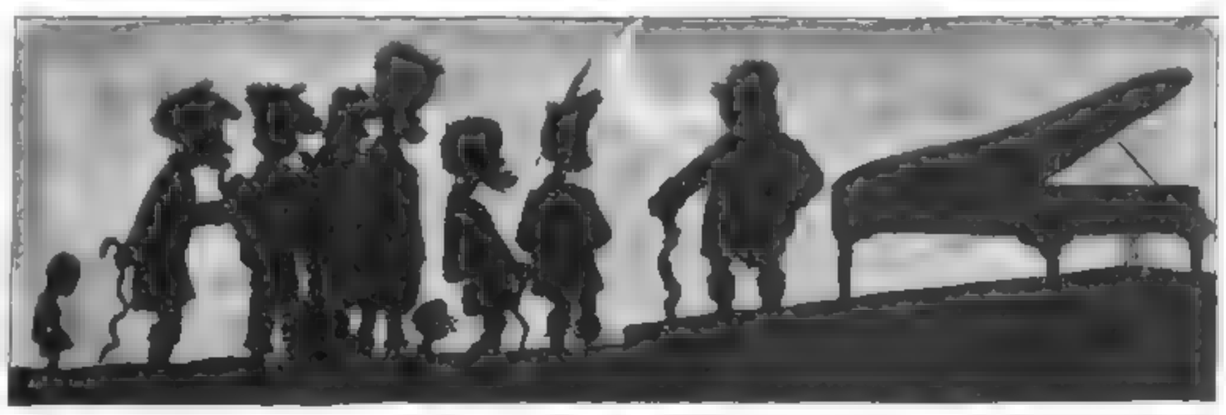
An Auction in Scotland

4 P.M.

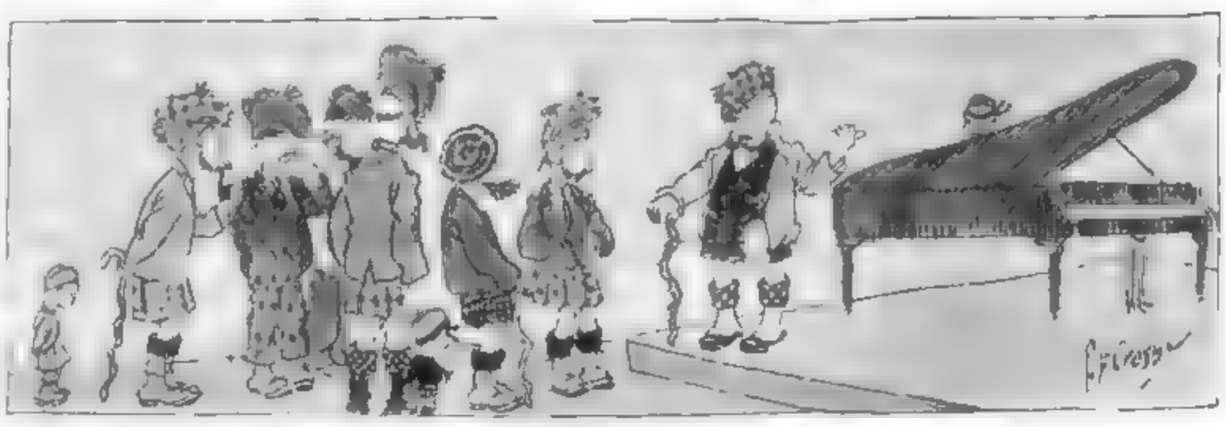
"How Much am I Offered for This Fine Grand Piano?" "Five Shillings!"



8 P.M.



Midnight



5:58 A.M.

"Ay, and Who'll Make it Five Shillings Sixpence?"

Radioese

"BE CHUMMY with your little boy.
Be friendly with your son."
I read the good advice with joy;
I cried: "The thing is done!"
I took my little boy apart.
I said: "Be friends with me!
Come, tell me all that's in your heart
And I'll be just as free."

My son replied: "Oh, dad, how nice!
We're partners, then. Let's go!
I need your help, your sage advice;
There's much I wish to know.
What do you think I ought to do
For my inductance coil?
The static cuts my hook-up through.
Do rheostats need oil?

"Do you believe my neutrodyne
Should reflex as it does?
This variometer of mine—
How can I stop its buzz?
Do ticklers help a solenoid?
Are spider webs O.K.?
What honeycomb should be employed
To pick up RXA?

"Are double circuits quite the thing
For any crystal set?
Why does my variocoupler sing?
What megohm should I get?
I tune my wave length by the grid,
There's not a contact foul.
Oh, tell me, can my set be rid
Of tendencies to howl?"

"My boy," I said, "I think you're right
Go to it, son, and win!
Your dad's behind you in your fight,
He'll stick through thick and thin."
With that I reeled away distraught;
My nerves were all unstrung
To find that I, to share his thought,
Must learn another tongue!
—*Gorton Carruth.*

The Barbarian

THROUGH Dickens' works I tried to wade
Perspiringly, laboriously;
The effort wearied me and made
Me speak of Charles censoriously.
In Shakspere, Thackeray and Pope
I sought with earnestness and hope
To find some edifying dope,
And failed, alas, ingloriously.

I thought that opera would cheer
Me gently and euphoniously,
And symphony my untaught ear
Would tickle quite harmoniously.
I thought if to their haunts I'd fare
I'd find them more than din and blare,
And that for both I'd learn to care—
I found I thought erroneously.

There are a few folks, I suppose,
Who cheerfully and airily
Seek out these highbrow books and shows,
And do it voluntarily.
Most persons find them dry and tough;
Their liking for all classic stuff
Is unadulterated bluff—
That's what I think—yea, verily!
—*Edmund Moberly.*

Page the Insurance Adjuster

AUNT Mattie Middleton dropped her teeth
Of finest rubber and celluloid
Into the fire; can she make a claim
For interior decorations destroyed?
—*May Williams Ward.*

Rickenbacker

A • CAR • WORTHY • OF • ITS • NAME

This Christmas

Put the Family on a Two-Car Basis

The titular head of the family—meaning you, Mr. Man!—is not the only one whose time is valuable.

Time was when you imagined you couldn't afford to own one automobile.

Today, the average family of assured social and commercial standing cannot afford to "get along" with less than two cars.

Even two is the minimum—for many families now have as many kinds of cars in the home garage as they formerly had carriages.

And, by the way, do you recall the average family had as many as eight different styles of carts, buggies, phaetons, surreys, victorias, etc.?

Not millionaires either—just reasonably well-to-do families.

Yet the average man considers one car sufficient.

True, he does often buy a great big car that will carry the whole family on occasion.

And then uses it to carry one—himself—mostly!

Isn't that the most expensive possible way to motor-equip a family?

Now "Her" time is just as valuable as yours. It is a 50-50 proposition. Her sphere of activity has broadened too. Her household and social affairs cannot wait nor be neglected any more than yours.

She needs a car to use, when you have the one family car elsewhere—uselessly parked downtown perhaps.

You need a car of course. Simply couldn't do without one. She—and the rest of the family—need another.

And if there is a grown daughter or son—a third car is really essential.

Let's suggest a coupe and a sedan; or a 5-passenger open car (a phaeton) and a sedan or coupe.

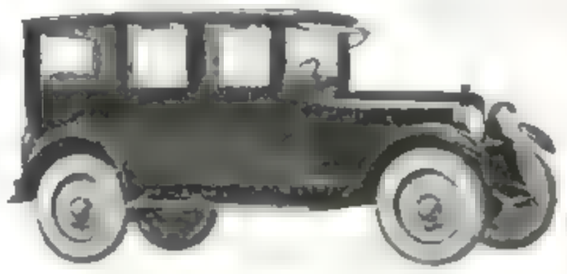
Then you and she will be free to move about your concerns or your pleasures independently.

If there is a big party, you will take both—and then you have seats for eight or nine—instead of five.

Efficiency and economy dictate this course quite as much as fairness—and your love for her.

This Christmas put the family on a two-car basis!

RICKENBACKER MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.



The luxurious 5-passenger Rickenbacker Sedan is [illegible] car. It is light in [illegible], comfortable to ride in and [illegible] in the world to drive. Handsomely upholstered and fitted with the most up-to-date interior appointments.

The [illegible] Rickenbacker Coupe is a beautiful car from [illegible]. It runs beautifully—steers [illegible] rides beautifully. Just touch the accelerator and she is lost in the distance before you realize it. Here is one of the most gracefully designed models on the market.

There is probably no other touring phaeton on the market that gives such satisfaction as this model. Due of course, to its many advanced engineering refinements—4-wheel brakes, tandem fly wheels, the air cleaner—these and many other features found in all Rickenbackers.

RUDOLPH WURLITZER SR

WURL

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE WORLD'S LAR

Mt. Auburn Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati

St. Charles Borromeo Roman Catholic Church, Detroit

Baptist Temple, Philadelphia

Sinai Jewish Temple, New York

Isaac Temple, Cincinnati

City Auditorium, Denver

Rialto Theatre, New York

Chicago Theatre, Chicago

Metropolitan Theatre, Los Angeles

Residence of Leon F. Douglass, (of the Victor Talking Machine Company), Menlo Park, Calif.

The Most Wonderful Organ *in the* World

THE Wurlitzer Unit-Organ is, first of all, a majestic cathedral organ with a grandeur of tone produced by no other instrument. From the great thundering bass of pipes weighing half a ton each to the most delicate arpeggio in the treble coming from pipes no larger than a pencil, every note and every shading of expression are under instantaneous electrical control from the console.

Because of new features in organ construction that have been developed in the Wurlitzer factories, an almost infinite variety of volume and shading is attained. To the soft, delicate beauty of the organ tone there has been added a color, a brilliancy, a living quality that you have never heard in an organ before.

The most wonderful feature of the Wurlitzer Unit-Organ, the feature in which it differs from every other pipe organ, is the fact that it will reproduce, to the finest shading of tone quality and expression, the music of every known musical instrument!

Would you hear a violin solo with a harp accompaniment? Or would you listen to a string quartet or the classic music of a Symphony Orchestra? In the Wurlitzer Unit-Organ you may have any of these—any instrument or combination of instruments you desire—so accurately reproduced that it seems that you must be hearing the instruments themselves

Even dance music, formerly an awkward and pondercus impossibility on an organ, can be played with all the spirit and rhythm of the best of syncopated dance orchestras. And the Wurlitzer Unit-Organ may be played by a roll with exactly the same expression as manually—a fact to remember when considering it for home use. Truly this is the most wonderful organ in the world!

In churches, theatres, auditoriums, lodges, hotels and homes throughout the country you will hear the Wurlitzer Unit-Organ Of the installation in the Community Church at Pocantico Hills, New York, Mr. Barron G. Collier says: "The organ has not only been entirely satisfactory but has seemed to exceed the expectation of nearly everybody. The comments of Mr. John D. Rockefeller as well as Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., were of an entirely complimentary character, which of course was very gratifying to me, as it must be to you."

Cecil B. DeMille, one of the world's greatest motion picture producers, of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, has a Wurlitzer in his new home at Los Angeles. The music for the new films he is producing will be worked out on this organ in his home.

Wurlitzer Unit-Organs are designed to meet every need, from great theatre and auditorium installations at $100,000.00 and more down to the smaller residence organs costing as low as $5,000.00.

If you are building a church, theatre, auditorium, lodge, hotel or residence, send us a copy of the plans and we shall be glad to furnish you, without any obligation on your part, a detailed description, specifications and price of the organ that suits your needs, as well as our advice as to the best location and correct installation.

In addition to those illustrated, the following are a few of the many Wurlitzer Unit-Organ installations throughout the country

Fenway Theatre, Boston
[illegible] Pawtucket
[illegible] Theatre, Providence
Majestic Theatre, Providence
W. H. Bristol Residence, Waterbury, Conn.
Tivoli Theatre, Newark
Branford Theatre, Newark
Community Church, Pocantico Hills, N. Y.
Germantown Theatre, Philadelphia
Loew's Aldine Theatre, Pittsburgh
Davis' Grand Theatre, Pittsburgh
Cameo Theatre, Pittsburgh
Stanley Theatre, West Palm Beach
Shea's Hippodrome, Buffalo
Lafayette Square Theatre, Buffalo
First Presbyterian Church, Utica, N. Y.
Tivoli Theatre, Chicago
[illegible] Theatre, Chicago
[illegible] Temple, Cleveland, Ind.
[illegible] Theatre, St. Louis
[illegible] Residence, St. Louis
[illegible] Methodist Church, Birmingham
[illegible] Church, Tuscaloosa
[illegible] Theatre, Dallas
[illegible] Theatre, San Francisco
[illegible] Theatre, San Francisco
C. B. DeMille Residence, Los Angeles
Thomas Ince Residence, Los Angeles
Grauman's Egyptian Theatre, Hollywood
Liberty Theatre, Seattle
Liberty Theatre, Portland, Ore.

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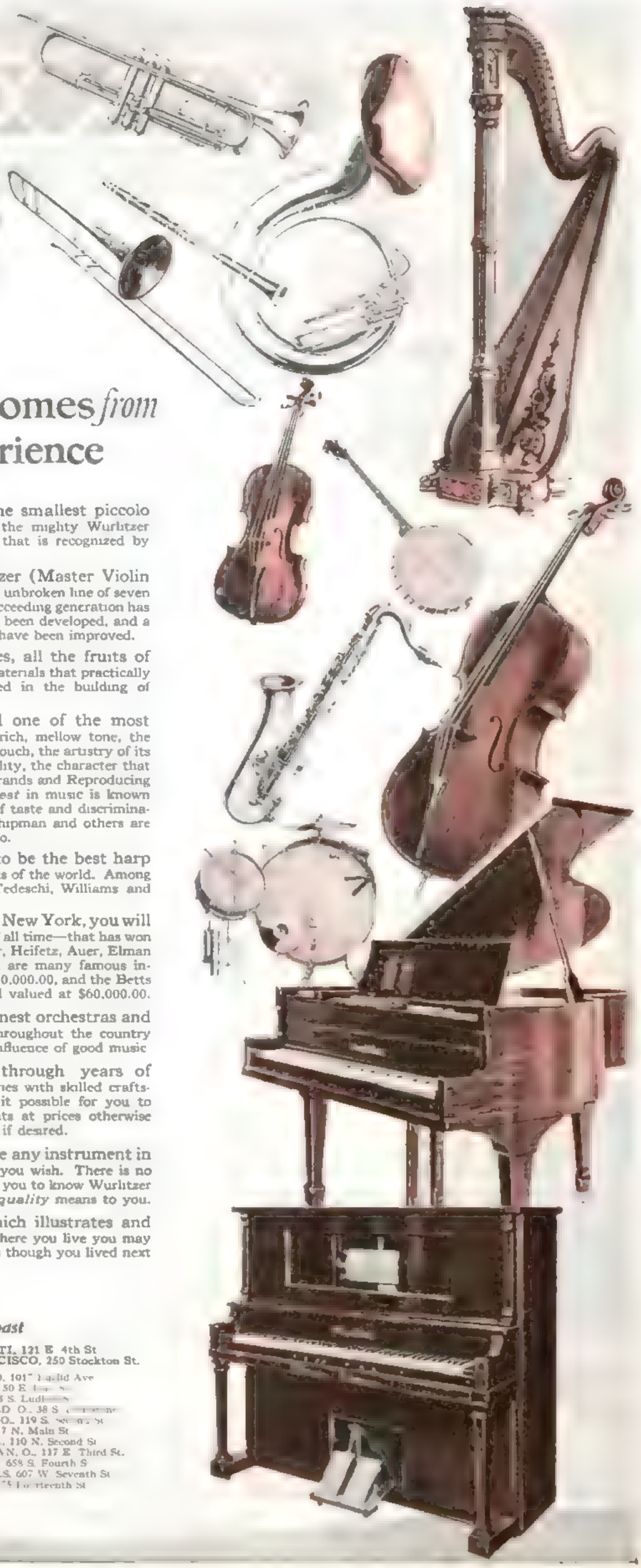
LITZER

GEST MUSIC HOUSE

The Quality That Comes *from* 200 Years' Experience

IN every Wurlitzer instrument, from the smallest piccolo to the splendid Wurlitzer Grand Piano and the mighty Wurlitzer Unit-Orgon, you will find quality—a quality that is recognized by great professional musicians and amateurs alike.

From the time of Hans Adam Wurlitzer (Master Violin Maker-1732)—the craft has come down through an unbroken line of seven generations. To this great musical heritage, each succeeding generation has added a wider experience as new instruments have been developed, and a greater technical skill as methods of manufacture have been improved.

Today in the great Wurlitzer Factories, all the fruits of these two centuries' experience, and the finest of materials that practically unlimited resources can command, are combined in the building of Wurlitzer instruments.

In the Wurlitzer Piano you will find one of the most eloquent examples of *Wurlitzer quality*. The rich, mellow tone, the sympathetic response to the slightest variation of touch, the artistry of its workmanship—in these you will recognize the quality, the character that has made Wurlitzer Pianos—Uprights, Players, Grands and Reproducing Pianos—especially favored in homes where the *best* in music is known and appreciated. They are the choice of people of taste and discrimination—Ethel Barrymore, "Billie" Burke, Helen Shipman and others are among the prominent users of the Wurlitzer Piano.

The Wurlitzer Harp is acknowledged to be the best harp made and is used by prominent harpists in all parts of the world. Among these are Salvi, Grandjeany, Sodero, Sevasta, Tedeschi, Williams and hundreds of others.

In the magnificent Wurlitzer Building in New York, you will find a collection of rare Old Violins—the greatest of all time—that has won the admiration of such master violinists as Kreisler, Heifetz, Auer, Elman and Ysaye. Among the violins in this collection are many famous instruments, as the Le Duc Guarnerius, valued at $50,000.00, and the Betts Stradivarius, recently added to the collection and valued at $60,000.00.

Wurlitzer instruments are used in the finest orchestras and bands. Into hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the country Wurlitzer has brought the pleasure and refining influence of good music

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, through years of experiment, enormous resources, wonderful factories with skilled craftsmen working under ideal conditions, has made it possible for you to obtain the highest quality in musical instruments at prices otherwise unobtainable, and at unusually convenient terms if desired.

Call at any Wurlitzer store and ask to see any instrument in which you are interested. Examine it, play it if you wish. There is no obligation. If you are interested in music we want you to know Wurlitzer instruments and to understand what *Wurlitzer quality* means to you.

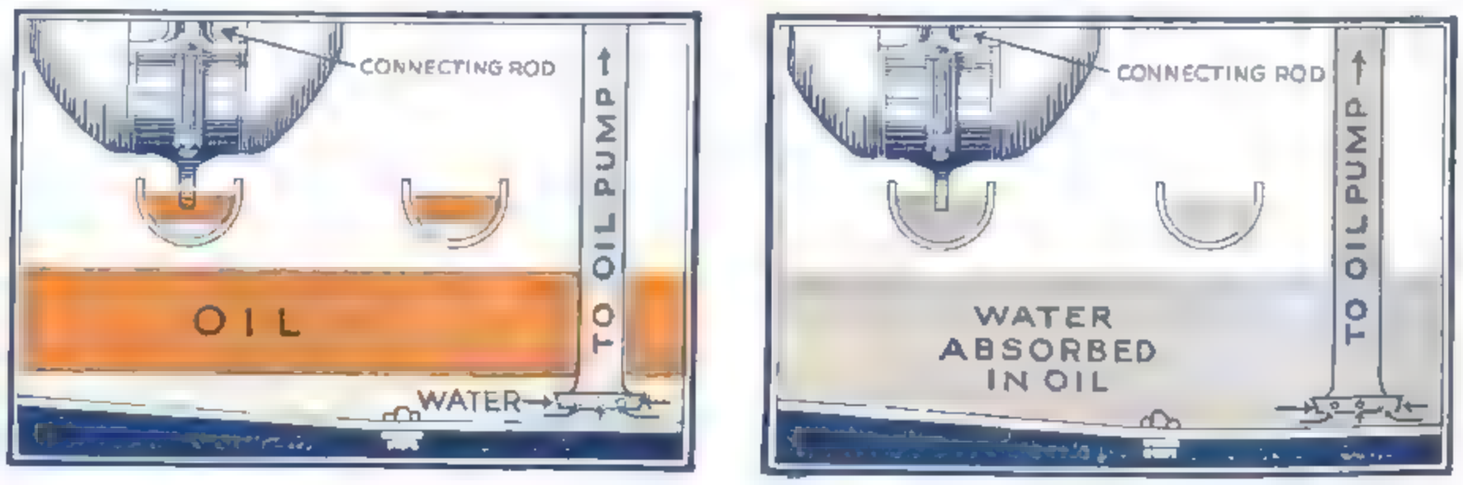
Or send for the Wurlitzer catalog, which illustrates and describes every known instrument. No matter where you live you may buy any Wurlitzer instrument by mail as easily as though you lived next door to the largest store.

Stores from Coast to Coast

NEW YORK, 120 W. 42nd St.
CHICAGO, 329 S Wabash Ave.
CINCINNATI, 121 E 4th St
SAN FRANCISCO, 250 Stockton St.

BOSTON, 841 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA 311 Chestnut St
PITTSBURGH 615 Liberty Ave.
BUFFALO, 674 Main St.
NIAGARA FALLS, 333 Third St.
ROCHESTER, 364 E. Main St.
SYRACUSE, 558 S Salina St
DETROIT, 339 State St
MILWAUKEE 421 Broadway
ST LOUIS, 1006 Olive St.
KANSAS CITY 1114 McGee St.
CLEVELAND, 1017 Euclid Ave
COLUMBUS, 50 E [illegible] St
DAYTON, 133 S. Ludlow St
SPRINGFIELD O., 38 S [illegible]
HAMILTON O., 119 S. [illegible]
PIQUA, O., 417 N. Main St
IRONTON, O., 110 N. Second St
MIDDLETOWN, O., 117 E Third St.
LOUISVILLE 658 S. Fourth St
LOS ANGELES, 607 W Seventh St
OAKLAND [illegible] Fourteenth St

Co., Cincinnati, Ohio



A motor oil that absorbs water

It proves that oil and water can mix and protects your motor from serious damage

Water in your motor? Of course.

You don't have to know much chemistry to understand how it gets there.

Your carburetor mixes gasoline—composed of Hydrogen and Carbon—with air—Oxygen. Combustion takes place; and leaves carbon dioxide and water. The amazing fact is that every gallon of gasoline consumed creates slightly over a gallon of water.

The United States Government has equipped its dirigibles with condensing tanks to save the water which is blown out of the exhaust.

Dirigibles must run with the weight uniform.

You can easily see that if a dirigible consumes 500 gallons of gasoline that the weight of the ship is some two tons less. The condensing tanks recover about a gallon of water for every gallon of gas consumed and keep the weight constant.

What becomes of the water in your car is a question every motorist who values his car ought to know about. Most of it goes out the exhaust as vapor. Take a look at your exhaust some cold morning when you start your car. The vapor condenses on the cold metal and drips to the ground.

But here is what you can't see: The moisture which is not blown out runs down your cylinder walls. It cuts paths through the oil film and leaves unprotected surfaces.

This condition is the beginning of trouble.

Some of this water gets into your crankcase where it joins the condensed vapor always generated on cold days.

This free water may freeze and wreck your pump or it may be carried to bearing and cylinder walls with the oil and prevent proper lubrication.

You need an oil which will absorb water and make it harmless—Sunoco Motor Oil.

The special refining process by which every type of Sunoco is wholly distilled, gives Sunoco the unique ability of absorbing water. So far as we know, it's the only oil possessing that remarkable virtue. Thorough tests have shown that Sunoco can absorb a considerable percentage of its own volume of water without any loss of lubricating ability.

When you drain your crankcase and find a grayish-white emulsion flowing from it, you may be sure that the oil has absorbed some water; and that your engine is safe and unharmed.

The best way to save money in operation and upkeep of your car is to use the right lubricant. Sunoco is wholly distilled; as pure as distilled water; every type a good lubricant. One of those types is right for your car.

Start right now and have your crankcase drained of old oil and refilled with Sunoco.

Every Sunoco dealer has a Lubrication Chart. It shows the type for your car.

This car owner tested Sunoco at 10° below zero

"The writer, driving a Dodge touring car, has experienced no end of trouble with lubrication during the duration of the cold weather, due to crankcase sweating and this moisture freezing around the pump screen. This, of course, necessitated frequent changing of oil, an expensive operation, especially when done sometimes two and three times a week. Since using Sunoco Motor Oil, this trouble has all been eliminated, and as a test, the writer left his car standing out all night February 3rd, 1923, when the thermometer registered 10° below zero. However, in the morning, the motor started promptly and the oil pump registered full pressure."

(We'll give you his name if you want it)

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*
SUN OIL COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL
Branches and Agents in Principal Cities - Dealers Everywhere

Manufacturers of
SUNOCO
Spray Oil
Cutting Oil
Pressure Lubricant
Greases
and other petroleum products

SUNOCO
THE DISTILLED OIL

THE GREAT SNOW MACHINE

Continued from Page 15

now generates over 70 per cent of the total energy being utilized within that state, according to official government data.

Indeed, the very companies which are spending literally hundreds of millions of dollars in a gigantic harnessing of the mountain waters are always ready to fall back upon oil to generate the electric current which they sell for lighting and power. There are only two commercial methods of making electric current: One from the fall of water, and the other from a steaming process, which means the burning of fuel, either coal or oil. The water-power companies have oil-burning steam plants to fall back upon in case of emergencies, especially droughts or other failures of the water.

Not only is the first cost of hydroelectric plants very great, but it takes years to construct them. But in the meantime the increasing demand for current can be taken care of by means of oil-burning steam plants. Then the steam plants are reduced, or backed off, as the saying is, and held in reserve for still another increase in business. In other words, more customers can be taken on than the immediately developed water power warrants.

But the use of oil for generating energy does not really detract from the vital need of water-power development in the West if that section continues to grow. For one thing, the greatest single demand made upon oil is by the steam railroads, which burn it in their locomotives, not only in California but in the whole Southwest. For this reason there is probably no part of the world where the consumption of oil is anywhere near as great per capita as in Southern California and Arizona. Nearly 40 per cent of all the fuel oil used in California goes into the fire boxes of steam locomotives.

Then again, the supply of oil is too uncertain a quantity for any portion of the country to gamble its future wholly upon this single fuel. Water power in California took its great start some years ago when oil was scarce and high priced. It has been plentiful of late, but it may not remain so.

To an increasing extent oil is being used to propel steamships. World shipping is rapidly turning to oil, there being more than 3000 oil-burning vessels today as compared with 500 in 1914. Water power cannot be transported far, a few hundred miles being considered a miracle. But oil can serve the entire world. It can be carried anywhere, and the world's marine will bid it away from land users whenever it becomes scarce.

Moreover, the whole tendency in the oil business is to break it up more and more into its component, more highly refined and thus more valuable parts, rather than to sell it as crude fuel for steam generation.

"There is no profit in producing fuel oil," the president of one of the world's largest oil companies told the writer not long ago. "The margin is too small."

Western Coal

Thus despite California's great recent production of oil the development of water power is certain to continue. It seems to be part of the progress of science and industry for the cruder commodities and processes to find just as valuable although different uses when finer substitutes are found. Thus gas took the place of kerosene for lighting, but gasoline was found to be a more valuable constituent of oil. Then electricity took the place of gas for lighting, but gas was put to many new industrial uses.

In the same way coal in the West, if it ever does become available in large quantities, may prove more valuable for smelting and metallurgical processes than for fuel. If enough water power is developed, if oil becomes scarce, if the world's marine continues to use oil, the steam railroads in the West may turn to electricity.

But whatever the future demand for electric power in the Western country, we know at least that energy generated from the fall of water consumes nothing. Unlike wood, coal and oil, there is no using up, no wastage, no diminution, no exhaustion of Nature's resources. There is a maximum of production with a minimum of consumption. Once the great initial investment is made, power is delivered forevermore in the most direct and simplest possible manner, on a line as straight as an arrow.

The water is renewed each year. It never wears out. It is perpetual power from the perpetual play of Nature's forces. Mining, oil wells and lumbering exhaust, either absolutely or relatively, the resources of Nature. Water is as inexhaustible as the atmosphere, the oceans, the clouds and the earth. In any case it will flow after the oil and coal are gone.

As power from water is developed, the coal and oil are saved for higher purposes, or at least the life of the deposits is increased. More than that, when a water-power plant is once constructed a minimum of man power is required to operate such a system. It takes hundreds, even thousands of men to build power houses, dams and reservoirs; but once finished, such works almost operate themselves. They are thus at the other end of the labor pole from coal mines and railroads, where vast armies of men, usually restless and discontented, are needed at all times to supply the country or even any one section of it.

Economic Savings

It is said that from the mine to the furnace in the electric plant, including transportation, sixteen men are needed to mine, transport and stoke coal into a power house, to every one man required in operating a water-power generating plant. While oil reduces the ratio, it is still far in excess of water power. It may be an exaggeration, but the statement is made that if all power in this country were generated from falling water there would be a saving of labor in the coal mines and in transporting coal of 1,500,000 men, as well as 1,000,000 freight cars and 40,000 locomotives.

Coal mining means great masses of men, often ignorant and disposed to strike. The few operatives in a power house are a more intelligent, settled and stable type of labor, and too few in number in any case to present a serious labor problem.

Water, moreover, can be used over and over and for all manner of purposes. After generating electricity in the hills, it flows unimpaired to the lower valleys, where it is used for irrigation. Just as air is unimpaired by contact with a windmill, so water is still useful even though it has passed through the power house.

Fundamentally, the generation of hydroelectric power in California, as well as in numbers of other places, is to collect or store in reservoirs or artificial lakes at high altitudes a certain amount of water, and then drop it by steps down the mountain side, making it do service along the way. The water may be used five times, ten times, or even more.

There are almost an infinite number of potential combinations and permutations of the two major elements, a certain amount of water and a certain amount of fall, or drop. The combination which is worked out depends upon the most economical use of the water, the availability of capital and the demand for power down below. In any case there are usually reservoirs, one or more, often tunnels, one or more, always power houses and transmission lines, all links in the chain.

Water is found in California only in the mountainous areas, which are wholly unfitted for agriculture or for urban life. Seven-eighths of the agricultural areas, on the other hand, lie below the 2500-foot level, while nearly all the water-producing region is above that altitude, much of it rising to 10,000 feet and more. It is a steep and rugged country, with swift-flowing streams and sheer declivities down which the waters tumble on their way to the sea.

Thus the mountains always can remain intact for the unimpaired generation of power, and the waters can then be re-used on the lower levels for domestic, agricultural and industrial purposes. Indeed, the more the latent power is developed the more water there will be for the habitable regions below. For power development means the impounding, the storage of waters which have for untold ages rushed down the mountain sides in flood season only to ravage the country below.

Every new reservoir means more adequate flood control and a larger and steadier supply of water for the irrigator in the dry seasons. Moreover, the building of tunnels prevents evaporation in the open cañons and saves great quantities of water for the irrigating season. The inevitable result of the development of power is a conserved and equalized flow of water for the farmer.

The power companies are not paid for water which they conserve and deliver to the farmers down the line, nor should they be. They conserve it for the farmer, but deserve no credit for doing so, for the greater their storage capacity the less they must depend upon auxiliary steam plants in dry seasons. Like the miners of the '50's, they have had to learn by bitter experience that only reservoirs will carry them through droughts with an adequate water supply.

Then, of course, the more water the power companies can impound, control and release to the farmer the greatert he latter's prosperity and the larger his own purchase of power. California still has many millions of desert acres the reclamation of which means new business for power companies as well as for other industries.

It is a question over which no one need squabble whether power follows population and property or whether it comes first. Of course, no investor will put money into reservoirs, dams and tunnels unless he believes there will be people and industries to use the juice. There must be demand. But unless power is available at the right time, growth cannot take place, and the very act of supplying it stimulates still further the reclamation of land, the influx of population, the erection of buildings and the development of new industries.

A. Emory Wishon, general manager of one of the companies which serves the great central valley of the state, has worked out tables which show exactly what any given amount of new power means to a community. The application of these figures has come to be known as Wishonizing, and it is a cheerful occupation for a country which seeks filling up. It is an effort to think of electrical development not in technical or scientific terms but in those of lands, houses and people.

Gigantic Enterprises

Such figures start with farms, which must be irrigated and are commonly cared for in the central or San Joaquin Valley by means of electrically driven pumps. On each farm there is at least one house, and one house in the country means two in the town. That means offices, stores, banks, factories, schools, churches, roads, street and interurban lines, additional steam railway facilities and civic improvements. It is estimated in this fashion that the total power development now contemplated in the state will add, or rather will mean or be accompanied by an increase of something like $8,000,000,000 of wealth.

No man living can say how far the water powers of the state will be developed. Theoretically from eight to ten times the present power might be produced. From the more practical commercial standpoint the work is perhaps one-third or one-quarter done. One company proposes to spend $375,000,000 on its present project, which will not be finished for more than ten years. Another company proposes to spend $100,000,000 on work to be completed about the same time. It is not impossible that the total outlined developments of the private companies will reach a figure of $1,000,000,000.

Although most of the great blocks of power are already owned by three or four companies, there are still many small lakes in remote places and at altitudes of 10,000 and 11,000 feet which could be enlarged at a price.

The mountains of California cover an exceedingly large area, and if only coal and oil become scarce enough the power companies will be forced back and up. Naturally, the more remote the water the more expensive it is to harness.

From the nature of the case, power cannot precede population very far. The cost of harnessing is too great for that. The writer entered a long tunnel being built thirteen miles through a granite mountain, the mere interest charge on the cost of which will reach nearly $100,000 a month before the work is completed some years from now and before a drop of water goes through. Then, too, the development must not go too fast, because it would mean an overstimulation of agriculture, too rapid a reclamation of the desert.

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

The Seat of Justice

Beneath the judge's robes there is a human body, weary with long sitting. That tired body reacts on the mind, making it sluggish and slow on the uptake. A precious grain of truth may be overlooked in the mass of chaff and an innocent man condemned or a guilty one escape.

No one is better able to appreciate the value of Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs than the leaders of America's bench and bar. They, perhaps even more than the business man, realize how long hours in an uncomfortable chair slow up the mental processes. Any man whose success depends upon mental alertness will find the comfort afforded by Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs more than a mere luxury.

To the business executive or the office worker a comfortable chair is absolutely essential if maximum efficiency is to be maintained from the opening of the morning's mail to the switching off of the lights.

Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs are as handsome as they are comfortable. Yet they are not expensive. Write me for the name of the nearest Sikes dealer

Sikes

This type of Sikes Office *Easy* Chair is used by the judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania

No. 219

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

When You Build or Repair

Set Aside Enough for Your Hardware

IN BUILDING or repairing, hardware is usually the last item to be considered. There is seldom enough money left to meet requirements. Think of hardware from the start. Know the cost of it in proper quality. A good man to see is the merchant who sells

McKINNEY HINGES

He works with good architects. He knows builders' hardware and can save you much trouble. He knows the kind, quality and number of hinges needed for doors of all kinds and all dimensions. He can tell you exactly how much all your hardware ought to cost.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

It is all very well to talk about adding empires of desert land, provided only the water can be had. The harnessing of the Colorado River has fired the imagination of California, whose people see a population of 50,000,000 or 60,000,000 in the Southwestern desert states when this turbulent river is harnessed. But even aside from the possibilities of the Colorado, which are entirely additional to and almost equal to the potential power within the state itself, there are various plans for coördinating all the waters of California in such a way as to add the stupendous area of 12,000,000 acres of agricultural land, certainly more than is needed now. A party of engineers drawing up such a plan actually inspected 1270 sites for reservoirs

But these are dreams, pleasant dreams. We do not know how man will utilize Nature's forces forty or fifty years from now. But even if the water-power works of that day dwarf those of the present, their construction will be less of an achievement than those of the past and present. The really hard work was done twenty or thirty years ago by the pioneers in this field. They broke the trail

The generation of electric current on a large commercial scale is, after all, a relatively new thing. Whatever conditions in the rest of the country may have been, the founders of the big companies in California admit freely enough today how ignorant they were in the '90's. They had little experience to go by, no technical knowledge to speak of, and hard financial sledding.

Population was small and there was of necessity only a small demand. A. G. Wishon, a director of one of the larger companies and one of the early managers, told the writer that he spent an entire day in the infant state of electrical development trying to persuade a store proprietor to put in six electric lights, the same store now being lighted as a matter of course with 500 bulbs. In twenty years the gross earnings of Mr. Wishon's company have increased nearly sixty-five times.

Learning by Doing

"We were a fine lot of experts when this thing started," he said; "we didn't even know what the commonest technical terms meant."

Another man with the industry since early days recalled the coming about thirty years ago of electricity to one of the interior cities of the state.

"We had a little steam plant, and it supplied current for a few street lights and occasionally a business house. The lamps were of the old-fashioned sputtering arc type that electrocuted a million hard-shelled flying beetles every summer night. Then came the incandescents, and house lighting began. We rarely thought of electricity in terms of power, only of light. When the first hydroelectric plant came in a scientific paper commented upon the daring of the undertaking, power being transmitted the remarkable distance of thirty-six miles. Today it is being transmitted hundreds of miles."

As one of the power pioneers in the state expressed it, no one was willing to bet on the game in the early days. Bonds and stock were sold largely because of the insistence and persuasiveness of the leaders in the industry. W. G. Kerckhoff, who with his associates, A. C. Balch and A. G. Wishon, has been connected with several of the larger developments, seems to have sold bonds by main strength.

"Until 1908 he was our only bond salesman," said one of his associates. "When his friends refused to listen to him and said no, he pretended to be deaf."

Mr. Kerckhoff related to the writer the absorbing details of his efforts to induce E. H. Harriman to electrify the lines of the Southern Pacific. The negotiations, which were long continued, seemed about coming to a head. Mr. Kerckhoff, together with Harriman's lawyer in California, were notified to appear in New York. Immediately upon their arrival they called at the great man's office, but were told that he was going to Europe in a few days and for them to wait in their hotel until he telephoned to them.

They sat in the hotel for two days, and on the third day got up courage enough to telephone Harriman's office. They were told to call at his house early that evening. When the front door was opened for them they could see through a series of parlors to the last room, in which Harriman sat conferring with one of his lieutenants. In each of the intervening rooms sat one or more railroad presidents waiting their turn. Harriman recognized the two latest callers and waved a friendly greeting to them. They sat there for hours and finally realized that the line was not moving fast enough to get them into the rear parlor that night.

Finally about midnight Harriman walked through the hall to them and said he wanted to do business, but was sailing at daybreak and wished to have the few hours remaining alone with his family.

"I will send you a message," he said

They could do nothing but retire and make their way back to California. He sent them a message not long after, saying he had practically decided to adopt electricity.

But Harriman had gone to Europe with a fatal illness. He returned a few months later, coming up from the steamer on a railroad tug to a railroad pier on the Jersey City side of New York harbor. Unaided, he walked down the gangplank and across the few feet to the private car which had been backed up on the pier, while the score of hard-boiled newspaper reporters involuntarily cheered this show of courage in the country's then most powerful but dying man.

Then, after he had granted his last interview, the train pulled out for the financier's country home and a few days later he was dead. With him crumbled a great railroad empire and many a bold, daring plan for upbuilding the West, of which the electrification of the railroad lines was only one.

The Quest for Capital

John B. Miller, president of one of the two largest power companies on the Pacific Coast, has spent his entire electrical life, so to speak, in raising capital. He went to Southern California when each separate municipality had its own gas or light company. He merged many small companies and set out upon the task of raising capital in the East. It has been a life work, indeed. Altogether he has raised from the outside something like $200,000,000. He was able, of course, to get very little capital in California itself; first, because there wasn't much there, and second, because what little existed went into real estate and later into oil.

It might be said that the financing of these Western Coast power companies has been almost as interesting and difficult as the financing of the early transcontinental railroads. Of course, not all the capital has had to be raised in the East in the last few years. Since 1914, and especially in the last two years, there has been a large sale of stock to employes and local consumers.

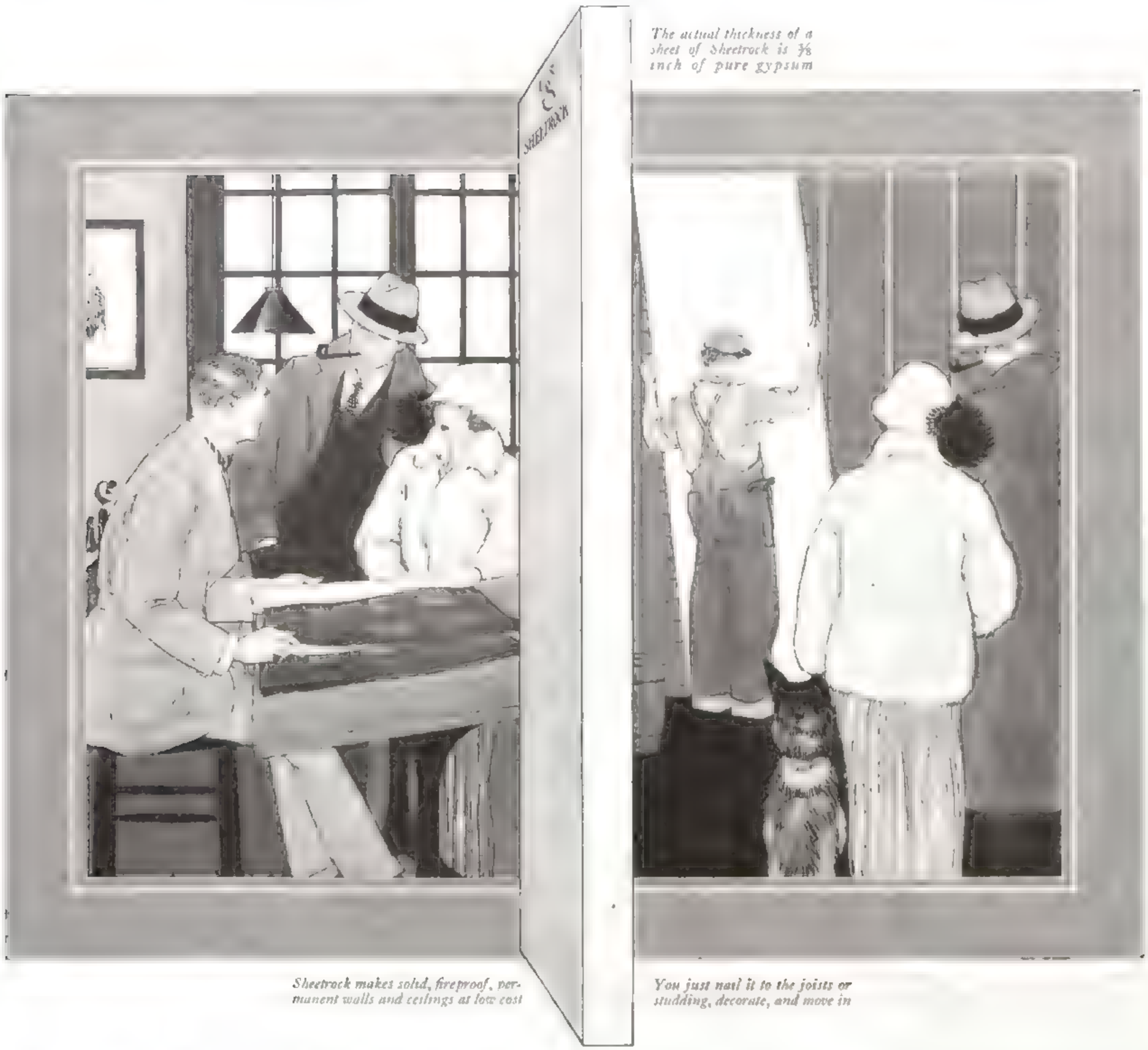
In the development of power, as in several other essential industries, the southern part of the state owes much of its growth to the quiet but powerful influence of Henry E. Huntington, better known to the outside world as a collector of books. Mr. Huntington is not only responsible for the 1000-mile interurban system, so necessary to the earlier development of Southern California, but at one time put up $6,000,000 of his own money in the earlier stages of what has since become the largest single water-power development in the state, if not in the world, and at a time when Eastern capital was far more difficult to secure than now.

But in the main it was Eastern capital dragged west by dogged persistence which has built the power system without which California would still be all desert or great ranches. Even today, with the rapid accumulation of wealth in that state, from 60 per cent to 75 per cent of all the capital in power development is from the East. Certainly two or three bond houses, with headquarters in Eastern cities and branches in California, should be proud of having kept on the job for so many years.

But science has been as necessary as finance. In California the more important power sites are far back in the mountains, 200 miles or more from the larger markets. In the East and in other parts of the country the sources of water power are usually nearer the great cities. In earlier days only the close-by streams could be utilized; but as engineers have learned how to build high-voltage long-distance transmission lines it has been possible to go farther and farther back into the mountains and develop an ever-increasing amount of power.

California boasts the highest voltage commercial transmission lines in the world, and for all practical purposes the longest power lines. Superlatives are dangerously sharp

(Continued on Page 77)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Sheetrock makes solid, fireproof, permanent walls and ceilings at low cost
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Your Holiday Desserts are ready

HEINZ Plum Pudding

The ingredients are as perfect as the recipe and the skilled preparation is the result of long experience. If you already know it you will want it for Christmas. If you have not tried it, here is a treat in store for you.

HEINZ Fig Pudding

This pudding is so light, wholesome and digestible that the children and those with delicate appetites have more than once asked for it. You taste the figs in every morsel. Serve with it the special sauce, originated by our experts, recipe for which comes in every can.

HEINZ Mince Meat

57

Distant lands, as well as our own, contribute their best to make the name Heinz stand for the most delicious Mince Meat. Fragrant spices from the Orient, selected black, fruity currants from Greece, the world's best candied fruits and raisins, America's selected beef, choice suet and apples—all cooked, blended and seasoned by skilled cooks in the Heinz Kitchens.

Perfect Mince Meat! *In glass jars and tins.*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 74

tools to deal with, and for all the writer knows some other state or country may have taken these honors away since information for this article was gathered. Electrical science moves fast. But it is safe to say that the Far West is so large and its cities are so far apart that if it is to be peopled at all, the engineering aspects of such an achievement must always be on an unusual scale.

There is, indeed, a suggestion of the miraculous in this changing of the waters, which so long ran wasting into the sea, into white coal or white gold. It is certainly as great a transmutation as that sought by the ancient alchemists who tried to turn base metals into gold.

In fact much of this white coal, this white gold, comes out of the very mountains from which came the yellow gold of California's early fame. On the Bret Harte Trail power lines run past old placer diggings covered with sixty years' growth of brush and timber. The mining country generally has gone back to wilderness, but the power lines carry out of these same hills wealth beside which the treasures they yielded to the Argonauts pale into insignificance. The yellow gold is gone, but the white gold will last. It cannot be exhausted.

An imaginative writer recently described California as a machine run by sunshine and snow, soon to be the first completely electrically operated state. That may or may not be so, but the natural conditions do exist which make possible the construction of one of the world's greatest electrical machines.

The most distinctive and outstanding feature of California, it should be recalled, is a climatic one the sharp division of the year into a winter rainy season and a long, arid, hot summer season. As remarked by one of the bulletins of the Division of Engineering and Irrigation of the State Department of Public Works, to which the writer is indebted for much valuable information, "This peculiarity of climate will influence activities in the state more and more as population increases."

Ill-Distributed Water

All the waters in the state originate in a few months, increasing from south to north, the precipitation being zero at desert points in the south and as high as 100 inches a year near the Oregon border. In its totality the precipitation is impressive enough -300,-000,000,000 tons a year on the surface of the state. Indeed, these waters in an average year would submerge the 23,000,000 acres of tillable land to a depth of three and a quarter feet if evenly spread over and confined above them, while the necessary application of water is only two feet on the average.

But the waters are not evenly distributed. Quite the contrary. In the northwestern portion one-third of all the water originates, and practically all of it runs off into the sea with no possibility of its being used. In the opposite corner, 600 miles distant, is a large section of the state that has no water and is, indeed, such a forbidding desert that even its geography is only partly recorded. Yet there are 2,500,000 acres of the world's most fertile land in this desert.

California has plenty of water, but it falls mostly upon the mountains, upon a part of that great cordillera which runs along the western coast of both Americas, being known as the Cascades in the northern section of the state and as the Sierra Nevadas farther south. From the Pacific Ocean the fogs and moisture-bearing winds traverse the state from west to east in the rainy season, discharging their precipitation not upon the valleys primarily but upon the colder mountains.

Three-fifths of the state is occupied by the mountains and foothills. They are rocky, precipitous, soilless, untillable and uninhabitable in any large way. But they have supplied the valleys with alluvial earth through glacial action, weathering and erosion, and they are the spacious collectors of precipitation which, flowing down in mountain torrents, makes life possible in the land below.

Much of the precipitation is in the form of snow in the higher mountains, and the higher they are the more the snowfall. It has been said that the farmer in the great valley below can stand in front of his house in the winter months, comfortable in summerlike raiment, and watch the swirling blizzards on the mountain peaks, assured that as long as these storms rage there will be water in the dry summer for his growing crops.

"The snow-capped peaks of the Sierras are not only the glory of California's scenery; they are the guaranty of her agricultural prosperity and her future industrial greatness."

There is plenty of water. But it is unevenly distributed not only in place but in time. Evaporation uses up from one to three-fourths of the total. Comparison of the highest flood waters with the lowest flow in July and August shows that the greatest daily flow exceeds 500 times the least. Once in twenty-five years there is a daily flow at least forty times the average, and once in 100 years it is even greater. Four times a century the flow for a single day would supply a city population of 70,-000,000 people with domestic water for a year, or irrigate 4,000,000 acres for a year.

But these flood waters are largely useless, for man cannot build works great enough to control them, infrequent as they are. Even the minor floods for the most part rush down the mountain sides and are carried by the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers into San Francisco Bay and thus back into the sea.

They can hardly fail to be carried off when one considers the almost perpendicular nature of the country. Death Valley, several hundred feet below sea level, is only seventy-five miles from Mt. Whitney, 14,500 feet above the sea.

How Nature Turns the Wheels

It is true that in the northern part of the state, in the Modoc Lava Beds, there are great natural underground reservoirs due to the porous character of the soil, and water runs peacefully in broad-bosomed streams to the sea, rather than in the tumultuous fashion which it follows down the bare precipitous granite slopes farther south. But in the main most of the water runs off in waste to the sea, and is lost in the depths of the ocean from which it comes.

Man cannot build enough reservoirs to store all this water except in his dreams. He can make only a puny stab at doing so. His efforts may seem impressive as compared with other human works; but they are pygmy, indeed, when laid alongside the possibilities

Yet even what little he does or may do in the future is in a sense a form of perpetual motion. Every reservoir, tunnel, dam means that a little more of the flood has been turned to use. It means a little more of the everlasting energy. The fogs blow in from the Pacific and are condensed into rain or snow against the cold mountain peaks. The water is caught in turbines of power houses and released to the irrigator, from whose farm it runs into the rivers and the sea again, there to be sucked up by the sun and once more carried on the wings of the wind back to the mountain peaks.

These forces, these possibilities of power, are not new. But they have been used for nothing but scenery for long epochs of time. They are a free gift of Nature, as already stated, like the sun, the air and the rain. But they are useful only when harnessed, and that is a very costly job, and one worth looking into.

In certain parts of the country water-power development is being opposed on the ground that it is contrary to the principles of sound conservation. Recently the efforts of power interests to operate in portions of the Adirondack Mountains of New York were denounced by public-spirited citizens as a raid upon the state forests in which the protestants saw "the disfiguring of beautiful lakes and streams, the cutting down of wide swaths of trees, the gridironing of the state forest with transmission lanes and the constructing of a network of high-tension electric wires, dangerous alike to life and property."

Facts in this case, beyond brief newspaper reports, are unknown to the writer. But in investigating the power development in California I found no opposition to the companies on any such grounds. Nowhere perhaps is the question of public as opposed to private ownership more critical than in California, nor in any other place is there a more insistent assertion upon the part of a minority holding certain political and economic beliefs that the power companies form an all-powerful and not wholly altruistic trust or monopoly.

But all Californians appear agreed on the desirability of power development; they merely differ as to whether public authorities or private corporations should engage in the work. Certainly, in a brief but exceedingly intensive visit to about seventy miles of country in the high Sierras, where the largest of the development work is going on, the writer could not see any evidences that Nature is being ravaged by these operations.

A few trees must be cut down, it is true, but an insignificant fraction of the forest. Indeed, if it were otherwise the power company would naturally defeat its own ends, for the rain and snow would not be retained long enough for storage if it were not for the hundreds of miles of thick forests. Several of these developments are within the limits of the national forests, and the company forces are of real assistance to the forest rangers in fighting fires.

On the whole, the writer is inclined to think that the scenic and natural beauty of the Sierras has been enhanced rather than detracted from by power developments, from the point of view of the multitude at least. The plans of one company alone contemplate the building of four great lakes, the one already finished being very beautiful indeed. These lakes are stocked by the State Fish and Game Commission, and vacationists are permitted to build cottages around them.

Of course, if one's idea of conservation is to keep the mountains an unbroken wilderness, then the power companies have spoiled quite a bit of it. The largest of the developments, that at Big Creek, is not far from the wildest portion of the Sierras, that section which lies near Mt. Darwin and the source of the San Joaquin and King rivers. In another direction it is not far from the project to the Yosemite Valley, provided one can leap whole mountain ranges, or to the Iron Mountains, those peaks long known to contain iron ore, but prohibitively inaccessible.

When the power companies go into such a region they must naturally build highroads, and even in some cases railroads as far up as these can be carried. At an altitude of from 7000 to 10,000 feet the writer rode along a well-paved highway for many miles, passing an endless procession of motor trucks, although but a few years ago this was close to the inner heart of the Sierras. Before the company's scouts, water gaugers and surveyors went in, this was an almost trackless wilderness, unknown to any except a few hunters, prospectors and forest rangers.

Pioneers in the Wilderness

Now there are not only great construction camps with their thousands of men, literally hundreds of miles of new roads, lakes with modern high-priced hotels, cottage and camp colonies, but lines of ubiquitous motor tourists. But that is just the point. The power companies have not only invaded the wilderness and robbed it of its wildness; they have opened it to the people, the vacationist, the tourist, the citizen.

One company alone, together with its predecessors, has turned over to the public authorities 125 miles of good mountain road and will turn over other large stretches within a few years when the present project is completed.

This concern, which has an unusually large number of shareholders, has urged them all to visit these mountains for a wonderful vacation trip. Several of the companies have built hotels for visitors. One has established a large observation tower in the high mountains.

The manager of one company told the writer that the power groups he represents have built more roads than all the national parks have built. Whether this statement is correct or not, it is obvious that the mountains are made accessible to the citizens of the state by power developments. Such operations help to make these heights a great playground, but also there is no denying that it robs them of their wilder character. It is not the writer's function to decide which is preferable.

But whatever the mountains may be like in the smiling vacation days of summer after the power companies have built their works, there is a full supply of adventure, a complete dose of the actual wilderness not only in the construction of these works but even in their maintenance, in wintertime.

"It is just a minor detail of our business," said a representative of one company—the San Joaquin Light & Power—"and yet to me a detail of profound interest, that we must keep men employed in the most desolate sections of this wilderness all the year

(Continued on Page 81)

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Harry Leon WILSON

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. . . *Until Dolores came into his life* . . .

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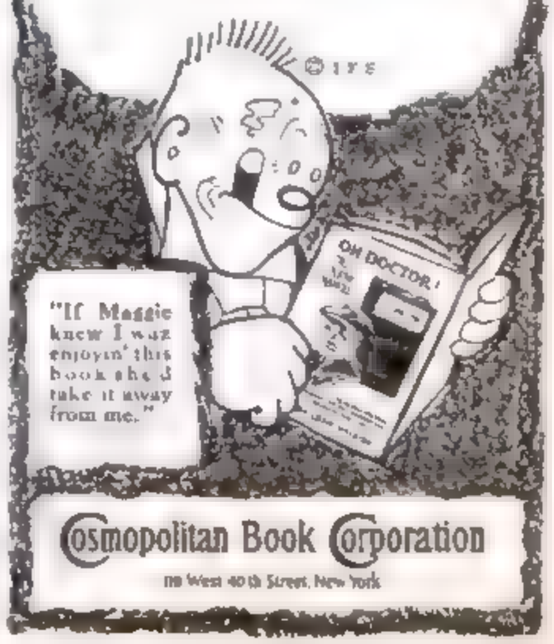

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Search as he may, no man will find a Christmas gift so universally desired by women as a Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag. No accessory of feminine attire is so conspicuously beautiful. Voguish for all occasions—Opera, Dance, Wedding, Street, Business—Milady finds her Mesh Bag indispensable. Nothing you can buy "Her" will be so appealing in elegance and utility.

Leading Jewelers and Jewelry Departments are now showing a gorgeous ensemble of Whiting & Davis designs, so we urge you to make your selection of Mesh Bags at once, with the assurance that on Christmas morning this gift of rare excellence will be joyfully accepted and cherished. Priced from $5 up to $500, thus affording ample opportunity for modest choice or generous giving.

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These are but a few of the many Whiting & Davis designs from which to make your selection.

Decide this matter now—the Gift nearest every woman's heart and truly a gift that lasts—a Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag for Christmas.

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Whiting & Davis Mesh is used in the beautiful mesh scene in Irving Berlin's New Music Box Revue, staged by Hassard Short and presented by Sam H. Harris at the Music Box Theatre in New York.

One of the newest Filigree Mesh Bags of Renaissance design, whose silken mesh and dainty bracelet chain diffuse an air of stately beauty and refinement. A Christmas gift that bespeaks generosity and good taste.

Mesh Bags

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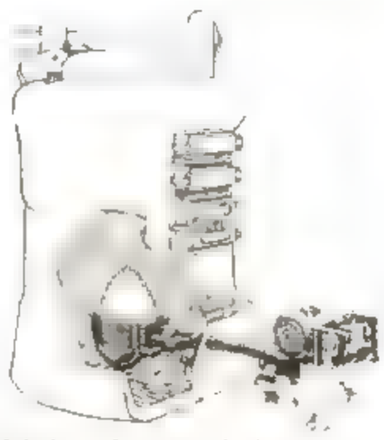
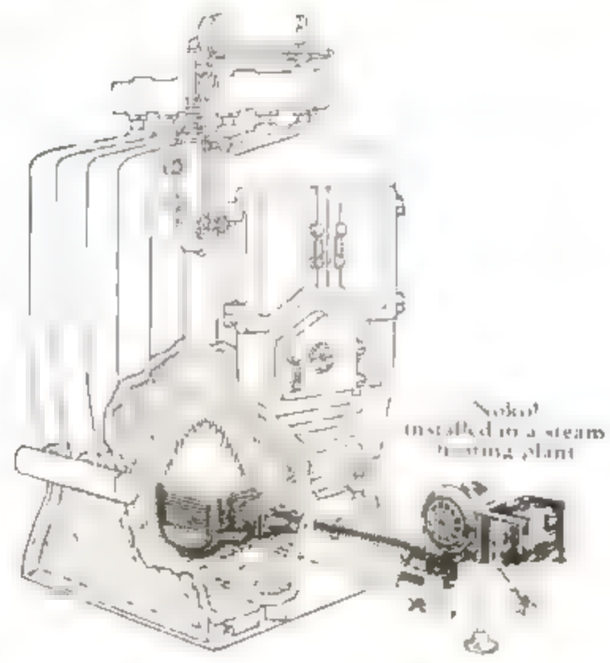
Nokol can be installed in your present heating plant of whatever type without alterations and without interrupting the heating of your home



Nokol in a hot water boiler

Nokol in a hot air furnace



Nokol installed in a steam heating plant

Now— in cold weather, when you need heat, is the time to install Nokol

Nokol burns oil in your own furnace or boiler. It can be installed in a few hours, without altering your heating plant, and without interrupting the heating of your home.

Nokol installed now will end all the dirt and work of coal heating this winter and every winter to come. And it will end once and for all the worry about an adequate fuel supply.

In the five years since the first Nokol was installed, Nokol has taken its place with plumbing and electric lighting as the third great reliable and indispensable household service. For more than five years Nokol has given clean, even, automatic, healthful heat, in every type of home, in every type of heating plant, in nearly every large city in the United States, and in six foreign countries. Today over 16,000 home owners will tell you Nokol is the greatest investment in home comfort they have ever made.

All oil heaters are not Nokols. There is only one Nokol automatic heating system—with 16,000 installations and five years of demonstrated success. Nor is Nokol merely a device that burns oil in the home. It is a heating service installed only by our own trained and permanently established Nokol dealers, who are responsible to us for the performance of every installation. Before installing Nokol they tell you exactly what Nokol will do in your home and guarantee its performance.

Scrupulous care is thus taken that every Nokol installed shall give perfect service and satisfaction. It is this care, coupled with the mechanical perfection of Nokol itself, that has been responsible for Nokol's phenomenal growth.

Now, in cold weather you can best compare Nokol heating service with any other heating system. Now, in cold weather, when you need heat, is the time to install Nokol. You can do so in a few hours, and install heating comfort in your home forever.

What Nokol Is

Nokol is an automatically operated device that burns oil instead of coal in your present home heating plant. Whether your heating plant is hot air, hot water, vapor or steam, it can be installed in a few hours by merely removing the grate bars.

Nokol burns without soot, smoke, dust or ashes. It does away with all manual attendance on your heating plant. Operated and automatically controlled by a thermostat in your living-room, it keeps your home at just the temperature you like, at all times and in all weather, without effort or attention on your part.

Nokol puts an end to shovelling coal, carrying out ashes, banking and starting fires, and to over and underheating.

The supply of Nokol fuel—kerosene or distillate—is inexhaustible and has never been rendered uncertain by labor or transportation troubles. It is delivered to the house in tank wagons at any time, in any quantity. In most localities it costs less than coal—besides saving all its labor and damage.

Nokol dealers have been established in the majority of the best communities in the United States. New territories are being added as rapidly as the proper type of responsible business men apply and qualify for the franchise. If there is no dealer in your community there will be soon. We shall be glad to send you descriptive literature on request.

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Automatic Oil Heating for Homes

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THE NOKOL GUARANTEE IS BONDED BY THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK

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round. We never have snow in the San Joaquin Valley, yet these men are always in the snow, and in the winter are snowbound for months.

"They move around only on snowshoes. The snow happens to be their job; they measure it here, there and everywhere. For it is upon their measurements that we must figure the seasonal run-off and estimate the volume of water that will be available for our power houses."

A representative of another company described the water gaugers, as they are known, as pioneers of power. Though they are called water gaugers, the element they see the most of is snow; but they measure the water content of the snow rather than the snow itself. They are in a sense the prospectors of power.

These water or stream gaugers are sent out in pairs for purposes of safety, and are frequently in the mountains and entirely away from civilization for periods ranging from six to nine months at a time. Log shelter houses are built for them at central locations, and provisions cached for their use. Under the provisions of the Federal Power Act one company is required to build concrete gauging stations, some of which are located forty miles from the base of supplies, concrete being packed in forty miles by trail

The Galloping Geese

As in any mountainous country, the amount of snow and the severity of blizzards depend largely upon the altitude. In the northern part of the state it is not necessary to go nearly so high for adequate water as farther south. Yet linemen and watermen fight the raging elements in the mountains of the north at times no less than in the far higher altitudes of the more southerly Sierras. One of the power houses of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company in the northern part of the state was so deeply buried in snow a few winters ago that the operators had to dig a tunnel seventy-five feet in length to reach their work.

But the most picturesque combat with the terrors of winter has been that carried on in the construction of the so-called Big Creek project, which is the most southerly of the larger Sierra power developments, but at very high altitudes. A sixty-mile railroad belonging to the company, the Southern California Edison, has been built from a branch of the Southern Pacific in the foothills of the San Joaquin Valley to the construction town of Cascada, which is at an elevation of nearly 5000 feet.

To build a railroad any higher would be practically impossible, for from Cascada upward the mountain ranges rise in a precipitous mass and without any break. The work, however, goes on at almost twice that altitude; but these higher points are reached by inclined plane and roads, both of which are so steep that a representative of the company stated, I do not know how seriously, that before they were built the use of balloons or airships was considered. In any case the railroad, in order to climb as far as it does in such a comparatively few miles, must twist about so much that if all the curves were assembled there would be, so it is stated, 200 complete spirals.

Trains are pulled up by geared engines, known as galloping geese; and the railroad, although officially termed the San Joaquin & Eastern, is more commonly referred to as the Slow, Jerky & Expensive. One of the last stops is quite properly named Dizzy Lane; and in earlier days, when trains ran only twice a week, a well-known political writer, after his first visit, penned these lines:

The San Joaquin & Eastern,
It has a winding track;
It climbs up on Monday
And on Thursday it skids back.

From Cascada, the railroad terminus, one climbs by automobile 2000 feet to Huntington Lake, one of the chain of reservoirs. Then another similar climb is made over the summit of the Kaiser Range, 9300 feet in height, to what are known as the back or upper camps, where much of the construction work is going on, and which lie between the Kaiser Range and the remote Minarets. These camps are well named, for they are pretty much out of things for a considerable portion of the year, constituting a world of ice and snow in which armies of men are practically marooned for the winter, and all within less than 100 miles of that California whose winter is the very synonym of mildness, sunshine and roses.

The camps above Huntington Lake are snow bound or snowed in for a long winter season—about half the year, in fact. The men in the camps continue working, of course, being mainly engaged in tunnel excavation. They are not completely shut off from the world, as will be explained in detail; but as the snow reaches twelve feet at Huntington Lake and twenty-five to thirty feet at the top of the pass, over which all men and supplies must go, transportation is reduced to a minimum of the most urgent necessities

It is not so much the cold or even the snow that is to be feared, although the latter is so bad on the heights that for many miles it is necessary to erect every few hundred feet tall poles topped by large red markers. The real danger consists of the destructive blizzards which almost continually sweep these heights in winter, and make it necessary to provision the camps entirely in the summertime.

As upwards of 1000 men occupy these snow-bound camps in winter, it is necessary to provision them well. During the late summer and early fall, for about three months, 22,000 tons of supplies are taken in, all over a pass 9300 feet in height. Cattle and sheep are bought on the hoof during the fall from stockmen who are driving them across the mountains to the coast.

Near the summit is a permanent camp where men and animals can take shelter from the severe storms or actual blizzards which sweep these crests. There is a radio station here, one of the world's highest, bunks for the men, and meals which are served at all hours

On one of the writer's trips over the pass an old man ambled by on horseback with a pack horse following. Although at least seventy years of age, he was just setting out for the wilderness to prospect for gold. He had worked for the power company for some years, but the wanderlust had got him. We passed him near a point where the highway crosses the old Mono Trail between Nevada and California and the rough trail to the Yosemite.

Snowed In for the Winter

The labor force for these upper camps is recruited much like the Army or Navy. Men are told that they should not take a job there unless for the entire winter, and naturally the labor turnover is not large in these back camps during that period. For one thing, the workmen have to walk in and out during that time, and it is no easy jaunt. It takes two or three days, and though it can be done safely, except in blizzards, by men in good physical condition, it is quite a change for those coming in from the tropical conditions in the valley below.

There are men who hate the idea of being snowed in and others are thrilled by it. The employment agents seek men who have been in the mountains before, and especially those who have friends or relatives already on the job.

"If you were hunting for a job as editor or reporter, and went to an agency," said one of the employment men to me, "how would you like it if they said, 'We have a nice job on a paper for you in Kamchatka'? You would reply, 'But I don't know anyone there.'"

Most men in the back camps settle down in the fall for the entire winter as a matter of course. They have boxing matches, radio and other entertainments, as well as plenty of reading matter and good hospitals. The great argument used to induce men to enlist for the winter is that they can clean up. There is no way to spend money, and they can go out in the spring with a big stake.

Although most of the orders go in by radio, there are other means of communication. No effort, of course, is made to operate trucks or automobiles; but whenever possible pack trains of horses go through, and attempts are made by these to drag through snow plows, or at least tramp down the snow. These horses do not work in the summer at all, but rest in a rich meadow for the following winter.

Dwyer's Dog Team

Horses can always get through if the storms do not last more than the ordinary three days or so, but they are helpless in blizzards which rage for periods of ten days or more. For this reason the company sent to Alaska about three years ago and employed Jerry Dwyer, an old Klondike sourdough, and bought his team of seven trained dogs and sled. Dwyer, with an assistant, and of course the dogs, makes the trip every winter day across the pass, and carries the mail on his sled from the Huntington Lake post office to the marooned tunnel workers in the camps.

It is hardly to be denied that the Alaskan dog team makes about the best publicity ever thought of by any public-service corporation, a fact which could hardly have been overlooked by the exceedingly astute managers of the Southern California Edison Company. When I called upon the dogs at least half a dozen automobile tourists were making snapshots of them. But does not such a masterpiece of publicity deserve credit, like any other work of art? Besides, the dogs are real, their sled is real and Jerry is real. Moreover, they perform many valuable services besides advertising the company.

Of the seven trained dogs brought to California from Alaska, the leader, Babe, died in confinement. Jerry buried her at the summit of the Kaiser Range, where all who pass may see her monument and cross. Efforts to get another equally efficient leader have failed, the bringing of dogs out from the Yukon being no easy proceeding. One excellent animal was brought out, but died on the way, because of a can of fish given it, so Jerry thinks.

The writer knows nothing about dogs, but certainly I never saw six more intelligent-looking, powerful, affectionate and spirited animals than those which Jerry was just hitching up for their morning exercise in their kennels near Huntington Lake, early last August. He drives them every day during the summer, hitched to a toylike wagon, all on tiptoe for their exercise and waiting for the blizzards that are sure to come.

The six dogs are Patsy, who succeeded Babe as leader, a cross between a Malemute and a Gordon setter; Dooley, a cross between a Malemute and a shepherd; Riley, who is one-half wolf and one-half St. Bernard; and Barney, Whisky and Trim, who are crosses between staghound, wolf and Airedale. Babe, the dead leader, was three-quarters wolf, bred from a wolf and the native Alaskan dog, generally called siwash.

In one sense the dog team is not strictly necessary, for usually the horses can break a path through; but it has value as a

Great Stone Face, Franconia Notch, New Hampshire

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"the snap that lasts a lifetime"
Demand this Name on the Back of Cuff Buttons
THERE are separable buttons of other makes Just because it opens and shuts, doesn't make it a Kum-a-part. Nor, because it looks well can you be sure it's a Kum-a-part For unfortunately Kum-a-part designs are imitated in less worthy products
See that Kum-a-part is on the back of each button. That name can't be used by any imitator. It identifies the genuine and guarantees "lifetime wear". Look and be sure.
UP TO $25 THE PAIR
Send for Booklet and Correct Dress Chart "C"
The Baer & Wilde Company

reserve, and even more for the psychological effect upon the marooned workers. They feel that there is always a way to get out if the worst comes to worst, even on the few occasions when horses cannot get through.

Of course, every effort is made to keep men from going out in a storm. In the severe winter of 1921, however, four men insisted on quitting just before Christmas, and just as the winter's worst and most protracted blizzard was starting. One was an Indian laborer, two were brothers, carpenters by trade, and the fourth was a young man who had been employed as a timekeeper, and who naturally enough did not enjoy the strong physique of the three manual workers.

This young man had finished a job with a gang that was building a blacksmith shop, and was given a two weeks' vacation just before Christmas. Overjoyed at having his vacation then, he wrote his wife that he would be home on Christmas Eve. Just as he was about to start the blizzard also began, and he was urged not to go, being, as one of his superiors described him to me, "A city guy, slight in build, a pencil pusher."

But when the timekeeper learned that three other men were going out he went despite all remonstrances. They were lost in the storm for several days and tried in vain to find the shelter house. Finally the three stronger men left their weaker companion standing by a tree, and on Christmas Eve, Jerry, who, with assistant and dogs, alone braved the storm, passed within a few yards of the benumbed man, but did not see him in the swirling snow.

A little farther on Jerry overtook the other men, who told an incoherent story, finally saying that they had left a dead companion behind. Jerry first got them to a shelter and returned for the body of their companion. The timekeeper was, indeed, dead by that time; but Jerry said that if he had found him an hour or so sooner he might have saved him.

The young timekeeper had only a few days previously canceled several thousand dollars of insurance he had with the company, but fortunately the cashier had held up the order to argue with the man, and it was paid without question to his widow.

Such conditions invest a construction job with something of the nature of a battle. Certainly harnessing the waters of these mountains has about it almost the scale and appearance of a military attack. In another article it is proposed to describe this and other features of these onsets against California's waters.

SKOOKUM CHUCK

Continued from Page 28

were laid back against its head, and its eyes were wide and staring. Apparently it was too terrified to move, but every moment or so it cautiously raised its head a few inches, and Marshall could see its mouth open in a call for help from an empty world.

Now Marshall hated cats. He possessed no phobia of the instinctive sort, but he had no sympathy with their temperaments, their characteristics or their aims in life.

As far as he was concerned, all the cats in creation could be eliminated without loss. They were, in his view, an egotistic, an arrogantly independent animal, self-sufficient, ingratiating in matters of food and creature comfort only, attached to places rather than persons, without personal loyalty, cruel in play, and addicted to the destruction of birds, with which people Marshall had considerable affinity. If he had met this individual cat at large in the brush about its, to him, unlawful occasions, he would cheerfully have shot it. Nevertheless he laid down the glasses and rather impatiently threw the oars into the dinghy. He supposed he'd have to rescue the thing! It was undoubtedly one of Tom's pets that had not possessed common sense enough to keep out of trouble. That it was also a creature in distress, and therefore had an inescapable claim on him, he did not for a moment acknowledge.

The matter was simple. A score of strong pulls at the oars brought him alongside. So terrified was the animal, however, that

(Continued on Page 85)

"A day like this, I would have been afraid to drive—before I STABILATED

"THERE goes Alex now, regular as the clock. These rotten Winter roads don't bother him. Remember, he's the one who sold me on STABILATION. While I tramped back and forth to the train last Winter through every snow storm, he drove in comfort when the road seemed impossible.

"I thought he was just reckless until he began picking me up on the road. Those rides with him just *made* me STABILATE.

"I picked up Ben last night on the way home. Now he's going to STABILATE. Said he had been waiting for Spring—never occurred to him that if STABILATION helped in Summer, it helped all the more in Winter."

Strange how hard it is to get rid of that old habit of thinking about buying car equipment only in the Spring and Summer, when, as a matter of fact, most equipment is needed as much, or more, in Winter. Winter driving, now, is just about as general as Summer driving.

Driving conditions, for instance, are hardly ever more uncomfortable or hazardous than in Winter. It's one continuous succession of snow and ice and frozen ruts.

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THE New Columbia is something really new in phonographs—new artistically, new mechanically, new in its musical excellence.

We believe it to be the phonograph of all phonographs—superior musically because of its wonderful new reproducer; excelling mechanically because of its marvelous motor, and surpassingly beautiful because of the simple elegance of its cabinet designs. The New Columbia eliminates the things you didn't like about phonographs. Its tone is of marvelous purity, without rasp, blare, or screechiness. Listen to the New Columbia after hearing any other phonograph Measure its purity of tone by that greatest of all tests—the test of actual comparison.

The New Reproducer—The New Columbia's extraordinary freedom from musical defect of any kind, its absolute purity of tone, are due first of all to the New Columbia reproducer. Nearly 500 reproducers were made before the perfect reproducer was finally developed. It is an amazing achievement.

There is a device, for instance—so simple it bears the stamp of genius—which controls vibration. (Excessive vibration is the cause of what phonograph men call "blast.") This device consists of two little springs of highly tempered steel so placed that they absorb the excess vibration much as "shock absorbers" absorb the pounding of the road against the car.

In its fidelity to "pitch" the New Columbia reproducer is a marvel of accuracy. The pitch is "international" (the standard by which pianos are tuned the world over) and because it cannot vary, all human voices and all musical instruments are reproduced truly and with the full beauty of their natural tone.

The New Motor—The mechanism of the New Columbia includes a new motor insured to the sole use of the Columbia Phonograph Company by 700 patents the rights of which are protected both here and abroad. The great virtue of this new motor is its ability to deliver power unfailingly and with a rhythmic smoothness that does not vary by the fraction of a beat. The motor's evenness of speed is an important factor in control of pitch—and, according to our tests, no motor in any other phonograph operates with such absolute precision as this.

Automatic Start and non-set automatic stop proved by 10,000 tests—With this new patented device, the motor starts when the tone-arm is moved over to place the needle on the record. The record stops revolving when the music stops. You can put on a record and go into the next room, knowing that when the music stops the record will no longer revolve.

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Albany, N. Y.	Strand	St. Joseph, Mo.	Electric	Evansville, Ind.	Victory
Yonkers, N. Y.	Hamilton	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Regent	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	Orpheum
Chicago, Ill.	Chicago	Scranton, Pa.	Strand	South Bend, Ind.	Palace
	Riviera, Tivoli	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Savoy	Terre Haute, Ind.	Liberty
Peoria, Ill.	Madison	Los Angeles, Cal.	State	Louisville, Ky.	Mary Anderson
Rockford, Ill.	Palm	San Diego, Cal.	Rialto	Minneapolis, Minn.	State
Philadelphia, Pa.	Stanley	Berkeley, Cal.	T & D	St. Paul, Minn.	Capitol
Allentown, Pa.	Colonial	Long Beach, Cal.	Liberty	Duluth, Minn.	New Garrick
Altoona, Pa.	Strand	Sacramento, Cal.	T & D	Omaha, Neb.	Strand
Erie, Pa.	Strand	Pasadena, Cal.	Jensen's Raymond	Birmingham, Ala.	Trianon
Harrisburg, Pa.	Colonial	Oakland, Cal.	T & D	Mobile, Ala.	Empire
Johnstown, Pa.	Cambria	San Francisco, Cal.	Warfield	Richmond, Va.	Broadway
Detroit, Mich.	Madison and Adams	Denver, Col.	American	Norfolk, Va.	Wells
Flint, Mich.	Regent	Milwaukee, Wis.	Alhambra	New Haven, Conn.	Olympia
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Regent	Washington, D. C.	Metropolitan	Boston, Mass.	Olympia
Saginaw, Mich.	Franklin	Baltimore, Md.	Rivoli	Des Moines, Iowa	Des Moines
Cleveland, Ohio	State	Newark, N. J.	Branford	Sioux City, Iowa	Princess
Canton, Ohio	Alhambra	Trenton, N. J.	State	Davenport, Iowa	Garden
Springfield, Ohio	Regent	Passaic, N. J.	Playhouse	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Empress
Cincinnati, Ohio	Walnut	Paterson, N. J.	Regent	Pawtucket, R. I.	Imperial
Columbus, Ohio	Colonial	New Orleans, La.	Strand	El Paso, Tex.	Ellanay
Akron, Ohio	Strand	Seattle, Wash.	Coliseum	Charlotte, N. C.	Broadway

"I rather die than see my girl marry a sailor man" Anna tells her father with sorrow.

"No—I won't marry you. But maybe if I'd had the right kind of father I would

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(Continued from Page 82)

some moments elapsed before it emerged sufficiently from its fixed idea of clinging tight to the only bit of stability it knew. Marshall could not help it. In the glassy whirls of the back eddy he was obliged to remain at the oars in order to keep the dinghy and the log from being whirled apart. At last the surface of the animal's panic was broken. It leaped lightly aboard. Marshall turned to row back.

The current was directly against him. He bent to the oars, and as the dinghy was light and he practiced, he made good progress through the water. The bubbles danced alongside, and the rings made by his oars were well apart. Then he happened to glance to his right toward the single outstanding point. Its trees were not moving as they should against the background of Estero Peak. He looked more sharply. Not only was he not going ahead, but he was being dragged slowly backward.

At this discovery he put his back into it and pulled until the breath almost left his body. Thus he held his own, and even shifted the relative positions of a dead fir and notch on Estero Peak a few inches in the right direction. But in so doing he did not at first notice that the current momently changed direction. The forces that were snatching for him, balked in the direct attempt, insidiously pulled him sidewise even while allowing him the illusion of gain. His first realization of this came when immediately astern the waters began slowly to run in a small circle which quickly widened and accelerated. In the center what was at first a mere dimple rapidly deepened into a suction hole.

Marshall found himself looking over the stern of his boat directly into a spinning depression perhaps two feet deep by five or six across, bordered by a band of revolving waters.

The dinghy began to revolve with them, winding itself nearer to the suction hole with each circle. Marshall dug in his oars in deadly earnest, for it occurred to him that if the stern of the dinghy should once touch the zone of down-drawing action it would indubitably be enough depressed to take in water from the opposite wall, and so be swamped. He pulled until the veins stood out on his forehead, and so just managed to hold his little craft on the brink. His wind was gone, and his muscles had lost their snap. Then, just as he had begun to wonder how long he could keep it up, the hole was slowly filled as though from beneath, the circular motion slowed, ceased; the surface of the water once more ran smooth.

Marshall gasped for breath and glanced about him. The little whirlpool had moved forward as well as around. He found that during his struggle he had been carried farther out. He was not as yet in the full and direct current, but he was within its influence, and decidedly out of the back eddy. Indeed, he could look back to see the log he had been watching so long sullenly giving up the struggle and relinquishing itself to its twentieth slow journey back past the Kittiwake. Marshall felt a flash of exasperation that their situations had not been reversed, so that each could have had his desire.

But he had scant leisure for such reflections. The shore was beginning to slip by. Though he floated for the moment in smooth water, more of the small whirlpools were forming and filling between himself and the eddy. Each instant he was becoming more strongly committed to the tide. At any moment another of the things might develop right beneath him. There seemed to be no rime or reason to their occurrence. And outside him, much too near for comfort, were greater whirlpools with which he would have no chance of coping, and breakers of white water, and a savage tumbling to and fro.

Marshall was cool-headed enough to realize the futility of exhausting himself in an effort to stem the current. He realized that his best chance would be to yield to it, at least partially; to go with it, but at the same time to angle across it in the hope of making a landing farther down the coast. He addressed himself to the task. If he could avoid the sudden and unexpected suction holes, this did not seem to him to be too difficult. How he was to avoid them he could not guess. For that he must depend on luck. He recovered from the little panicky sinking of spirit natural to his first plunge into the situation, and began to calculate forces.

And then a sudden roar just to the right of him startled him almost out of his senses. The surface of the sea bulged upward in a huge conical mass, as though thrust from beneath by some great body, and from that central point cascaded steeply over itself

He Turned Back. X. Anaxagoras Was Looking at Him Steadily. "I'll Try," He Said

in all directions with a crash. The dinghy, caught fortunately near the outer periphery but almost broadside on, was nearly overset, and was flung with great violence directly sidewise. The boil subsided almost as quickly as it had arisen, but the force of it had thrust Marshall with irresistible might a hundred feet farther from the shore, and that much nearer the wild turmoil of the tide.

He was now traveling with great velocity, and surrounded imminently on all sides by a constant succession of the most appalling phenomena. The dinghy was almost completely out of his command. It was thrust here and there by violent forces in comparison to which his strength was as nothing. The control of its direction had been taken completely out of his hands. Sometimes it headed one way, sometimes another; sometimes it whirled around and around dizzily. With a growing feeling of futility Marshall continued to pull at the oars. His efforts now were of avoidance rather than direction; they were matters of the moment's expedience rather than of ultimate aim. All he could hope was that his little strength thrown on one side of opposing forces might suffice to turn the scale of a titanic struggle. Thus at one instant he found himself staring straight down into a steep hole fifteen feet deep, whose sides of whirling water were a smooth translucent green and into which it seemed that no power on earth could prevent his being bodily drawn. Three times the dinghy circumnavigated the edge of this terrifying funnel, sailing accurately in what appeared to be a narrow band of current ringing the edges. Two feet to the right would bring her out of the band into the spiral of the vortex. By desperate efforts Marshall held her in the band. At length he was flung contemptuously from the outer circle.

But he had no chance to draw the breath of respite. A succession of violent choppy white-capped waves awaited him, which slopped the dinghy up and down, and threatened to fill her by sheer weight of numbers. Indeed, some water did come aboard. And every few moments, just when the tumult seemed for a brief space to abate and a smooth area of some extent to have established itself, there would upheave from below another outward-rushing boil.

They were like half-suppressed fountains of incredible size, thrusting rounded hills of water ten, twelve feet above the level, the more terrifying because of the menacing roar that accompanied them. How he escaped from moment to moment Marshall could not have told. A flash of memory brought to his recollection that he had once sarcastically accused the healer of souls of a belief in the repetition of miracles. Such a belief was now being forced on himself.

Then all at once he found himself in comparatively smooth water. He realized that he had been forced into midchannel. On either side of him the whirlpools and boils raged unabated, but he was himself in a band of fairly calm, swift-running current. With a return of courage he indulged the thought that if he could manage to stay in this direct tide he might be safe after all. It was now too late to think of reaching the shore; perhaps he could run all the way through and gain the still channel beyond the foot of the rapids! He took a fresh grip on the oars.

The shores were now strange to him and were passing with great rapidity. Marshall found that keeping in the current was not going to be difficult. He had leisure to draw breath.

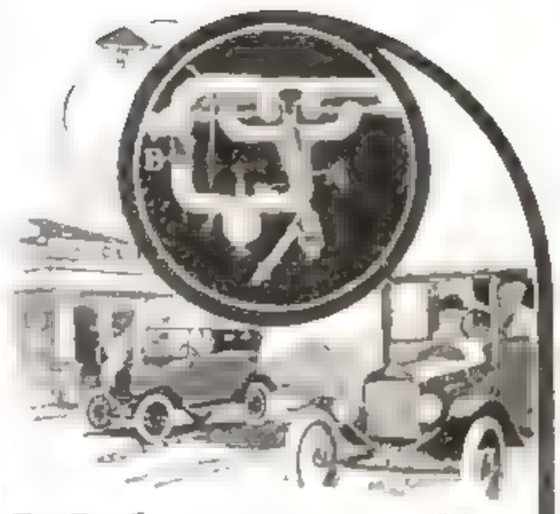
But not for long. Suddenly he realized that the smooth run of the current was narrowing. He glanced over his shoulder. What he saw wiped the confidence from his mind.

He was shooting at tremendous speed not down a band of safe water, but down a V, or into a funnel. At the foot of the V the whirlpools and broken waves came together from either side, and their joining was a wild and unbroken tumult. He gave himself up for lost.

A succession of shrill blasts from an air whistle reached his ears. From the Sonora Island shore, and considerably upstream, a small gas boat was pushing boldly out into the current. She sheered violently when she hit the fast water, and a great wave surged up and over her bow on the starboard side as her head was denied her. The port guard rails dipped under the careen. With what seemed an almost human effort she righted herself. A boil flung her sideways and twisted her almost half around, but she caught her course again. With uncanny skill she threaded her way down the narrow twisted lanes of a precarious safety. The force of the tide thrust her continuously sideways, but in some fashion she continued to point towards midstream and to make progress. For some moments Marshall, with a sinking of the heart, made sure she must enter the smoother central current—if she succeeded in entering it at all—at a point below himself; but the skipper's calculations proved his sagacity. Almost before Marshall realized the fact, she was in the central current, and was sweeping down toward him. In ten seconds she brushed alongside. There was an instant's grinding of reverse gears.

"Jump!" shouted a voice.

Marshall sprawled aboard, instinctively bringing the dinghy's painter with him. He started to rise, but was flung down again. (Continued on Page 88)



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That they shall live up to the maker's purpose and the highest expectations is ever a matter of concern to The White Company. Each new White Truck in use is another White obligation to give sustained and continuous transportation.

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So, always close at hand is someone trained in the traditions and skill of White to help each White Truck do its duty better and to heal any wounds of misuse or mishap.

Needs of the oldest White Truck are still adequately provided for.

Strong and capable, White Trucks start out from their home in Cleveland equipped to withstand the hardships ahead. Untiring eyes of their builders are always confidently on them to see that the transportation they serve moves constantly on —without interruption.

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(Continued from Page 85)

"Lie down, and hang on like hell!" shouted the voice.

To the first part of the commands he could not have denied an obedience which he had no wish to deny as to the second. Over the low gunwale he saw the water all white and leaping. The work boat plunged, rolled, dived, hit with a crash, shipped mighty seas and flung them off again. The man at the little wheel whirled the spokes now this way, now that. It seemed a miracle he could hold his place. Thrice the little craft careened so far under the enormous weight of some unseen force that it seemed she must turn over; and thrice she came slowly back to an even keel as though against strong pressure. Then there came three solid bumps; and suddenly, except for an uneasy weaving, the boat was progressing in a normal and orderly fashion.

Marshall raised himself and looked about him. Astern were the rapids. Three curling but stationary waves marked their termination. These had administered the three solid bumps. Round about were uneasy currents, running in swirls and eddies, but with a blessedly level surface. The man at the wheel reached down into the house and kicked out the clutch.

"We'll let her drift awhile, and take a smoke," said he, and turned around.

It was Tom.

III

"WELL," remarked Tom conversationally, as he drew a package of tobacco and some papers from his pocket, "where are you and your cat voyaging to, anyway?"

Marshall tried in vain to collect his wits. But too much cannot be expected of even the most exemplary hero reprieved from what has seemed a certain death. There were many appropriate things he might have said.

"It isn't my cat; it's yours," was what he did say.

Tom walked across the tiny deck, took the dinghy's painter from Marshall's unresisting hand, and hauled it alongside. The dinghy was quarter full of water, and the cat was very wet. It promptly jumped aboard.

"Did you think I'd starve a cat that way?" he asked. "It's skin and bones. It isn't mine; so it must be yours."

"But I don't like cats," objected Marshall stupidly.

"Well, it likes you," observed Tom with finality.

The animal had crossed the deck and was walking back and forth in a two-foot track. Each time it passed Marshall it rubbed against him and arched its back. It was a very peculiar cat, for it had jade-green eyes, a Pompeiian-red nose of a grosgrain texture, thick fur like a beaver's, and a half-length and rather bushy tail. In marking it was of the tiger variety. As Tom had pointed out, it was skin and bones.

"I don't like cats," repeated Marshall like a parrot.

"Was that it?" said Tom. "But if you came out to drownd it, the water's just as wet in a pail and not so dangersome."

"I didn't come out to drown it; I picked it off a floating log."

"That makes it perfectly clear," remarked Tom.

Marshall sprang to his feet.

"But look here! How asinine! What am I thinking of to be talking about a cat! You pulled me out just in the nick of time. I don't know how ——"

"Don't," interrupted Tom. "I've run these rapids before; though never when they were going quite so strong. But I admired the excuse to try."

"Where were you? How did you happen to ——"

"Oh, I was waiting over in one of the coves I know for slack to get home, and you came drifting by; so I thought I'd just run out and see if I could borrow a match."

"Sorry ——" said Marshall, who was soaking wet; then bit his lip in vexation at his stupidity. He must be still dazed.

"Oh, I found I had some," returned Tom gravely. "But I'm glad of your company."

He dived below and returned in a moment with a tin of milk and a chipped saucer. The cat ran eagerly part way toward him; then returned and recommenced its persistent rubbing against Marshall's leg. It did this with rather a feverish acceleration of pace, and at each repetition it looked up into his face questioningly and remarked "P-r-r-t!" in a voice that ascended to falsetto on the last letter.

"It's thanking you for picking it up," explained Tom.

"What do I do about it?" inquired Marshall helplessly.

Receiving no reply, he finally reached out his hand and touched the animal's head gingerly. This seemed to be sufficient. It gave over its efforts and fairly raced to the saucer, from which it lapped the milk in as hasty and as large gulps as a cat can compass. Tom stood over it, and as fast as the saucer was emptied he refilled it. Thus he used and threw overboard two cans.

"Isn't milk rather hard for you to get?" asked Marshall. "Aren't you wasting an awful lot of it?"

"I don't call it wasting it," replied Tom shortly. Then after a pause, "Do you?"

"No, I suppose not," confessed Marshall, who had not thought of it that way.

The two men stood and eyed the cat, while the gas boat drifted aimlessly and the rapids lowered its voice little by little. The milk finished, the starved creature was obviously overcome by an extreme drowsiness. Nevertheless it began painstakingly to wash itself, cat fashion. It was ludicrous, or painful, to watch it. Slower and slower went the licking motion of its head, its eyes half closed; it swayed as it sat. Then, just on the point of falling over in a dead sleep, it would come to itself with a start and recommence rapidly; only once more to slow down to the point of somnolence. It was evident it was drunk with sleep; nevertheless it could not or would not lie down to repose until it had put itself in order. At last with a sigh it stretched itself out and its eyes closed.

But a last thought crossed its mind before it dropped away. Staggering, it forced itself to its feet and made its way across the deck to Marshall.

"P-r-r-t!" it remarked, and rubbed against his leg.

Then it lay down to sleep.

"Well, I'll be damned if I ever saw the like of that before!" said Tom. "It ain't like a cat. It's more like what a dog would do!"

Marshall lifted the limp little figure. It did not stir. He carried it to the cabin and softly deposited it on the cushioned bunk.

"With your permission," he said, looking Tom squarely in the eye.

IV

THEY returned to Stuart Island on the slack, which shortly ensued. The Kittiwake was still untenanted, which for a moment astounded Marshall greatly, for it seemed to him that a long interval of time must have elapsed since he had left the float. A glance at his wrist watch, however, told him that the interval had been only a little over the hour. Tom moored his boat inside the booms, collected various small packages from the cabin, and disappeared, waving aside Marshall's attempt to reëxpress his appreciation. The cat slumbered on where it had been laid, dead to the world. Marshall resumed his contemplation of the scenery and the goggle-eyed rock cod.

"As to how to get outside the doors," the healer of souls suddenly began behind him, "as to how to get them open—that is the great problem of all life; it is like ventilating a very close room. Everything one does that involves admiration or sympathetic understanding or loving or savoring or inhaling life is a ventilating process. It doesn't matter how clumsily or fumblingly it expresses itself. It is an inlet, an outlet. It opens for permeation, which takes place only through the inlets you yourself prepare. Permeability—to life; I have said that before. The deeds of each person's existence float, as it were, in a certain atmosphere created only by himself. We recognize things that are almost as intangible, such as the effect of the sun's rays on plants, the necessity of a suitable climate. The warmth of the human heart, associated with the directing power of intelligence, makes this fostering climate. We are plants that cannot possibly develop without this equivalent of sun and light."

"I do not believe I quite understand the application," said Marshall without turning around.

"On this occasion I did not address your understanding," replied X. Anaxagoras, "but something deeper in you, which will receive my words."

This was too vague. Marshall made no comment.

The cat, awakened by the sound of voices, emerged from the cabin of the work boat, jumped to the float, and ran to rub against Marshall's elbow. X. Anaxagoras stooped to stroke it.

"Tom told me of this," he remarked in his everyday manner. "You had a narrow escape. These waters are very strong. It was rather fine of you to take the risk."

"It was nothing of the sort," said Marshall, "for the simple reason that I did not know there was a risk. If I had had the remotest realization of it I should certainly never have ventured."

The cat continued to rub his elbow. It had freed from the corrosion of sea water a loud purr that was still somewhat coarse and rusty in sound.

"Do you know," said Marshall suddenly, "I have always disliked cats; but this one does not seem to act like a cat. It is more like a dog"—he unconsciously quoted Tom "in the way it acts, I mean; sort of friendly without ulterior motive, as you might say."

"Very rare in cats," agreed X. Anaxagoras gravely.

"It certainly was embarked on a lonesome voyage," continued Marshall. His hand had strayed to the animal's back. "Ought to be named Noah."

"It's a good name," agreed the healer of souls.

The cat stretched, and with deliberate slow steps paced out on the boom poles with the evident intention of going ashore. But immediately and mysteriously appeared Tom's four, fully armed and with lance in rest, who announced in vigorous and no uncertain tones that the passage was in dispute. Noah did not retreat, but he ceased to advance and flattened himself on the log. The opposing powers maintained a position some twenty feet apart and deployed the preliminary forces of cat warfare; to wit, each swelled his tail to a horrific brush, stuck all his fur on end, laid his ears tight back against his head, narrowed his eyes, and summoned to duty the remarkably rangeful and resonant feline vocabulary of growls, hisses and wildly barbaric wails whose source seems always so inadequate to its volume. This Mongolian system of warfare by terrorization continued for some moments. Then the natives began to creep forward inch by inch. Noah threw in his last reserves of billingsgate, but without effect. His wispy starved little body looked almost grotesquely inadequate in comparison to the sleek and stalwart strength of the enemy.

Marshall uttered an impatient exclamation, arose hastily, gathered Noah into his arms, and returned.

"Not fair," he muttered defensively. "He hadn't a show in the world!" He sat down again, the cat in his lap. "I can't imagine where he came from. Or what he's going to do," he added after a few moments.

"Whether a thing is dead or alive," went on the healer of souls irrelevantly, after a short pause, "is determined by whether or not it has growth. Its degree of health or liveness is measured by the rate of its expansion or growth. That rate, in turn, is determined by its exposure to and acquiring of the elements which are favorable to growth, and which feed it. Its power of acquiring those elements is determined by its permeability; and that is wholly conditioned by its inlets and outlets. All that seems to me self-evident."

Marshall continued to stroke the cat, which again uttered its rusty purr.

"Outlets are numerous; and occasionally very strange," mused X. Anaxagoras, as though to himself. "Almost anything will do—as a starting point, at least. It doesn't matter what handle one takes hold of—any that suits. The law will work just the same."

He paused again.

"Even a cat may be quite a good outlet," said X. Anaxagoras. He suddenly spoke briskly, as though terminating his self-communings and as if he answered at last Marshall's remark made some time before. "I think," said he, "that he must have been lost off some boat, because he's so friendly and seems to be so accustomed to boats. And as for what's to become of him, he certainly can't stay here; Tom's warriors would immolate him. We need a ship's cat; but you dislike them. However, would you object if we took him along?"

"Oh, they don't bother me," Marshall assured him with a somewhat obvious effort at indifference. He arose.

X. Anaxagoras smiled to himself.

"P-r-r-t!" remarked Noah, settling himself more comfortably in Marshall's arms.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

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THE SEVEN GARMENTS

(Continued from Page 7)

exultant in Isidor, and all burning with gratitude that he should have risen from their poverty by his own unaided efforts, to lead them into this greatness, with the famous Guldengeld gold plate before them, and the famous Guldengeld tapestries around them, at a nine-course banquet presided over by the Guldengeld stately English butler, Ipstein! In addition, as legitimate members of this family party, there were the leading stars, directors and department heads of the Iskovitch Art Productions Company, Tim Barney's Climax, the Circle, the Heart Throbs, the De Witt and the Arts and Letters. A goodly company indeed, whom Izzy, from the center of the horseshoe table, addressed in this wise, with his cheerful grin, and with his bony knuckles on the table in front of him, and his mind on the little table in the alcove where sat the seven reporters for whose benefit this princely munificence was spread:

"I haven't got much to say, friends, on this happy occasion; but this is our answer, mine an' Tim Barney's, to the foreign invasion: We ain't—are not afraid of any foreign invasion! We believe that American actors an' American playwrights an' American directors an' American producing companies an' American art will be upheld by the American people. An' we believe it so well that we're puttin' every dollar we got in the world behind it. Tim Barney and myself, we have just thrown all our companies into one big corporation, an' have bonded that corporation for every dollar it would carry, an' have got the cash, dollar for dollar, for our bonds, not two for a dollar like some companies. Do you know what we are going to do with that money, friends? I am just starting out on a trip through the United States, where I am going to put through arrangements to carry on the most stupendous building enterprise ever known in the history of the motion-picture industry. Friends, when business opens in the fall there will be seventy new motion-picture palaces built throughout the country that have been financed by, and to show the productions of, the Iskovitch-Climax Pictures, Incorporated, which is our new name, of which this is the first announcement."

Loud applause. Loud, loud applause, particularly from the actors and the Iskovitches. The seven reporters looked at one another with distended eyes and bright grins, for they knew when they had a real story, live news stuff which would go on any wire and be printed in any sheet that carried a telegraph service. Loud applause, indeed; but ruddy Molla Barney, skin-tight in her purple satin, glared at her ruddy and elated husband, then leaned behind the intervening back and whispered to her ruddy sister-in-law, Mrs. Mulvaney, skin-tight in her apricot silk:

"And did you hear that, Kata? There's even less proportion of Barney to Iskovitch in that name than there is Barneys to Iskovitches at this party! Now I know why this is the first I heard that name! Iskovitch-Climax!" Then she leaned forward again, critically, as Isidor Iskovitch's grandfather-in-law, the rich Meyer Guldengeld, rose with majestic impressiveness and, in words neatly chosen for the benefit of the seven reporters, presented to Miriam as a memento of this great cementing the string of priceless pearls, which he would have preferred to slip around her slender neck in secret; then he bestowed on Izzy a diamond stick pin big enough to bring him back from one of the planets if he should go broke there; and on Molla Barney a jeweled bracelet, such as everybody was wearing these days, and twice as expensive; and on Tim Barney a gem-incrusted thin watch which rang minutes and split seconds and did tricks too numerous to mention. Then the waiters, under the imperceptible command of that stately Briton, Ipstein, slid gently forward and laid at the side of each lady's plate a jeweled vanity case, and at the side of each gentleman's, including the seven reporters, a jeweled trifle which looked like a big cigarette case, but had a screw top and gurgled when shaken. Oh, boy! Here were the proper trimmings to a live news story! This was the way to embellish a walloping announcement, with gold plate and precious gems! This was the way to launch a regular battleship of an expansion! Why, the Iskovitch-Climax, to judge from the surface quartz, had all the money in the world in its auriferous veins! But, as the seven guests of honor, each with a filigreed glass in one hand and a six-inch imported cigarette in the other, gathered round the grandson-in-law of the rich Meyer Guldengeld for further news ore, the cup of Molla Barney, already brimful, began to spill and run down the sides. Iskovitch! Iskovitch! Iskovitch! Hillary Wells, Izzy's editor, watched the play of emotions on Molla's expressive countenance for some little time with great interest, then he lounged his six feet of negligence over to dainty little Miriam Iskovitch and recited into her big black eyes, solemnly and apparently apropos of nothing:

Wives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
But let someone be sublimer.
We have only wasted time.

Presently in mighty unison thousands of telegraph keys clicked their staccato monotone in thousands of newspaper offices, long lines of operators sat at their intricate machines and in a world-wide staccato symphony rattled down the types which told the thrilling news the night brought forth; while in millions of beds the anxious public snored in a monstrous choral cacophony, as it rested between struggles with the problem of whether the foreign picture invasion would bring us enough gain in art to compensate for our financial loss; but the devotees of that art in far, fair Hollywood knew no rest and no fatigue in the patriotism which the public seemed to lack, for in that darkest hour which is just before the dawn they were still at it in the Pinnacle banquet hall.

"Say, Granny, are you with your country or against it?" beautiful Aurelia Amour asked of Tatia Rosen's director-to-be, as they jazzed round and round. "You mustn't tattle, old dear, but we've organized the home guards tonight, to keep the home fires burning under wherever a certain foreign invader happens to rest."

"Oh!" And the famous director, once Granville Leroy, but now in his fame just Leroy, glanced over to where a deep-laid conspiracy had made a fuming wallflower out of the imported passion flower; then he wrinkled his brow clear back to where his cowlick used to be, for he had that kind of a brow, and said he, "You Delilah! Do not think me weak because my locks are shorn. I have a reputation to sustain, so I shall do the very best I can to make the picture of the century with our sister from across the seas. And, after all, Aurelia, she is an artist, and art comes first."

Simultaneously with this, Leroy's dark-browed and grim-visaged camera man was beset in this fashion by piquant Peggy Ogden:

"There's one good thing, Teddy—you don't have to make this person beautiful, because that isn't how she gets her dramatic strength. You're not going to try it, are you?"

"Nothing doing, Peg," returned the crack camera man of the Pacific Coast, setting his lips firmly. "You're the nineteenth vamp who has attacked my patriotism tonight, and my answer is the same to one and all: I have a reputation to sustain, and my pride as well. I'll make that woman beautiful if I have to invent new lights to do it. Art comes first!"

And after that who shall say abstract idealism has no place in the movies? Even the mighty Klekoff, when appealed to by snappy April Carol—the latest whom he had raised to queenly eminence—failed, with all her cajolery, to abate one jot or tittle of the advantages which the alien was to have; for his continued and emphatic answer was that Tatia Rosen represented the best publicity value ever framed in the industry, and art came first.

It was at this juncture that Stuart appeared at his side, and there was a peculiar timbre in that dapper young man's voice as he said, "Take a minute to slip outside, chief. I have a wet copy of the bulldog edition of the morning paper."

One glance at Stuart's inexpressive countenance was enough, and without ceremony Klekoff followed him into the lobby and down the outside corridor and back of the musicians' stand, where the yes man spread out his copy of the paper. On the front page was a neat article with a one-column head concerning the reception in honor of Tatia Rosen, while across the entire top of the page ran the caption:

BUILDING SEVENTY THEATERS

NEW ISKOVITCH-CLIMAX CONSOLIDATION ON A TRUE-BLUE AMERICAN PLATFORM AND BACKED BY BOUNDLESS WEALTH

ISIDOR ISKOVITCH TO START CONSTRUCTION WORK AT THE SAME TIME ON SEVENTY FIRST-RUN HOUSES FOR ISKOVITCH-CLIMAX PICTURES

"Damn that band!" suddenly blazed the mighty Klekoff, while the hand which held the paper gripped convulsively into the still damp sheet, and by a curious coincidence the word which struck a reverse impression on his moist hand was "Iskovitch."

At that identical moment Molla Barney, with the cold cream not yet smoothed into an even surface on her ruddy countenance, sat on the edge of a bed in which Tim was earnestly trying to sink into the blessed relief of oblivion, while the capable Molla continued her previous remarks to the following effect:

What sort of man was he, a big hulk like him, to let a little whiffet of a fellow like Izzy Iskovitch shove him clear in the background? Iskovitch-Climax indeed! If it were Iskovitch-Barney now there might be more fairness in it, though by all rights it should be Barney-Iskovitch, Tim being the older in the business. What had he been doing all these years that he hadn't his name plastered all over the trade journals and the billboards like the Iskovitch name was? And what kind of a business man was he that he'd been producing pictures for twenty-two years and let a little upstart like young Iskovitch get 60 per cent of the new corporation and Tim only 40? On and on flowed Molla Barney's shrill crescendo, as she exercised her marvelous faculty for putting the same belittling charges over and over, each time in a different form and worse light, to all of which Tim Barney, being a giant of a man and therefore helpless, kept his teeth clenched and his fingers out of the palms of his hands and suffered in silence, knowing full well that any word he uttered, even the mildest of defense, would be hailed as violent language and labeled abuse. Suddenly Molla stopped, and for a blessed moment Tim thought she had run down, but it was only inspiration.

"Say, Tim, is there anything to prevent your making some pictures outside of the consolidation, if you distributed through it? Could you do that now?"

"I could, but I won't," returned Tim with such stolid resistance that she knew he meant it. "Get off my foot."

"Then here's what you do: You and Izzy are each still general manager of your own units, so you cable over and hire Tatia Rosen's director, Victor Blotter, to come here and direct pictures under the personal management of Tim Barney. You ought to get big publicity coupled with him, and if you're smart you'll have Barney, Barney, Barney all over his work. It's the only way you'll ever get your name printed outside a scandal. Will you do that?"

"I will not!" declared Tim firmly, though in his heart he thought it a brilliant business idea. "Get off my foot."

"If you dare go to sleep while I'm talking to you, Tim Barney, I'll break your leg!" declared his helpmeet in a rising voice. "I will not endure to be made a nonentity by the Iskovitches, nor yet by the Guldengelds with their gold plate!"

In the early morning Tim Barney, haggard and wan-eyed from lack of sleep, filed a cablegram which was his wife's contribution to the cause of art; but long ere that time Roabert, in his lair near Wall Street, was reading a telegram from Los Angeles, stating that his partner, Klekoff, was taking the first train to New York for a conference.

IV

WILD sounds issued from the most magnificent set ever built in the Climax studios—a man's deep, passionate voice cracking with discordant fury and booming on and on with strange gutturals and monotonously explosive emphasis. Yes, Victor Blotter had arrived to make pictures under the personal management of Tim Barney and was at work, and in violent paroxysms because Mary Hasty would not throw herself from the stair landing into the arms of the juvenile in an abandonment of

(Continued on Page 93)

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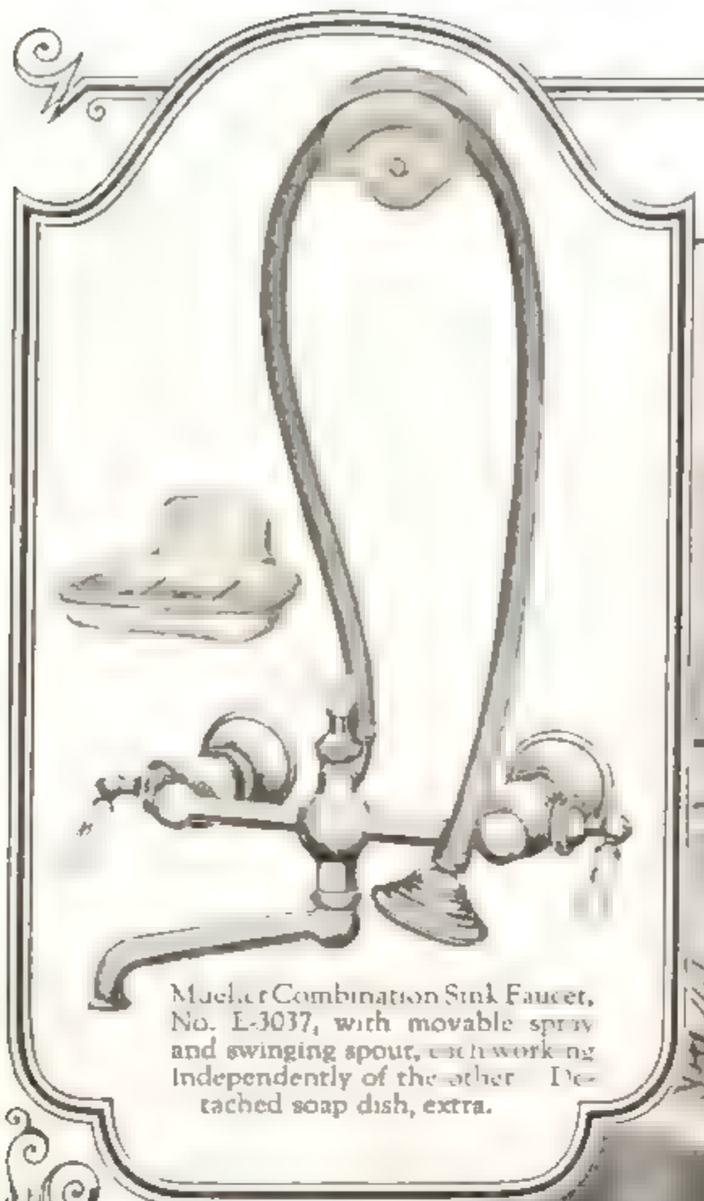

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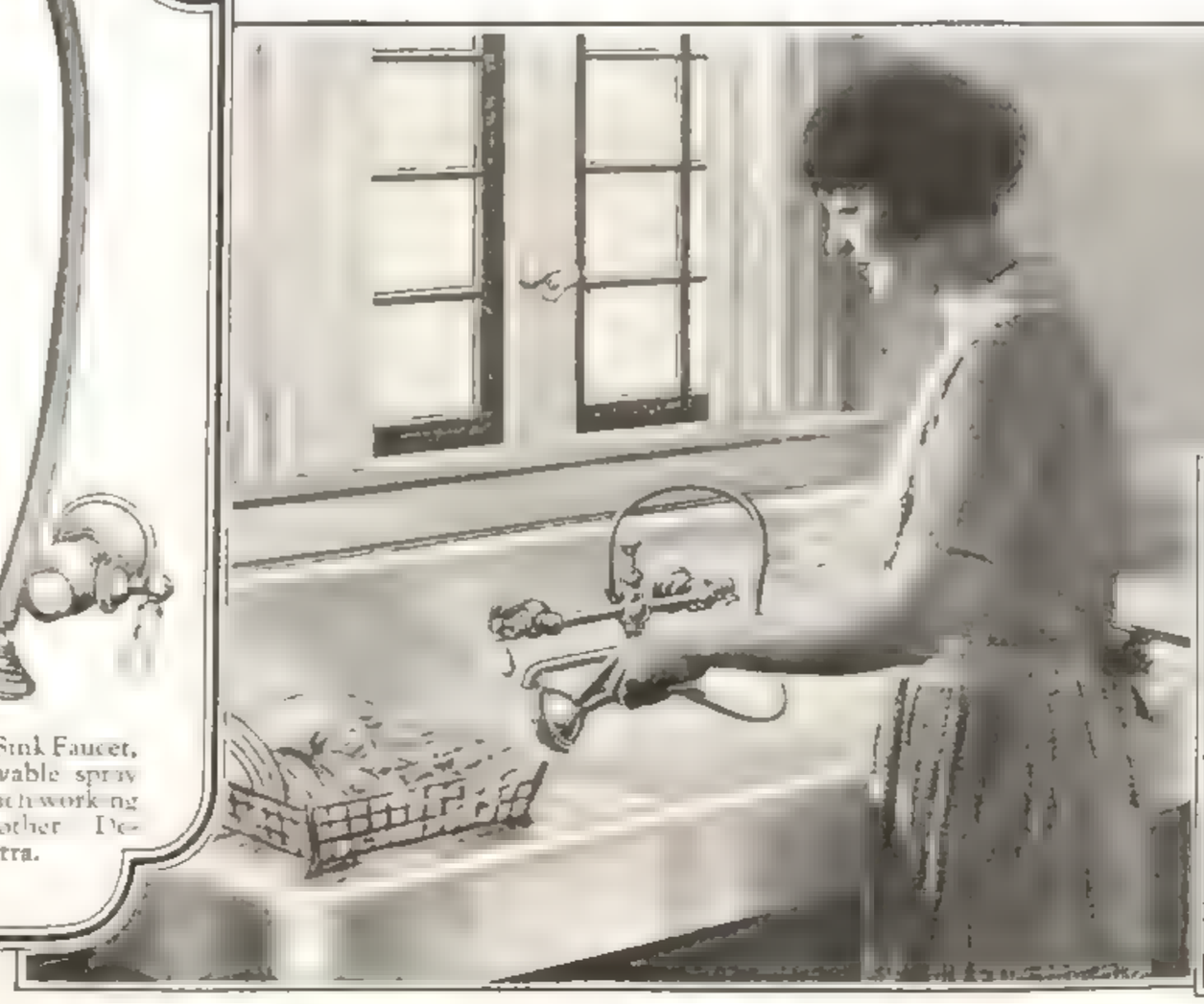

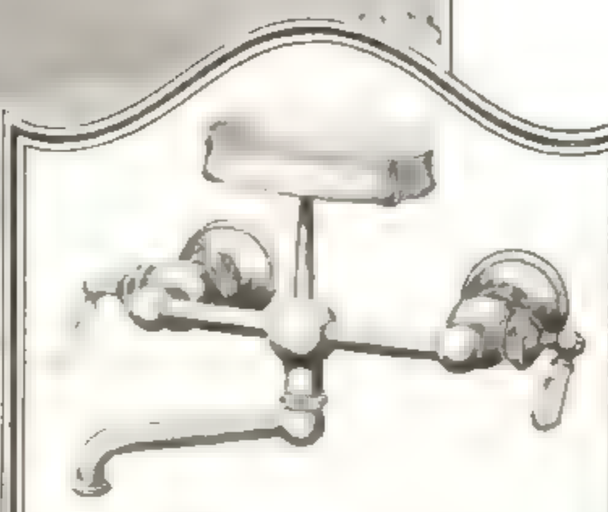

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(Continued from Page 91)

love, and roll with him to the bottom without the aid of a double. But presently the wild sounds died down, and the booming voice, and the gesticulating, and the stamping, for Victor was alone in his rage. Dainty Miss Mary Hasty stood on the bridge of the art-nouveau stairway calmly and impassionately, with not a strand of her marceled hair out of place and not a single straining of the Cupid's bow painted firmly on her lips. It was the fashion of the season in Hollywood to be repressed and to put over strong emotion by thought rather than by vulgar action, and there could be none more repressed than Mary. Her slender hand touched lightly on the rail, and there was not a gleam of anything in her round, round eyes as she gazed down on her imported director, though she might have been thinking. The juvenile glared at him, and the camera man snickered and the electrician rolled a cigarette, while the imported director stood dumb and hopeless. It was all futile. All the passion and the fire which were pent up in Victor Blotter, and which he had hoped to pour into that icy shell up there, was burning itself out by internal combustion. Suddenly he made one last desperate attempt to rouse her to something, to anything.

"You—you—you ——" he spluttered, remembering now to try to reach her in her native tongue; then he stopped, appalled by the tameness of Anglo-Saxon epithets, and groped for gutturals.

"I am just waiting for you to say it, Mr. Blotter," Mary remarked in her cold, hard tones, and that coldness and hardness finished him—froze him dead.

She generously gave him another chance to hurl an insult which she could understand; but, as he remained dumb, she came gracefully down the steps and out past him, to issue an ultimatum in Tim Barney's regular ultimatum office. Who was Victor Blotter, anyhow? Why, he couldn't get his name in the papers outside a display ad unless they happened to mention him as the new director for Mary Hasty! Damning truth. Poor Victor had arrived three weeks too late to be any part of the foreign-invasion excitement, which had only been good, anyhow, in the dull news spot between the Asiatic earthquake and the splendid Carewe-Crossman murder performed with a shoehorn. So, as Victor had no pet anteater and no Paris clothes and no beauty to extol or deny, he was gypped as far as publicity was concerned. All he had left with which to put himself across was his genius, so he stood crushed in the center of this magnificence which he had so naively loved when they had built it for him. It had been a joy to his poverty-starved soul to have lights for the asking, and more lights and still more lights; to have the services of the experts who had brought the mechanics of picture making to a marvelous height of development; to have fabric and texture and splendor without stint; to cast actors of price and extras enough to make a real mob; four camera men for his big scenes, retakes whenever he wanted them, to shoot thousands on thousands of feet without any regard for the cost of the film; and yet in his baffled heart he knew that he was not getting anything—not out of his star or anybody. He had been so delighted with Mary Hasty and her cute little ways and her American type of beauty, but between her and him, and between him and everything in this rich America, there was an impassable barrier—a barrier of ice—and the chill of it was in his veins.

Wild sounds issued from the most magnificent tinsel temple ever built in the Pinnacle studios—a woman's shrill, passionate voice raised in a discordant fury and screaming on and on in strange gutturals and monotonously explosive emphasis. Tatia Rosen was at work, and from the bridge of an art-nouveau stairway was wreaking her imperious will. Ever since the night of the party, Tatia had been wreaking her imperious will in revenge for the cordial reception which had been tendered her, and for that reception the Pinnacle had paid and paid and paid! Nothing they could do was magnificent enough for Tatia Rosen, nothing they could furnish was expensive enough, and nothing they said was satisfactory. She was the queen of the works, according to contract, and there wasn't a day in which she didn't prove it. Just now it was her leading man to whom she objected. For three weeks she had tried to make love to this man of wood, this imbecilic tailor's dummy, this clotheshorse, this stick, this stone, this clod, this this—this—this—and the rest of it was in gutturals. But it wasn't the fault of the leading man, she declared with a sudden entire change of base. Snowden was a nice gentleman, a good actor no doubt; but the director—pschk!—the director! It was all his fault! He was a man of wood, an imbecilic tailor's dummy, a clotheshorse, a stick, a stone, a clod, and the rest of it; while the balance of the cast, and the electricians and camera men and all and sundry stood around and marveled and admired.

Her director's brow wrinkled from his eyes to where his cowlick had once been, and it turned pink as well. He had stood the tantrums of Tatia Rosen long enough, and the time had come to assert himself, to show that he could also wreak an imperious will, for was he not ponder this well—Leroy? Leroy, the most illustrious director of the Pinnacle and a stockholder in the same? He had temperament, had Leroy, and inspirations and flairs and all those things which an artist should have, and he called them all warmly to his aid as, climbing the arch of the stairway to his virulent star, he shook a warning finger at her and said, "You hell-cat! Get back to your spot or I'll have you dragged back!"

Terrible language for Leroy, who was reputed in the profession as a perfect gentleman, and those standing about who had known him the longest were shocked; but in Tatia Rosen's eyes there gleamed the light of hope. This was more friendly, and, with a screech like a wildcat, she sprang on the great Leroy.

Alas for art! It was there that America lost its only opportunity to get a great scene out of Tatia. Under this circumstance Victor Blotter would have grappled with her, battled her back on the set, and secured from her the greatest acting of her career. It was thus that Victor had obtained the famous termagant scene which had made a furor of Mad Love.

But Leroy was above such methods. His was the school of repression; so he said. "We shall forget this unpleasant incident, Miss Rosen; but you are unfit for further work. Your make-up is spoiled. You look like yourself."

That licked her. On coming to triumph in America she had studied the American roads to success, and with infinite care she had made herself over entirely for soft focusing. Gone were those blue circles around the eyes which had given them deep-set passion; gone were the cheek bones and the cheek hollows which had let her be tragic; gone was that wide, flexible mouth which had given her face all its mobility and expressiveness; gone was every attribute which had made Tatia Rosen distinctive; and gone was Tatia Rosen—except for her temper and her desire to be beautiful with the beauty of the American screen stars. With eager fingers she worked to restore that ideal pattern, until her dark-browed and dark-visaged camera man said that she would do. She was perfect. She wore the thin, high-arched eyebrows, the tiny Cupid's-bow mouth and the smooth, oval, blank face which was the fashion in Hollywood this season; also she realized at last that, if she wished to screen according to formula, she must refrain from the violent facial contortions called for by a free expression of the emotions. She must act with repression and convey passion by thought rather than by movement.

Wild shrieks resounded through the big stage. It was Gail Pierce demanding another sun-ray arc, and there were no more sun-ray arcs. They were all on Tatia Rosen's set. A smile of gratification appeared on Tatia's countenance, but it was not a smile which spread far the tiny Cupid's bow on Tatia's mouth. She smiled with repression.

V

MANAGER ESCHGABIBBLE, of the Splendor Theater, sat in his shirt sleeves in his private projection room over the box office, adding the exhibitor's finishing touch to motion-picture art. He was taking twenty minutes out of the Heart Auction to make room on his program for the Syncopated Mokes. He was a short, broad man with a short, broad face, who loved the comforts of life and had them at his command; for through a peephole in his floor he could look down into his lobby and see the people paying their money to come in, and in front of him, beneath the glass top on which he rested his short, broad arms, was a seat telltale which flashed a red light for every vacant chair—and the telltale was mostly black. Beside him, on the bench at the long desk, sat his cutter, and they already had eleven minutes out of the picture which was running before them, when an usher dashed in and announced Isidor Iskovitch.

"Izzy?" said Eschgabibble with extreme cordiality. "Sure, tell him to come right up!" And he stopped the run of the film in order to greet his friend and superior officer; for Marcus Eschgabibble's connection with young Iskovitch was long and satisfactory.

Eschgabibble had been one of the substantial state-rights buyers in the old Square Deal Distributing Company, when Izzy had bought a half interest in that concern with his first earnings and savings. Eschgabibble had become a branch distributor in the All-America when Izzy had appropriated the Square Deal to form the nucleus of that successful national distributing concern; and Eschgabibble was now a branch distributor in the Iskovitch-Climax Pictures, Inc., and an investor in its colossal expansion program.

"Whatever you got to say, Izzy, hold it a little bit till I finish this job and I'll give you the rest of the afternoon." Whereon the finishing-toucher of motion-picture art pressed a button and the film began again, and in the first flash the visiting producer recognized one of his own pet pictures. "Here's the place I mean, Joe, right there where the man gets on the horse. Now watch!"

Silence for seven minutes, during which the logic of the picture and its inevitable dramatic climax was unfolded with clean and lucid directness.

"There, Joe!" The buzzer stopped the film. "Right where the girl jumps off the cliff. Just cut everything out between them two spots."

Izzy felt a violent throb down beneath his flat diaphragm at this proposed mutilation, but, though his bony fingers intertwined themselves so tightly that they left white marks where they touched, he held his peace. There were not above twenty red glows on Eschgabibble's telltale, and the man knew his business.

"I think you're a dumb-bell to cut out that stuff!" rasped Joe in a particularly grating voice, and he stuck out his thick lips. He was passionate about it. "Why, they won't know why she jumped off the cliff!"

"They don't give a damn why she done it!" retorted Eschgabibble with equal roughness. "The kick's in the jump, and that's all they care about."

"Oh, is it? Well, say, if you'd listen to some of these people goin' out, in place of just to the clink o' their money comin' in, you'd get another idea in your bean."

"So long as they keep coming in I don't care what they say going out!" And now the exhibitor turned on his hired hand with savage impatience. "Say, listen, you pinhead! When you get a theater of your own and can keep packing it the way I do mine, you got a right to think you think—not before! That stuff's out, and I'd leave it to you to take out the other two minutes if I wasn't afraid you'd ruin the film."

Six minutes further on he found his spot, an explanation of how the heavy had come to be a villain and why he had repented; and ordering a particularly good close-up of Prudence Joy to be saved and stuck in some place, and to cut the rest, Eschgabibble dismissed Joe, lit the cigar which he had been smoking dry, and turned to his visitor with "Well, Izzy, I guess you come back to tell me you closed up all the territory?"

"You bet you my life!" exulted the young promoter. His eyes were gaunt through want of sleep, and his cheeks were wan and hollow, for he had been traveling night and day for months across and over the United States, and had used tons of vitality in pushing hesitant investors into decisive action. "Marcus, since I left Hollywood I spent eight million dollars!"

"No wonder you look so tired," grinned Eschgabibble.

"I still got strength enough to take your money. Can we run right over to your lawyer's now?"

"Not for half an hour. The banks here don't close till three o'clock, but they'll take deposits up to four. I got my three towns closed for you though, and got the money from the three exhibitors. I put it in the bank with my account till I sign the final papers with you."

"I'll have to figure the interest on that an' make you cough up," rejoined Izzy very happily, for he had conquered the world. He was Alexander! He was Ajax! "Say, I

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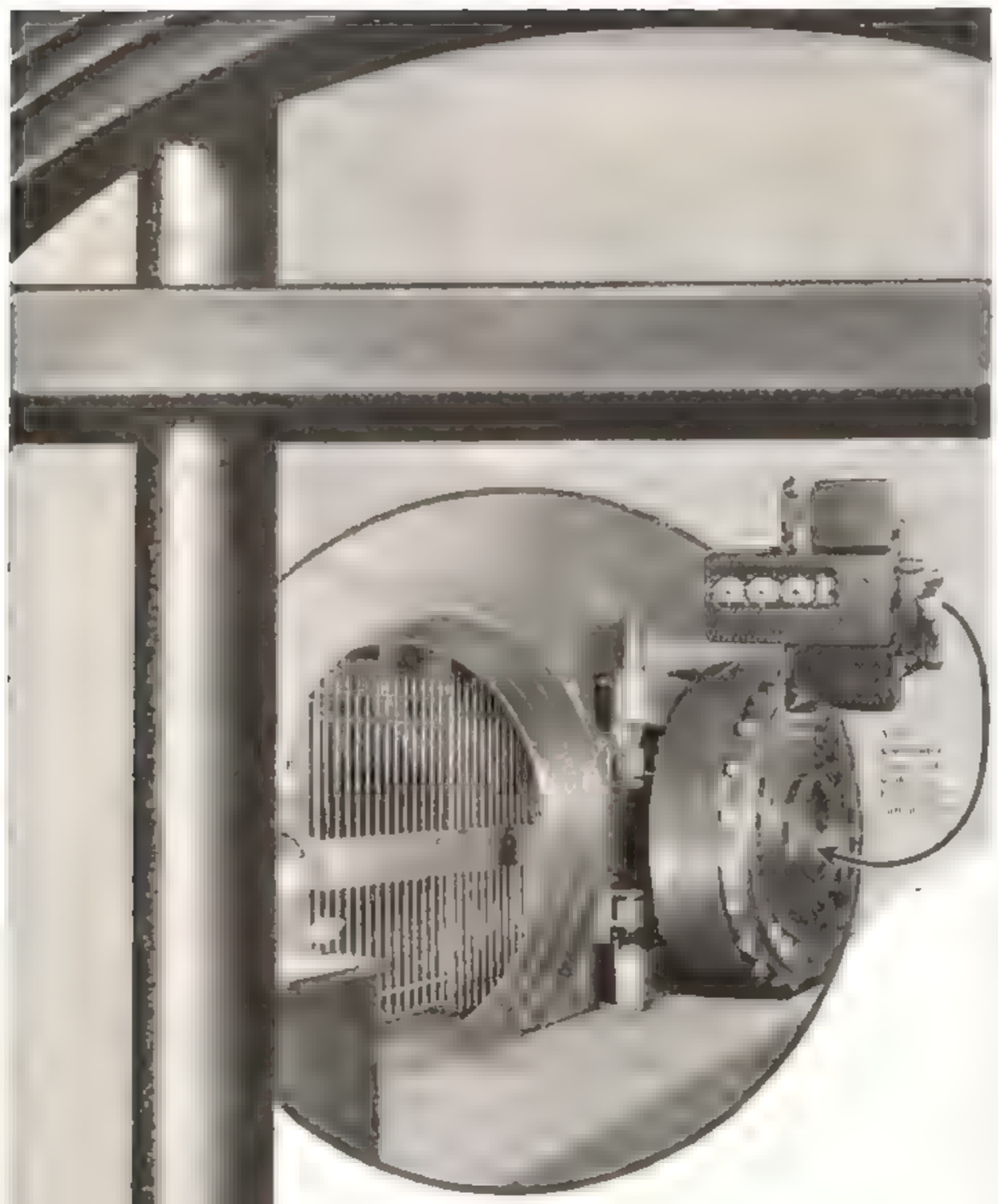

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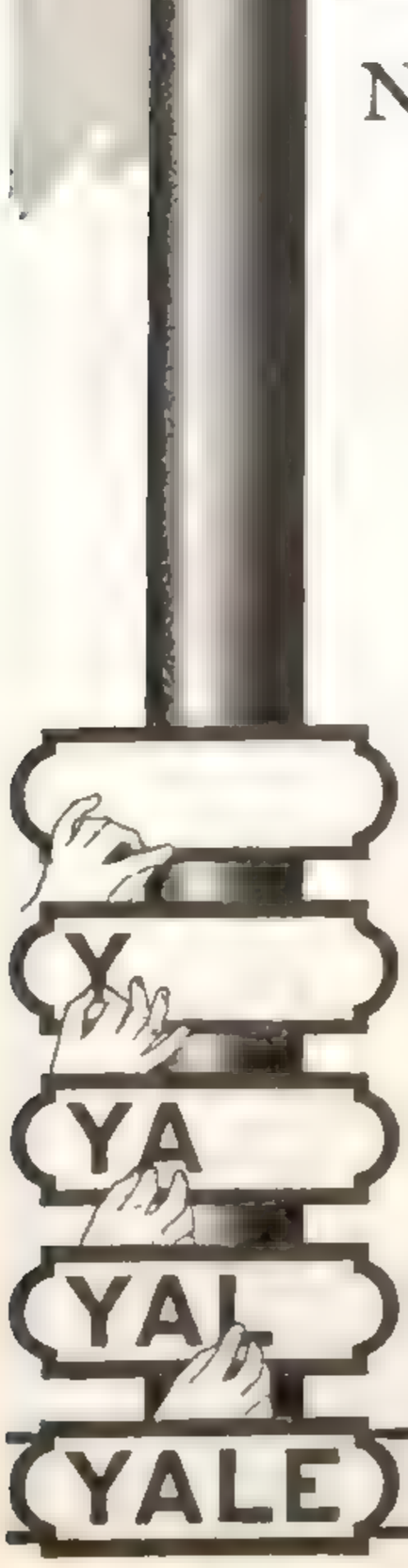

Yale Made is Yale Marked

hope you noticed the publicity we're gettin' an' that the Pinnacle ain't! Why, say, Eschgabibble, every one of our seventy towns keeps whoopin' up the publicity about the Iskovitch-Climax enterprise till there ain't any other room left for any other motion-picture news; an' when we lay the corner stones, all on the same day, for them seventy theaters in seventy cities scattered all over the United States, it'll pile up into a front-page story that'll give Klekoff the cramps—an' I don't care what else it does to him."

"I hope he chokes!" was the profound amen to that. "All right, boy, what is it?"

"It's Mr. Blumberg."

"Fine! Send him right up. He'll be glad to see you, Izzy. He's been saving that fifty thousand dollars of his for fifty years, I think, starting in the old nickelodeon days to put away a cent out of every nickel he took in and never touch it. But at that, I don't believe Sammy ever believed he'd get to soak his fifty thousand into a half-million-dollar theater and be the boss of it, like he's going to be."

"It does me good to give them fellas a chance," declared Izzy with warmth in his voice, and he spared himself a moment to think what a benefactor he was to the seventy frugal exhibitors who had chosen to ride in his band wagon, to put their money with his and defy the Pinnacle.

"I want my money!" yelled a shrill voice, which cracked into falsetto, as the door opened and a weazened but spry little man strode in and leaned over the desk, half frantic with pain. It was Blumberg, but a different Blumberg from the meek-spoken, cautious little exhibitor whom Izzy and Eschgabibble had let in on their expansion. His small black eyes were glittering and there were red streaks in the white of them, and there was a queer trembling in his leathery cheeks. "I want my money! Which one of you's got it? Give it to me quick!"

"What's the matter, Sammy?" inquired Eschgabibble soothingly, he being a well-nerved man who had risen because he could withstand the shocks inseparable from art. "Has somebody got the goods on me or Izzy, or dug up our penitentiary record, or what?"

"Listen! I ain't got any time for foolishness!" And Blumberg's voice cracked again into falsetto. "That fifty thousand dollars is all I got! I could tell you when I got every dollar of it, and what I went without to get it, me and Becky and the kids! And this Blumberg Palace Theater that we was going to build come near being as high as I ever want to get in this life; but when the Pinnacle takes the ground right next to where mine was gonna be, and tears down two buildings to put up a theater that costs twice as much as mine, and is on the corner besides, between me and the street cars, and has their electric signs on two streets instead of one, they take three-fourths of my business, maybe all, and I can't pay my expenses. I'm broke when I'm a old man. I want my money! I want my money back, I say!" And again his voice broke into a shrill falsetto. "Chentlemen, give me back my money! Where is it? Who's got it?" And now he went into a sort of frenzy startling to behold, his eyes bulging and the muscles working in his leathery neck, and little flecks of white spittle clinging on his lips.

Grimly Eschgabibble and Izzy looked at each other.

"All right, Blumberg," said Izzy, swallowing quickly the lump of panic which rose to force cowardice into his own throat; and his intuition, or his apprehension—he couldn't tell which, nor did he care which—jumped him into the possibilities which the news opened. However, with the gift of mental poise which had been part of his success, he forced his apprehension into the background and kept his head clear for the foreground of this situation. "Your money ain't spent yet, Mr. Blumberg, and it won't be until you say so, although you signed a contract with Mr. Eschgabibble as my agent."

"You'll take my word for it, won't you, Sammy?" put in Eschgabibble quickly.

"Sure," consented Blumberg, his voice weak as he was assured of safety, for Eschgabibble was as good as a bank. He tottered around the end of the desk with his hand on it for support and sank wearily on the bench.

Izzy made room for him, and said in a very quiet voice, "Let's see, Blumberg. I already bought the theater site in your town an' paid for it, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Has the Pinnacle bought its property?"

"Well, they optioned it. That's enough for me! I want my money back!"

His voice told more plainly than any words could have done his desperate fear of the mighty Pinnacle.

"Oh, well, if they only optioned it!" And Eschgabibble chuckled. "That's one of their regular tricks to scare out simps and boobs. How long did they option it for?"

"Sixty days. The minute I heard it, Marcus, I heard the train whistle and jumped in my nephew Moe's flivver and drove it myself down to the depot and left it there; and it was the first time I ever speeded in my life, because I wanted to get here before the banks closed."

"It's too late," said Marcus promptly, then Izzy, who had swallowed his Adam's apple at last and made it stay down, leaned forward with his bony fist on the desk and with his five creases, three deep and two deepening, between his eyes.

"You trust Eschgabibble's bank, don't you, Blumberg?"

"Oh, sure! I got my own money in a branch of it, and I know every dollar they got, assets and liabilities."

"All right. Will you leave your money in escrow in that bank for sixty days, the bank to pay it back to you if the Pinnacle closes its option on that property inside of that time, but our deal to stand in case the Pinnacle fails to close its option?"

"You to get the interest from now until then," supplemented Eschgabibble.

"No!" Blumberg's voice rose shrilly. "Me to get the interest from the time I paid it to you till then!"

"All right," laughed Eschgabibble, rising, and feeling that he had brought about a quick agreement by this side controversy. "We'll go right over to the bank and fix it. I think maybe we can still get in yet."

When they had fixed Blumberg at the bank, and had put him on an intercity trolley, still dubious and fluttering in the chest, they walked back over to the Splendor rather soberly; for both men, the one youthful and the other mature, had withstood the assaults of the Pinnacle for years. However, perhaps they were unduly frightened. Theaters were always being built, and the Pinnacle was always financing one here or one there, and this case might be only sporadic.

As they reëntered Eschgabibble's office the telephone bell was ringing, continuously, and it may have been one Isidor Iskovitch's intuition and it may have been his apprehension, but the harsh jangle of that bell seemed ominous.

It was. It was a long-distance call from the second of Eschgabibble's three first-run towns, and it conveyed two important messages—that the exhibitor who was investing in the new Iskovitch-Climax-Eschgabibble-Hintzfelder theater wanted his money back, and that the Pinnacle had optioned the property right across the street from their site for a picture house to cost double the money.

"That's all right, Ike," returned Eschgabibble with marvelous readiness and heartiness, considering the quake in his own interior. "We know all about that. Izzy Iskovitch is in my office right now. Your money's safe, and it will be held in escrow for sixty days until we see if the Pinnacle is only bluffing. If they go through, your money back with its accrued interest. You know me, Ike!"

Only a brief bit of further conversation, then Eschgabibble turned from the phone with a sigh of relief.

"You know, we're lucky at that, Izzy. The Pinnacle timed to break its news so that we all have a chance to get out with a whole face."

Oh, yes! All except Alexander! All except Ajax! The Iskovitch-Climax had its eight million dollars invested in small-parcel real estate scattered in seventy cities, and in some of them was already obligated for building operations running deeply into more millions.

And just then a boy walked in with a telegram for Izzy, in care of Eschgabibble:

Come home. Hell's broke loose.

TIM.

VI

UNTIL the crack of dawn Molla Barney sat on the edge of Tim's bed with the evening paper in her hand, upbraiding him in bitterness and scorn for having fallen into his dotage a score of years before his time; and when the dawn had cracked a little wider she ran down for the morning paper to get fresh material. It was all

(Continued on Page 97)

California

Be in the Golden State with us next Christmas!

A host of new families are enjoying Christmas in the Golden State! Many thousands more than last year. A year ago, many of them battled storms and blizzards.

This Christmas, they celebrate in rose-clad little homes, or verdure-bounded mansions. Last year, their kiddies stayed indoors. This Christmas, they romp in thick, green grass and breathe clean air from sea or mountains

However, Californians do not live on climate. But climate makes myriad opportunities from which livings are made. Climate here means tip-top spirits, better health and maximum production. Climate has brought population, and population multiplies opportunities. California nurtures success, just as it nurtures vegetation.

Californians Prosper

Californians will start the New Year with at least 75 per cent more per capita bank deposits than other people. They'll start the New Year with per capita savings double the average of the Nation's per capita. There is on the average an automobile to every family in California, even to every farm.

California fruit trees produce over twice the average of other fruit trees in dollars and cents. California acreage produces in crop value, from 100 per cent to 200 per cent more than other acreage. Californians have money! They have 5,000 miles of wondrous highways, 20,000,000 acres of primitive forests, great mountains, alluring valleys, beauteous parks, glistening beaches, sparkling bays, year-round fruit and flowers. Nearly everything to make life pleasanter and more worth while! Like millions of us, you too can be happier in California!

Schools Are Unexcelled

Youthful California shares honors of leadership in school efficiency with age-old Massachusetts. Here children have unexcelled educational advantages. California takes her rural children to modern schools in great motor buses.

California cities keep educational facilities ahead of population. Here is a typical instance—San Francisco recently voted a $12,000,000 bond issue, this sum to be spent on elementary, junior high and high schools.

There are seventeen junior colleges in the State, where the first two years of college work may be taken. California's universities attract students from all over the world. Next to the largest of ALL universities is California's own.

Health and Comfort

California's youths are healthy. Her children are strong. Federal statistics show that California babies weigh more and are taller than babies of the same age elsewhere. Of twelve cities in the United States with lowest infant mortality rates, six are in California. Children have greater chance of living to maturity in the Golden State. Our mortality rate as a whole is the lowest in the Union according to insurance statistics.

You'll avoid extremes of climate in California. For instance, in San Francisco the summer average temperature is 59 degrees, the winter average 51 degrees, and the annual average 55 degrees—never enervating humidity.

You CAN succeed in California if you can succeed elsewhere. Work now for your California future. This time next year, be on a glass-like California highway, breathing fragrant air, seeing inspiring scenery of a legion kinds.

There is comfortable room for 30,000,000 people in California, and only 4,000,000 live here now. The Golden State with all her rapid growth has only reached the threshold of the boundless future.

California will welcome tens of thousands of new citizens in 1924. Ambitious people they will be, intent on better futures than they face elsewhere Be among them! Succeed with them! When Christmas comes again, be established in the great new Empire by the Western Sea. Your future cast with ours. This year, prepare a reasonable stake to see you started, and settle down forever in the Golden State.

Come to San Francisco

Come to San Francisco, the headquarters of Californians Inc., a non-profit organization of citizens and institutions interested in sound development of the State. Some of the most beautiful suburban districts in California adjoin this great port, the metropolis and trading center of the Great Valley and of the many garden valleys of the Coast Range.

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(Continued from Page 94)

there in cold black and white. The Pinnacle, always a leader in motion-picture enterprise, had optioned a hundred parcels of land in a hundred cities, to build for a selected lucky hundred of Pinnacle exhibitors one hundred magnificent picture palaces, and was about to make a forty-five-million-dollar bond issue to float the same, the largest financial transaction known to the motion-picture industry—and Tim Barney, in his second childhood, had put every dollar of his lifetime earnings into a pop-eyed scheme engineered by a young whiffet. Oh, well, they could beg for their bread when Molla's jewelry was gone. But twenty-five-cent cigars would have to be cut out now! And so *ad infinitum*.

With a rumble in his throat which Molla could take for a curse or not, Tim sprang out of bed, and reaching for his vest pocket lit a twenty-five-cent cigar while still in his pajamas, then strode into the bathroom and slammed the door and drowned out Molla's voice with the rush of water in his tub—cold water. He wished that he had ice to put in it.

But truth to tell, Tim was in no luxurious frame of mind himself, for the Iskovitch-Climax concern which had started out so gayly, and had captured front pages from coast to coast in a mighty sheaf of publicity big enough to paper all the billboards in Christendom, was suddenly become a white elephant that all the years of plenty which might come would not suffice to feed, a dead horse the weight of which would stagger any man's shoulders to the ground. Eight million dollars! Every red cent they could raise! All this reposed on the depthless bottom of the financial sea and any attempt to salvage it would only result in another wreck. In spite of his good blood, Tim's usually ruddy face was a bit gray as he went down to his office, and his hair felt gray, and the morning was gray; and Izzy, president and brilliant young organizer of the Iskovitch-Climax, Inc., was gray of feature, too, as he waited there in Tim's neat Spanish-mission reception room, with the irritatingly gay Indian rugs on the floor and the gaudy Navaho-patterned curtains hanging leadenly at the windows.

"So you're back," was Tim's greeting. "What's the use that I should say what's in my mind? I bid you welcome."

His grip, however, was hearty enough as he shook hands, and Izzy clung to it a moment, then he pumped up a fair counterfeit of his old-time cheerful grin.

"Well, Tim, we still got one chance. The Pinnacle's arranging for its big bond issue all right, but it ain't floated it yet."

"They never fell down on one, did they?" And Tim led the way into his private office, shaking his head. "We might just as well face the music, Izzy. Klekoff's got us lashed to the mast, for even if we should be able to build those theaters, they couldn't pull out with a profit for us. I understand that the Pinnacle has secured property in every instance adjacent to, or across from, if not in front of ours. We're broke."

"Not in advance!" declared Izzy, the passion of his ultimate aim in him, and it hardened his jaws and strengthened the muscles in his cheeks and stiffened his neck. "We got our bond issue through like turning over a hand, an' we got dollar for dollar, less the smallest commission ever paid for transacting such business; but Meyer Guldengeld said to me this mornin' that the best offer the Pinnacle got so far from the financial group that's supposed to underwrite 'em is one that if they are suckers enough to take it we can lick 'em—if we can only hang on four or five years."

"Only!" Tim stared at him, and then the gray deepened in his cheeks. "My heavens, kid, you talk about four or five years like it was a glass of water out of a faucet, in place of 25 per cent of my reasonable expectation of the balance of my life."

"Oh!" Even the passionate determination of Izzy was checked for a moment by this thought, then he grinned. "But looky, Tim, that's only the worst side of it. I got a hunch they'll never go through with it. An' if they don't, we got a edge on 'em they'll never get over."

Tim, lifting his head slowly, studied the unfazed determination of young Iskovitch closely, for he was old enough to have forgotten the intense optimism of thirty-five; then suddenly the brightness came back to his bright blue eye.

"Maybe you're right," said he. "All we have to do is to put up a good brave front, and if the worst comes to the worst, why, we have Meyer Guldengeld."

"No!" The denial was so emphatic and vehement that Tim was startled. "Not one nickel of Meyer Guldengeld's money goes into this scheme unless we need it to cover an absolute cinch bet. If there's to be a loss he don't get let in. Besides that, if I fail on this deal without any outside help I ain't got the qualities to be the biggest magnate in the business that I always said I'd be. An' I don't deserve to be anything more than a piker little producer with one single unit like the Iskovitch or the Climax was."

"Then I wish to blazes and damnation that I had my piker little Climax back, whole and free like it was before I got to going over the jumps with you!" declared Tim, with the red of anger flowing up to relieve the ashen gray of his worry. "You've been making me build a house without any foundation, and now you've kicked the props out from under it; and I'll never have a minute's peace in my family till the day of my death!" There was the real grayness in Tim, the real consideration that kept him from any exhilaration in this gamble. "I thought I was on my way to be rolling in wealth, but as I sit here this minute, with my liver turning the color of a rotten orange, I'd give up the whole works for just my little Climax back again. And I'll tell you this much, Izzy." Tim hesitated, then he shot forward his jaw and blurted through. "If I hadn't thought that Meyer Guldengeld would eventually be behind this thing, I never would have gone in!"

For the first time in their acquaintance Tim Barney glared at Isidor Iskovitch with no softening of friendliness in his eyes, and, as Izzy looked at Tim and saw that open breach of all the confidence and trust there had been between them, there came a moistening in his eyes and a hurt in his heart.

"I'm sorry, Tim. I guess I'd feel just like you do, maybe, when I get your age."

He rose and held out his hand and picked up his hat.

"Where you going?" asked Tim, the hardness melting out of him as he took the bony hand.

"To see what I can do." Izzy spoke with an effort, then he conquered the quiver in his lips and grinned cheerfully and put on his hat. "You want out, Tim. You'd be satisfied to pocket part of a positive loss rather than all of a possible loss. You'd be satisfied if you had the Climax clear."

"To be sure I would." Tim smiled on his partner with a return of the old good fellowship. "Wouldn't you be satisfied if you had your old Iskovitch Art Productions out of this mess, clear?"

"You bet you my life not!" And Izzy's voice rang. "I'd rather have my chance to have absolute and total control of the Iskovitch, Circle, De Witt, Heart Throbs, Arts and Letters and All-America, an' call 'em all Iskovitch. It'll be about the expansion I oughtta have by now, if I'm gonna overtake the Pinnacle in five years, which I am. Y'see, Tim, there's just one thing the matter with you—you ain't got the confidence in me that I have!"

VII

VICTOR BLOTTER stood outside the Climax projection room, his little eyes blinking in the sunlight and he so woebegone that he seemed to sag from head to foot—so woebegone that Izzy Iskovitch, coming away from his interview with Tim Barney full of troubles of his own, was forced to spare him a half portion of sympathy, and inquired how he was.

"I am used as well by the world as I deserve that it should use me."

"If we all got that we'd all feel rotten, I guess," grinned Izzy. "But at that, you should worry. I hear your picture looks like a million dollars."

"Pschk!" returned Victor with a queer clicking sound of his tongue and teeth and lips, and he snapped the fingers of his right hand, then the fingers of his left. "That is the trouble. I am not used to so much money. I spend it on my picture like a nouveau riche, and it looks like all the other pictures of the nouveau riche. It has no soul. No soul, I tell you; no heart, no stomach, no blood, no nerves, nothing in it that quivers and fires and jumps the pulse. It is a beautiful body with nothing in it, like your American actresses. I am ashamed! Me, Victor Blotter, that was called an artist in my own country till I thought I was. Now I know I am not. I made better pictures with what would be twelve thousand dollars in your money than I made for Mr. Barney with a hundred and sixty thousand. And I have such a homesickness in me today that I would give all I ever hope to make to go down the three steps into the *weinstube*, where I used to go with Tatia after a hard day's work, and swill myself full of beer till I am dumb in the head and roll off to sleep and never wake up."

The genuine distress of him reached Izzy even through his intense concentration on how he could lift his own head above the turgid seas that encompassed him, and he loosened another half portion of sympathy, though somewhat grudgingly.

"Oh, well, you have to learn any new thing. Any time you see your mistakes you'll do better next time."

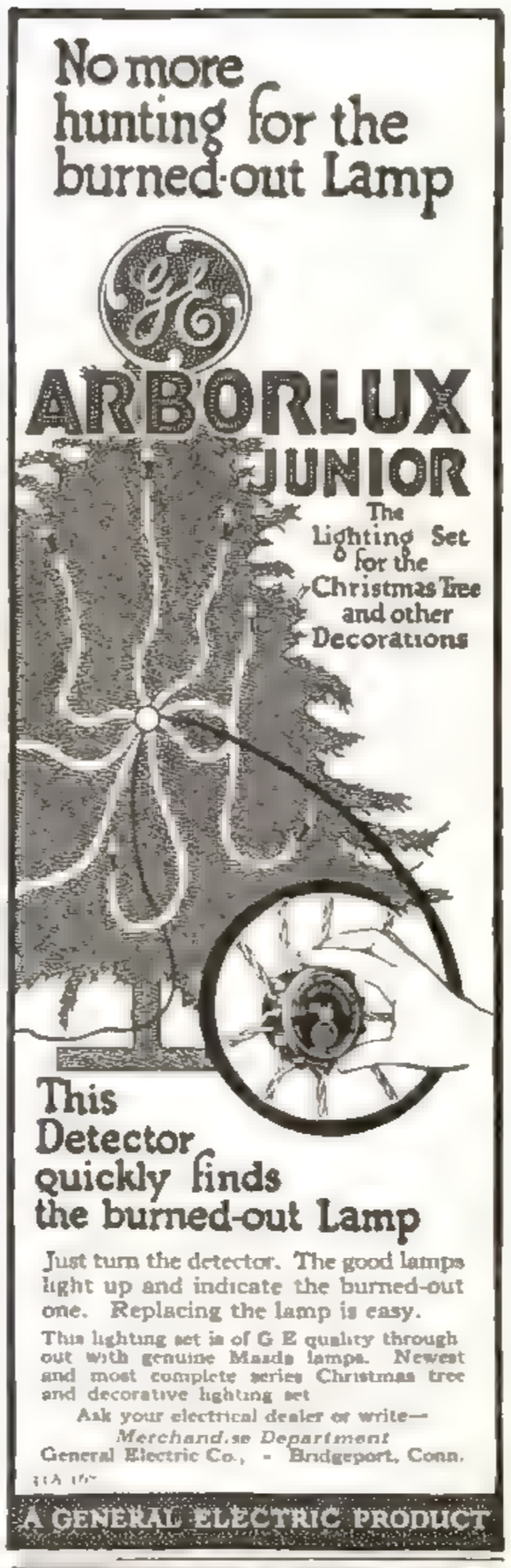
"There will be no next time! Mr. Barney only engaged me for one production, with an option on others, and he says that my picture is good enough, but he is disappointed in my advertising value. But, anyhow, I wish to make no more. It is the system which prevents artistic independence in this country. You have found how to make pictures that will make money, and you make all your pictures like that. You have found what the public thinks is a beautiful woman, and you make all your women look like that. Tatia, that I had so distinctive that she was like nobody else in *der ganze weldt*, looks exactly like Aurelia Amour, or Carnation Royal, or my own lump of vanilla ice cream mit sour pickles in it, Mary Hasty. It is the same with the sets. I had my picture made before I knew that the grand staircase in the art nouveau that arches across the middle of the hall like a damn crazy fool is exactly like the one Tatia has in her Pinnacle picture, and exactly like the one Ethel Siren used in an Excelsior picture. It is the fad this season, like it is the fad that every actress has to faint in the next to the last reel. I let Mary Hasty do it before I knew everybody else was doing it, but if I had tried to stop her —— Oh, what is the use?" And here, overcome by his emotions, he trailed off into an intense guttural mumbling of deep-throated tongues which alone could express his tortured soul.

"I understand Tatia's picture's a flop," said Izzy by way of comfort, looking at his watch and edging towards the gate.

"She has gone crazy, that girl!" exploded Victor. "She is trying to compete with all these little American actresses. Then she is without me, and without me she cannot act. I wish her that she goes to hell, that woman. Do you know what she did to me? She prevented me from coming to the Pinnacle to direct her, and if I live long enough I pay her back. Pschk!"

He followed Izzy to the gate, for one in woe clings long to a sympathetic soul; but Izzy had forgotten him by the time he climbed in his car. He had before him the most serious problem of his life. As soon as he arrived at the Iskovitch Art Productions plant he grabbed his phone and called Meyer Guldengeld, to learn the latest concerning the Pinnacle's projected bond issue; and Meyer, who was in intimate touch with every sizable group of dollars that changed location, reported with some concern that the underwriters had at last come to an agreement with Pinnacle. They would ratify the decision at a formal meeting on the first.

The first! Only twenty days away! Only twenty days in which to work! A metal filing case in the corner of Izzy's office contained, well tabulated, all the available data pertaining to every concern in the business, and covering the fifteen years since he had set out to be the biggest magnate in the industry. He drew out the day-by-day quotations since the Pinnacle stock had first been quoted, and he followed those fluctuating prices with keen interest. Here was the place where the Pinnacle had made its first big consolidation and had set for its stock a new high level. Here was the place where the Pinnacle had passed its nearest competitor. And here was the big slump where the Pinnacle had failed to pay expected dividends. A bad year, that, for the Pinnacle—a year that gave its stock a new low level. Up again for the big recapitalization, and then fluctuations with a slight but constant downward trend after the recovery from each slump. It was the slumps that particularly interested Izzy, and he patiently compared them with his news clippings of approximating dates. Here was a seven-point drop coincident with a particularly raw party which had become public through an accident. And here an eight-point drop coincident with a speedily hushed mystery surrounding a prominent Pinnacle official; and it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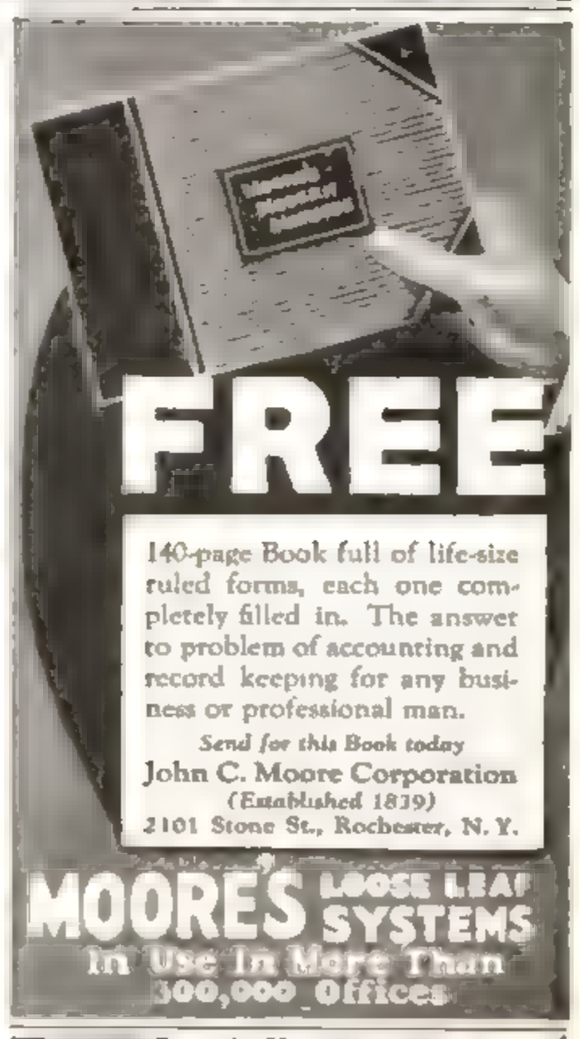
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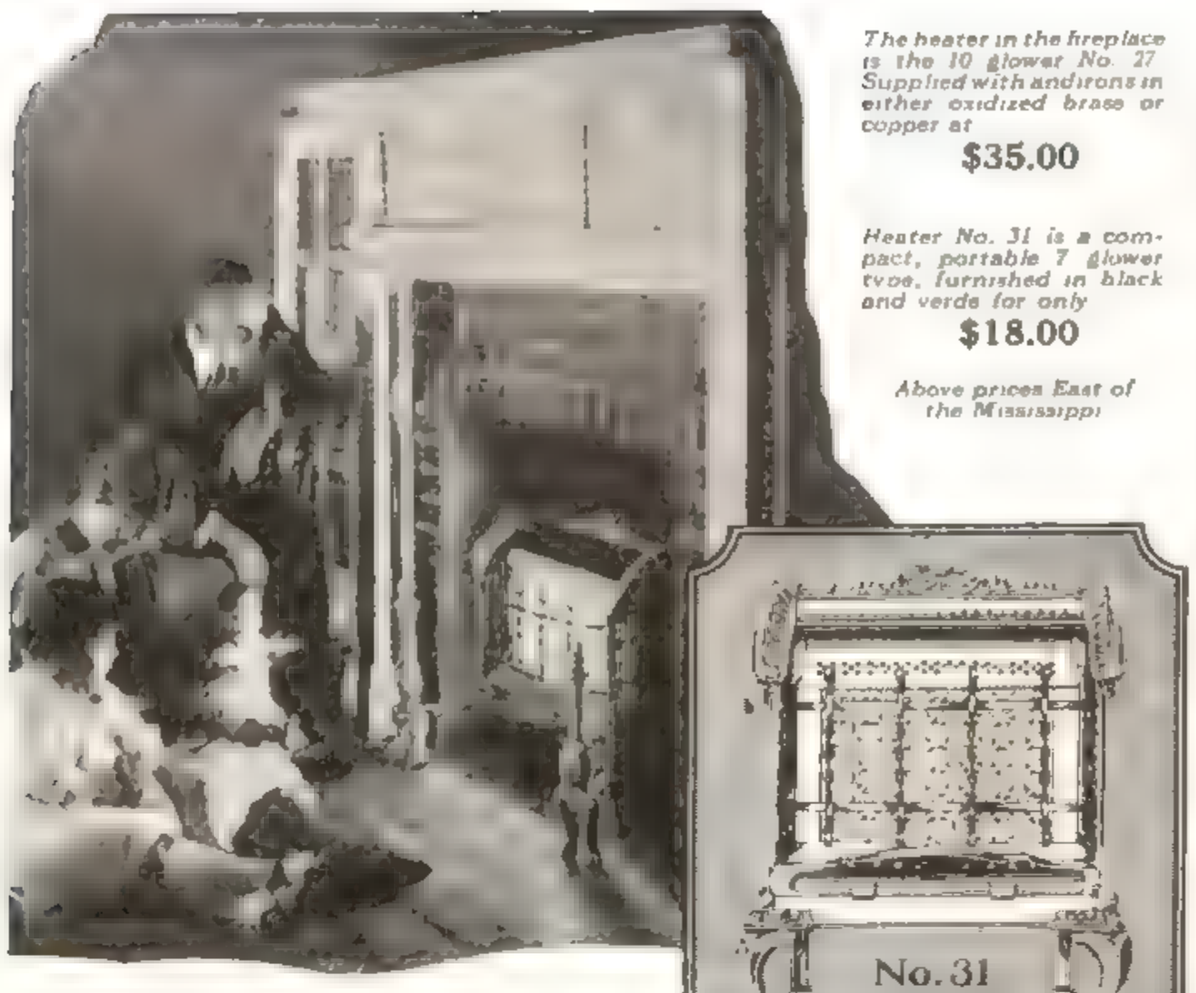

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developed, as a matter of cold mathematical investigation, that some of the big drops in Pinnacle had been caused by scandals.

A long time Izzy pondered, with those three deep creases and two slight ones between his eyes; then suddenly the creases disappeared from between his eyes and he grinned his old-time cheerful grin.

"Hot dog!" he said, and began hunting feverishly through his clippings for the date of Gail Pierce's birthday party. Roabert always came out to that, with a huge publicity blazoning of reorganization of the studios, or expansion of foreign trade, or the like stupendous business purpose; and these parties of Gail's were the best-guarded and most interesting of all the social events occurring among the Pinnacle's people. Oh, here it was! Two weeks away – fifteen days. He went to the window and looked out over the lot which he had strewn with gaudy but emaciated counterfeits of architectural splendor, and over by the Persian temple he saw plump and hearty Dixie Day in a burlesque Chinese costume, with a pigtail which she carried in her hand like a lariat. He called her, and she came to the window, running pigeon-toed to be in character.

"What's it, little man?" she demanded, tossing her lariat round his neck playfully.

"Say, looky! Now this is private business, Dixie, an' a dead secret between you an' me. Somebody's gotta get Victor Blotter an invitation to Gail Pierce's birthday party!"

"Sir?" said Dixie, drawing herself up haughtily. "You insult my reputation by your insinuation that I know aught of such matters. But leave it to me. I'll take Victor myself."

"No, you don't!" objected Izzy, freeing himself from the lariat. "I don't want any of the Iskovitch crowd at that party."

Then, tingling with the excitement of great deeds to do, he telephoned for Victor Blotter, and after a half-hour interview with that creative genius, jumped into his car and dashed into the low-lying quarter of Los Angeles, where, in one of the narrowest of its quaint old streets, he entered the narrowest and dingiest pawnshop to be found anywhere; and here Uncle Solomon Iskovitch, in his black beard and his black skullcap and his black-rimmed glasses, peered across at the young leader of the tribe and beamed and beamed.

"What iss it, Issy?" he inquired in the mellifluous accents he used to babies and cats and birds.

"Say, looky, Uncle Sol. I got nearly a couple million dollars investment that the Iskovitches has gotta scrape together an' carry, an' we only got ten days to scrape the money."

Uncle Solomon Iskovitch said nothing—nothing whatsoever. He only looked at Izzy for a long, long time through his black-rimmed spectacles, and presently his black beard began to wag slowly from side to side like a pendulum.

"Say, Issy," he said at last after a deep breath, "I ain't so quick in my mind as I used to be, maybe, so I don't know if it's a new joke like bananas or what; but if you mean what you say, why don't you go to Meyer Guldengeld that could reach in his vest pocket for a couple of millions like the Iskovitches would for a nickel?"

"I'm savin' him for a big stunt," explained Izzy simply.

Again Uncle Solomon said nothing, but stared long and earnestly while he swallowed that one, then again his pendulum wagged, but this time up and down.

"Sure, I see it. But, Issy, there ain't that much money in the family."

"Oh, yes, there is, Uncle Sol! There's more'n that much over an' above what you all had before I started in the movin' pictures. I ain't askin' you to dig below what you had then, but only just what I watched out for you for chances to make. An' I ain't askin' you to loan it to me, but I'm tellin' you to invest it in Isidor Iskovitch stock that'll be worth five times what you paid for it in dividends an' market value, or may I never lick Klekoff as long as I live! Now get busy, Uncle Sol, an' figure how quick you can loosen the big chunk you got salted away yourself, an' write tonight to your Judith in Chicago, an' your Abie out at the race track in New Orleans, an' your Enoch at the radio factory, an' your Esther's husband in St. Louis, an' I'll see Leon an' Morris myself. Here's what you're to write 'em." And before Uncle Sol he placed full data and instructions concerning the investment which he had written in the car; then he dashed out to round up the other uncles, and before he had finished talking with the last one the appeal to the tribe of Iskovitch, which was as good as a command coming from the young leader who had proved himself such a commercial genius, was spreading out like an endless-fan tracery, from uncles to sons and daughters, and from sons and daughters to grandsons and granddaughters, to cousins, first, second and third, and all their affiliations by marriage. They were the poor Iskovitches individually, but collectively they were a power, and before the ten days were up Izzy had lifted the Climax out of the Iskovitch-Climax consolidation, handed it back to Tim Barney in exchange for his stock, made good the substitution with the bonding company, and changed the title of the new concern, which embraced five big producing companies and its own national distributing organization, to Isidor Iskovitch, Inc.

There were moments when Isidor Iskovitch, without the Inc., found his Adam's apple inconvenient and his bony knees inclined towabble; but if he should win —— Hot dog!

VIII

AT ABOUT two o'clock in the morning the policeman on the corner confided to a passing motorcycle cop that the party at Gail Pierce's was tame this year; but he spoke as an outsider. The guests were merely laughing less hilariously, this being a year of repression. Otherwise everything was the same as usual, even more so if a true meed were to be given the unique and artistic ballet led by Gail Pierce and directed by the great Leroy. It was during this joyous performance that a shy and demure little girl, quite young and quite pretty, edged beside Klekoff at the refreshment table and stood with an empty glass in her hand until he noticed her.

"Hello, little one, where did you come from?" he inquired most cordially, for he had an acute sensitiveness for artistic ensemble.

"Oh, somebody left the window open," she chirped, and Klekoff, with his most agreeable smile, filled her outstretched glass. She drank the contents thirstily. "That was good. I was very dry."

Laughing, Klekoff filled her glass again. She was a semiblond little girl, with an elusive tinge of red in her silky brown bob. Later she lounged over near Roabert's little alcove, where that small man sat in loneliness behind his stubby beard, after having repelled everybody in the place by his noncommunicativeness. She leaned against the corner of the embrasure, and Roabert, looking out interestedly on the undoubtedly animated scene on the ballroom floor, turned to find her sparkling eyes—eyes of that peculiar deep violet-blue which photograph wonderfully when they are just the right shade—gazing down thirstily at the bottle which purred comfortably away on the taboret by his side. Roabert, who was gentleness itself in spite of his secretive nature, smiled, and taking up a glass he filled it and offered it to her.

"That was good," she said, emptying the glass. "I was very dry." So, laughing, Roabert filled her glass again.

It was just then that Victor Blotter, watching the unrepressed emotion in Tatia Rosen's face during the applause which followed Gail Pierce's highly entertaining novelty, moved swiftly to the vacant piano and startled the whole gathering by the wildness and vigor of an old gypsy strain never set to score or stave. No sooner had this tingling call resounded through the rose-and-lavender-tinted rooms than there was a sudden blaze in Rosen's big dark eyes, and, springing to the center of the floor, she began on a unique and artistic novelty that Victor Blotter loudly announced from the piano as The Dance of the Seven Garments.

The company came flocking, pressing and crowding around the edges of the ballroom floor. Suddenly, at the very height of the dance, there was a piercing scream. A small-sized girl with an elusive tinge of red in her silken brown bob had caught her chiffon in the cuff link of the great director Leroy, and it was marvelous how easily that fragile dancing frock tore, as she jumped hysterically away from him, leaving a part of the filmy creation in his hands. With scream on scream she ran straight across the floor toward Klekoff, who stood by a window opening into the conservatory. With instantaneous presence of mind he grabbed her. Agile as an eel, she wriggled away from him, but the marks of his fingers were on her smooth soft shoulder. Still screaming, she jumped through the window, and on her

(Continued on Page 100)

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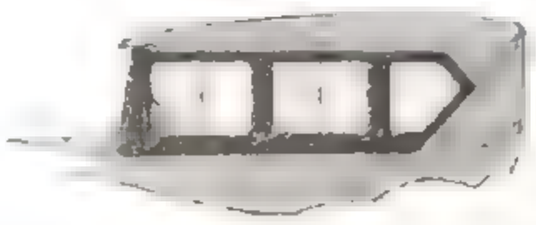

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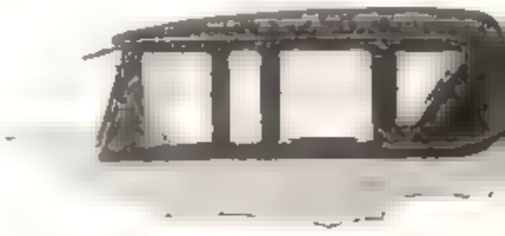

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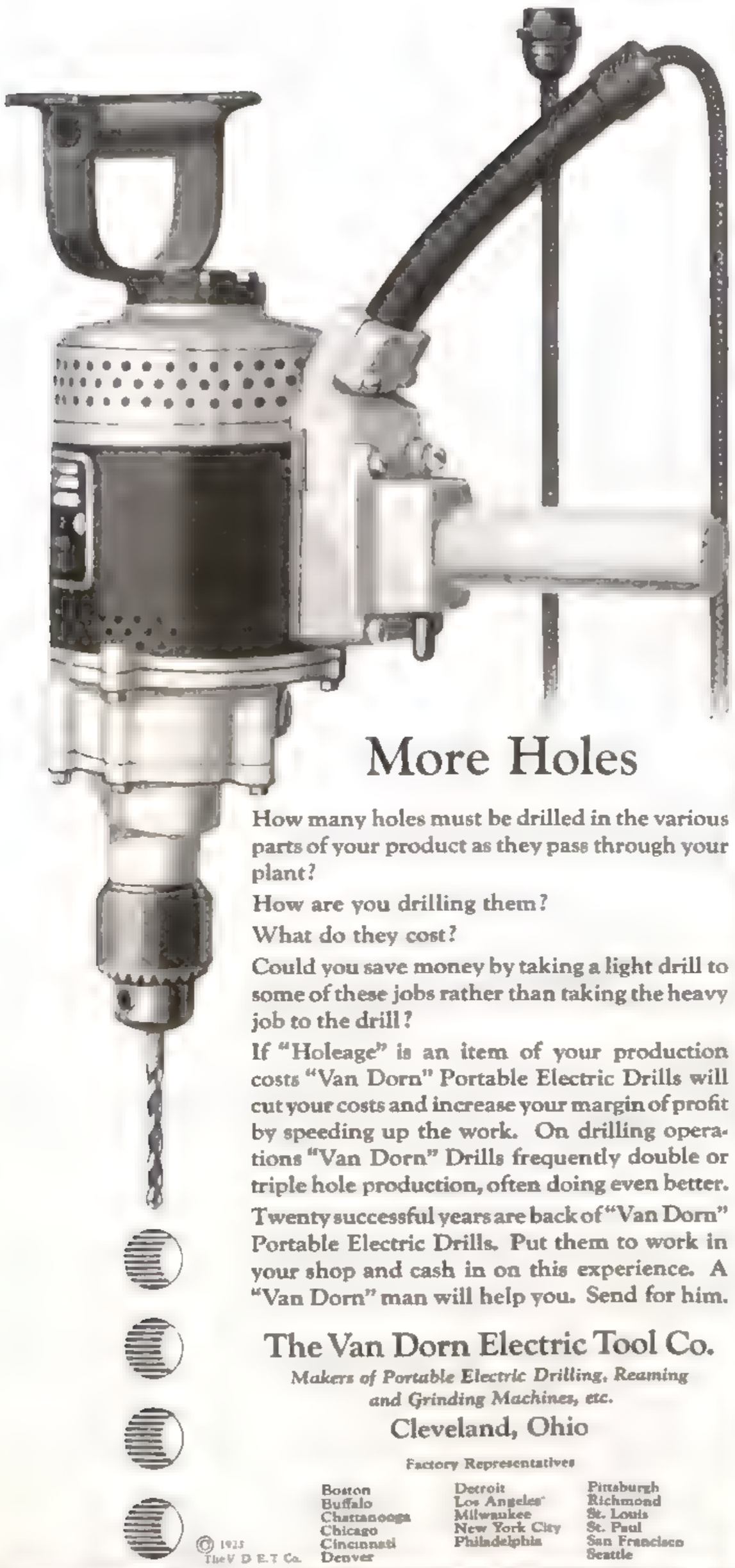

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Continued from Page 98

way through the conservatory she completed the work of destruction begun by Leroy, dashed out through the grounds, exultant in the fine job which had been promised her for this night's work, and flew down the street, screaming with all the strength of her lusty young lungs, straight into the arms of an embarrassed policeman, of whom she demanded the instant arrest of Leroy, who was responsible for her dishevveled appearance; of Roabert, who had plied her with drinks; and of Klekoff, who had not only plied her with drinks but laid violent hands on her as witness his finger bruises on her shoulder!

"The luck of the boy!" said Tim Barney, red-faced with pleasure. "It gives me almost as much joy as if it happened to myself for the underwriters to flop the Pinnacle for this scandal in the industry, and I mustn't forget to send Izzy a bunch of pansies this afternoon, to show him I don't overlook the dedication of his seventy theaters"

"So you will," said Molla Barney, stopping in the braiding of her little pigtail and turning on him with the glowing glint in her eye, which he knew so well. "If you had the spunk of a man, Tim Barney, you'd be taking part in those dedications yourself, instead of standing outside looking in and throwing bouquets at the spunky little fellow that was once your partner." She sat on the edge of Tim's bed with a thump and settled herself well for a lengthy session. "I hope you realize what you've done to us with your timidity. I hope — "

But Tim Barney sat suddenly straight up, purple in the face, and showed her a fist the size of a ham

"Woman, shut up!" he boomed. "I've stood your yammer for the best part of thirty-three years, but on this occasion my heart is so sore at my own cowardice that I can stand no more, and I will not. I have never lifted a finger against any woman, Molly Mulvaney Barney, but if you say one more word to me about this I will wallop you and your brother Dan and go over to Ireland to clean out the rest of the Mulvaneys! Get off my bed!"

Pondering well the bright eye of Tim, Molla Barney rose, and without a word finished the braiding of her pigtail.

Across the far-flung seas wild sounds issued from the decrepit old studio of the Institute for the Fine-making of Cinema Art—a woman's shrill, passionate voice raised in a discordant fury and screaming on and on with strange gutturals and monotonously explosive emphasis; and a deep, passionate voice cracking with discordant fury and booming on and on with monotonously explosive emphasis — this while a big, three-fingered camera man pouted his yellow mustache over the stem of his cherry-wood pipe and waited in stolid patience. Yes, the foreign invasion was over and the invaders were back home, for the Pinnacle, as the one unquenchable result of that framed damage suit, was overwhelmed by the flood of publicity which Tatia Rosen had secured for them by her dance; and they had found a clause in Tatia's contract, not altogether disconnected with that unique and artistic performance, which had let them turn her loose, she being a flop, anyhow. They were even with her, and so was Victor as he now backed her into a corner and removed from her countenance the thin hard eyebrows and the tiny Cupid's bow she had painted in the center of her wide mouth. She tried to shoot him with a property pistol for that, but it contained only blank cartridges; so, foiled, she went back on the set and gave him the most wonderful performance of her career.

Later, as they sat happily in the little *weinstube* over their frankfurters and beer, Victor gave a kindly thought to America.

"To Isidor Iskovitch!" he said, raising his seidel. "I hope I make him some money on these pictures that he has financed, and I hope that his heart is at peace"

It was, for at that moment, back across the far-flung seas, Marcus Eschgabibble sat beneath a huge radio horn, a dry cigar slanted at an acute angle in his broad mouth, and a beam of great pleasure on his broad countenance as he listened to a well-remembered voice

"Friends," said the voice a little tremulously, "I ain't—have not got much to say on this happy occasion of broadcastin' the word for the dedication exercises to begin for the layin' of the corner stones of the seventy motion-picture palaces bein' erected for the exhibition of the Isidor Iskovitch, Incorporated, productions, except to say that this is the happiest moment of my life, an' I hope it's yours, too, fellas, an' I hope, for the satisfaction of all of us that's been done dirt by him, that Klekoff is listenin' in!"

"Hooray!" shrilled a falsetto voice. "Start the music!" and the little weazened figure alongside Eschgabibble seized a trowel and sprang into intense activity.

It was Sammy Blumberg!

Edith Falls on Edith Creek, Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park, Washington

People Are Proud to Give Mirro

The gift is the portrait of the giver. Thoughtful people give thoughtful things—and thoughtfulness can find no truer picture of itself than a Christmas gift which links beauty to utility

Thoughtful people are proud to give *Mirro*, The Finest Aluminum. They take pleasure in giving what it would be a pleasure to receive. And a pardonable human vanity is gratified by the knowledge that the Mirro stamp will tell the recipient that only the best was sought for her

Mirro Aluminum has a beauty comparable to that of sterling silver. It has silver's *sincerity*, for it is pure, true metal, through and through

Mirro utensils have the beauty of gracious form, shaped by the need they serve—a native beauty more often found in useful things than in objects which strive merely to please the eye.

They have the durability which comes only from hard, thick metal, toughened by repeated rollings under prodigious pressure. It is the durability of *quality*, which flimsy wares can't match

A visit to a store where Mirro is sold solves in a twinkling a dozen vexing Christmas problems The fascinating completeness and variety of the Mirro line makes selection easy. There are delightful Mirro gifts at most reasonable prices

The *Colonial* patterns in Mirro are deservedly popular at Christmas time. Of this pattern are the percolator and double boiler shown above.

Nursery Rhyme Toy Sets, made by the makers of Mirro (the world's largest manufacturers of aluminum goods), are delighting new thousands of little girls each Christmastide. These beautifully fashioned sets of miniature dishes and cooking utensils are packed in brightly colored Mother Goose boxes which are a joy in themselves.

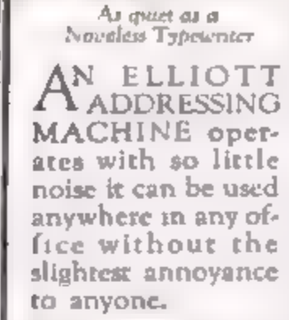
A post card will bring you our Miniature Catalog No. A-14 to help you plan your Christmas selections

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

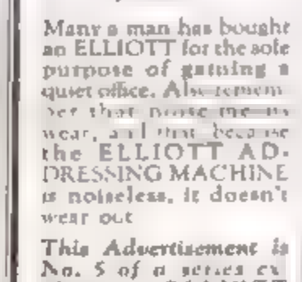
MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum

NOISE

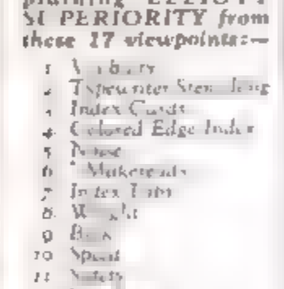
Rotary Addressers $36 to $75



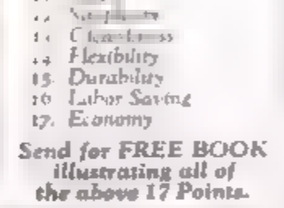
Post Lever Addressers $150



Electric Addresser—$300



Automatic Envelope Feed Addresser—$500



Envelope Sealer—$45

As quiet as a Noiseless Typewriter

AN ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE operates with so little noise it can be used anywhere in any office without the slightest annoyance to anyone.

Many a man has bought an ELLIOTT for the sole purpose of getting a quiet office. Also remember that noise means wear, and that because the ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE is noiseless, it doesn't wear out

This Advertisement is No. 5 of a series explaining ELLIOTT SUPERIORITY *from these 17 viewpoints:—*

1. Accuracy
2. Typewriter Stencil Using
3. Index Cards
4. Colored Edge Index
5. Noise
6. Make-ready
7. Index Tabs
8. Weight
9. Base
10. Speed
11. Safety
12. Simplicity
13. Cleanliness
14. Flexibility
15. Durability
16. Labor Saving
17. Economy

Send for FREE BOOK illustrating all of the above 17 Points.

ELLIOTT Addressing Machine Co.

145 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

For Christmas

$1.25

Ansonia Sunwatch

Tells the Time and Points the Way

Sportsmen, Campers, Scouts, Guides, Motorists and all outdoor people need a reliable Compass.

The Ansonia Sunwatch is both Compass and Sundial. Tells correct time anywhere in United States.
Handsome brass case; fits vest pocket.

GET IT FROM YOUR DEALER
If he has none in stock, we will mail postpaid on receipt of price
Price for United States only

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
99 John St. Dept. P. New York

Tailoring Salesmen

Davis $29.50 "Square Deal" line sells on sight. Astonishing values. "Satisfaction or Money Returned." Liberal commission collected in advance. Extra bonus. No charge for $40 selling outfit. Big permanent income. You can earn $50 to $150 a week. Our free booklet tells you how. Send for it today. Dept. S2

THE P. H. DAVIS TAILORING CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

THE WELL FROM PERUGIA

(Continued from Page 13)

"Listen, Mr. Banting. I spend half my life trying to get people not to talk about themselves, and when I tell you to talk about yourself I mean it. Indeed I do."

Cyrus Banting nodded his comprehension

"Thank you, sir. Since it does have some bearing on my ability to help you with your furnishings, I'll go on. As short as possible, though. It was all this way, Mr. Robb: My father was a clergyman in a small town upstate. For the last seven years of his life we lived together, alone. I'll guarantee, sir, that you can get more information of no money value from a scholarly preacher than from any other source. Have you ever heard a person play one record on a talking machine over and over again, apparently bewitched by some hidden beauty in the music which appealed particularly to that person? Well, father was like that. He was bewitched with the loveliness in the Psalms. On a winter's night we'd sit before the fire reading 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills' exactly one hundred times. He found a beauty that was very close to pain in words and sentences. It was altogether a pagan appreciation of beauty. You know what I mean. Lotus-eater's stuff!

"And while he was reading to me I would sort out and look over my grandfather's collection of prints and etchings. My grandfather was a collector way back in the days before those things had much value. But he must have had an eye for the good ones and picked them up everywhere. Those things took hold of me far more than father's hobby, but the mixture of the two—his sonorous voice booming out the majestic poetry of the Psalms, and the ethereal delicacy of those etchings and cuts—put the curse on me. It's a curse, all right, when it won't let you alone, but sends you over the world to see whatever there is of beauty which men have made.

"Well, when father died, of course he didn't leave anything, so I took the prints and came to New York. That was six years ago. Inside of a month I'd sold them for eighteen thousand dollars and was in Europe. And then the procession started. I suppose I've seen 95 per cent of the great pictures abroad and studied them and read all I could find about them. And as for the buildings—well, I never went into Buckingham Palace, but it's about the only exception. No porch climber ever thought out more ways of bribing or buying his way into a house than I have. In Russia one time I got sentenced to the salt mines because I'd bought up a household official to smuggle me into the imperial study at St. Petersburg to see an early Tuscan Madonna. And I was caught. The American consul was a good soul and got me off, but they fired me from the country for good. And I'm still *verdammt*, or whatever it is for eternal exile."

Mr. Robb took advantage of Banting's pause to speak:

"You started to say something about Abel Smalley. What was that?"

"Oh, yes. At the beginning. Well, Abel Smalley thought a pile of father and ripped and raved around when I told him I was going to Europe to see all the pictures and palaces I could, and when I came home I'd have an education that would make me rich. He was a rich man himself and swore I couldn't do it.

"He swore I'd be saturated with art—he always sneered when he said it—so I couldn't tell the difference between a discount and a heifer, and I'd have a soft brain. So he bet me a thousand dollars I couldn't make a fortune out of such stuff."

"What did he mean by a fortune?" interjected the listener.

Cyrus Banting looked a trifle ashamed.

"I suppose it's not much here in New York, but up home it was an awful pot of money. One hundred thousand dollars. Yes, I bet him. The money is in the Tri-County Bank, drawing interest, which sweetens the bet for the winner. I honestly don't care an awful lot about the money, but I'd love to have a chance to cackle at him. He's done such a lot of it."

Mr. Robb seemed more interested.

"How much have you got to go to make that fortune?"

"Plenty. More than I like to think of with only three years to do it in and only commissions to do it on."

The older man persisted.

"How much have you actually got as a start on the fortune?"

Banting squirmed a trifle.

"Not so bad. A little more than I had when I left home."

"Really? That was eighteen thousand. And besides that, you've learned your job. How did you do it?"

The younger man tried to put him off again.

"I was lucky. Picked up an old antique in Southern Europe and made me a nice profit on it. As a matter of fact I bought it because it was such a lovely thing in itself, but then I had no place to stow it, and decided to let it go."

Andrew Robb snapped at him suddenly, "What commissions do you get on your sales?"

His guest looked at him squarely.

"That's not a fair question, sir."

Robb's face relaxed again into its pleasant smile.

"Good boy. Of course it's not. What am I thinking of to ask it? But if it'll do you any good I think you'll make your bet."

"Do you really, sir? By George, that cheers me up. Wait till I tell Mr. Connover about that. He'll be pleased. Of course I haven't told him about my bet. I wouldn't dare. He'd laugh himself sick if I did. He's a wonderful man, Mr. Robb. Has what the French call a *savoir-faire* that puts him at home everywhere. He's the man you met as you came into the store this morning, and as he was busy he let me have the chance to wait on you."

Mr. Robb looked alarmed.

"Do you mean the person with the purple shirt and the green handkerchief? That dyspeptic-looking dumb-bell?"

Banting charged to the defense.

"For heaven's sake, sir, you've got him wrong. He's wonderful. There's not a salesman in New York who has such a clientele. He hypnotizes people."

"Ladies chiefly, I'll bet a hat," said the skeptical Robb.

"Well, yes. A lot of them are ladies, but that's quite natural, sir. Men often leave the insides of their houses to their wives. And his work is so original. He just finished some curtains for Mr. Griddlebergher's bedroom—he's the producer, you know—that were unique. There were six layers of chiffon, each one a color of the spectrum. Mr. Griddlebergher wrote him that he thought it the greatest forward step in curtain making that the city had ever seen. Personally I don't care for that type of work, but I'm more or less hidebound with tradition. But everyone knows it takes an unusual man to think up things like that."

Banting stopped abruptly. From the time Robb had asked him the first question at luncheon he had completely forgotten his primary resolve to contain himself. The dark clouds began to come down on him. He'd taken his chance, the monumental chance of the whole country, and let it go by the board through thoughtlessness. Times had changed since his father taught him—taught him that enthusiasm for an occupation was the greatest asset toward success, taught him so thoroughly that the habit of enthusiasm was stronger than himself and beat the firmest resolve, scarcely an hour old. Golly, he was a hick! Connover would not have wasted such a chance.

Robb's voice broke into the crescendo of his pessimism:

"That's quite a good story, Mr. Banting. I don't know but what you and I can do some business."

The unexpectedness of such hope brought him back to normal with a snap.

"That's bully, sir! But before you actually order anything won't you let me take a look at the rooms where they are to be put? That's my job, you know. To fit things together into a pleasant unity. That's not half. It's plain sense. If you're too busy won't you let me have the address and I'll make some recommendations? If you've determined on a price limit let me have that, too, and I'll plan accordingly."

Mr. Robb's expression became that of a father who is about to tell his small son that he may have a bicycle.

"As a matter of fact, Banting, I haven't told you all the things I want. But here's what you can do for me: I'll give you a card to my architects and they'll give you the blue prints for the house, which should be started this week, I expect. Take them up to your place of business and look them over and let me know when you have a complete layout to suggest. Until then don't bother me with the details. And about the price limit. I don't like such things. They're too arbitrary. But you try to keep it under a million dollars."

Cyrus Banting's face turned white and his voice trembled a little

"Million dollars! You're in earnest about this, sir?"

"My boy, I don't fool about money."

"Good. I get you. What you want is a quality of sincere perfection in your house. No counterfeit. Well, if the house is large, that won't be any too much for what you'll get. You listen to this, Mr. Robb: My business is primarily to sell goods and advice, but on top of that I'll make you this promise, and if it wasn't in such a public place like this I'd raise my hand to it. I promise to be your steward on the job. Whatever is recommended to you will be genuine and of a value for the price you pay. And if the O. K. of Cyrus Banting is attached to that scheme don't be afraid of it."

"I believe you. And go to it. You know the kind of stuff I want, and unless you fail in the recommendations the job is yours. I'll telephone the architects to give you any help you ask. And if you'll excuse me now I'll let you find your way out alone. Good luck to you."

"Good-by, sir, and thank you very much."

And Cyrus Banting was out on the steps before the doorman suggested to him that it would be most advisable to wear his hat

From the office of Andrew Robb's architects he received an awe-inspiring maze of blue prints and a copy of the specifications for the house. With them under his arm he ran most of the way back to Pell, Lombard's and punched his return time on the clock as two hours late.

Not having risen to the dignity of a room to himself, or even sharing an office with another salesman, he used an old table at the end of the hall where all the other men must pass him. He piled the plans down on that table and began to sort them to find the elevations first. The general plan of the house took shape in his mind as he glanced them over, one by one. And the further he went into them the higher ran his enthusiasm for this chance of making the best job that had ever been created. Elizabethan; pure and dignified. He was at home there more than in any other period.

He began to whistle. In reality it wasn't a tune he was whistling, it was a prayer of thanksgiving for the two years he had spent scouring England to pry into all the little-known beautiful interiors as well as the famous ones.

Turning the blue prints over, he glanced up to find Michael Connover standing before him. He grinned quickly up at him.

"I had a bully lunch, Mr. Connover. That man is a wonder. These are the plans for his house, and take it from me, it is some house! He asked me to get up an entire scheme for it."

The beautiful Michael seemed unstirred, although he must have had a certain interest since it prompted him to speak.

"Ah! And what is his name?"

"Robb. Andrew Robb. You've heard of him before."

Connover's eyes opened wide, and for the first time during a close observation of four days Banting saw him move quickly. He snatched the top sheet from the table and glanced quickly at the regulation form at the bottom:

RESIDENCE FOR ANDREW ROBB, ESQ.,
HARLOW & RICHARDS, ARCH'TS.

Mr. Connover's armor of nonchalance fell from his person for a fraction of a second, but he got it back on him with an effort, and to display its quality murmured the word "Extrawd'n'ry."

For a fleeting second the doubt came to Cyrus Banting that perhaps Connover did not own the all-embracing perfection of which he had believed him possessed.

With a complicated yet faultless gesture of the left hand Michael succeeded in picking an invisible nothing from the air. To Banting, made sensitive by the strain of

Continued on Page 107

The Most Precious of All Gifts

"He who gains time gains everything."—EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

A DIAMOND necklace is nothing more than a handful of jewels, but to be presented at Christmas with a complete equipment of Apex-Rotarex housekeeping aids is to receive the most priceless of gifts—Time.

Best of all, an Apex Electric Suction Cleaner, a Rotarex Electric Clothes Washer, a Rotarex Double Roll Ironer and a Rotarex Kook-Rite can be purchased for less than the price of a small solitaire and paid for, if desired, a little each month.

The famous Apex inclined and divided nozzle cleans around and under obstructions and removes dirt that no other cleaner or broom can reach.

An entirely new washing principle or method distinguishes the ROTAREX from all other clothes washers. The suds are drawn into the self-reversing, new type, rotating cylinder through the ends and from beneath the scum-covered surface of the water. The revolving surface or wall over which the clothes glide is unpunctured and smooth; friction and wear of the clothes are eliminated, while the action of oscillating, vacuum and rotary washers is combined in the agitation of clothes and suds.

The highest standards of efficiency and economy are obtained by the ROTAREX Home Ironer with its two ironing rolls, its revolving heater and its electric ruffler.

Let us send you the address of our nearest dealer who will gladly send a representative to explain our easy monthly payment terms and free trial offer.

Valuable Book Sent Free

Write us for a copy of "From A to Z in Home Cleaning"—100 New Ways to Save Hours Work and Money in cleaning and keeping clean everything in the house

THE APEX ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, 1079 EAST 152nd STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO
FACTORIES AT CLEVELAND, O., MUNCIE, IND., AND TORONTO, CANADA

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ROTAREX

ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

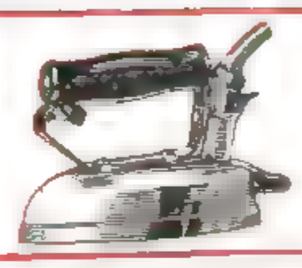
HOME DOUBLE ROLL IRONER

New Model HOTPOINT Electric Iron

The Strength-Saving Cantilever Handle, Attached Heel Rest, Hinged Cord Plug, and other features make it the one completely satisfactory electric iron. $6.75

Hot

The Christmas without Excuses and Regrets—*give* Hotpoint SERVANTS



Suggestion No. 1

For any woman in whose comfort and well-being you take an interest—the *New Model Hotpoint Iron*. Because it does away with most of the work and all of the drudgery of ironing day, it is the fastest selling iron in the stores today **$6.75**

Suggestion No. 2

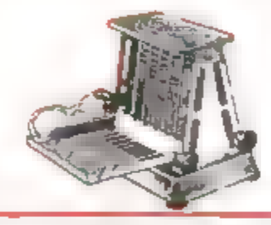
There are several people on your Christmas list who will welcome the cheerful radiant heat of a *Hotpoint Hedlite Heater*. It is *portable heat* in its most healthful and safest form.

$7.95 to $16.50

Suggestion No. 3

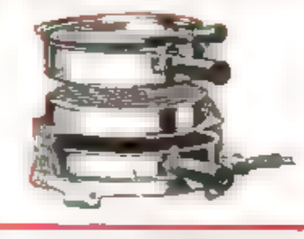
Picture a woman's delight at receiving this *Hotpoint Percolating Urn* with *Sugar, Creamer* and *Tray* in the "Revere" design, named after Paul Revere, himself a silversmith of authority. An ideal gift **$46.25**

The Percolator alone is $27.50



Suggestion No. 4

The woman who is known for her delightful little afternoons at home will treasure this *Hotpoint Toast-a-ver Toaster*. It adds the final touch of completeness to any tea table. The slice is turned by a touch of the knob—without using fingers or fork. **$8.00**

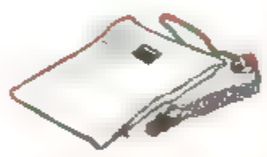


Suggestion No. 5

Have you a gift to select for a newly married couple? Then here it is—the *Hotpoint Radiant Grill* which boils, broils, fries and toasts. A lovely dinner can be prepared on it—entirely *tête-a-tête*. A really thoughtful present, too, for a bachelor girl **$12.50**

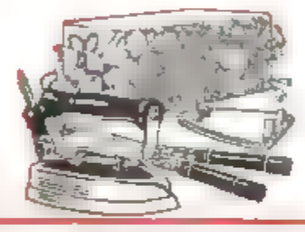
Suggestion No. 6

Perhaps this *Hotpoint Curling Iron* is the very present for the woman for whom "it" is so hard to think of something." Women say it has the *professional touch*, for the hair spreads evenly with equal pressure along the whole length of the rod, giving a *true Marcel wave*. **$6.50**



Suggestion No. 7

If there is an elderly person to be remembered—or one who is not very well—let us suggest this *Hotpoint Heating Pad*. Any mother of little children will appreciate it, too—it is safer than the old-fashioned hot water bottle and twice as convenient **$9.75**



Suggestion No. 8

For a college girl or a woman who does much traveling—the *Hotpoint Utility Set*. A light Iron for freshening up a blouse or lingerie Curling Iron and Stand (forming an electric stove) all packed in a cretonne covered Case which opens out into an Ironing Board **$7.95**

Suggestion No. 9

Give a woman this *Hotpoint Waffle Iron*, and *her husband and family* will say you were inspired, while she will be saved all the fuss and muss of making waffles in the old fashioned way. It bakes *real* waffles, needs no greasing and is easily cleaned. **$15.75**

Suggestion No. 10

A *Hotpoint* gift for a man—the *Immersion Heater*. With it he can heat his shaving water quickly—anywhere, at home or traveling. A practical gift, too, for a young mother—for heating Baby's bottles and sterilizing. Straight Handle **$5.25** Curved Handle **$7.25**

HERE are ten suggestions to help you with your Christmas list. Whichever you select, your gift will be more than a perfunctory present. ➤➤➤ Day after day it will speak of your thoughtfulness. And it *will* be used day after day for a long time to come. For these are Hotpoint Servants—designed and made with *experience* and *authority*. ➤➤➤ At this time particularly—when so many "electrical appliances" are offered to the hurried Christmas shopper, it is well to—

Remember—

Refuse the substitute

Demand the Servant

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City

Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

Hotpoint SERVANTS

"IT'S SO SIMPLE"

JELL-O

America's most famous dessert

THE great merit of Jell-O is that it is always ready. It is made as easily as a cup of tea is brewed. Write for a free booklet describing a wide variety of uses.

The GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, LE ROY, NEW YORK

Canadian Factory at Bridgeburg, Ontario

(Continued from Page 102)

the past few hours, it symbolized Connover's regard for the achievement of which he, Banting, felt so proud.

The star salesman thawed to a point of hitherto unrecorded hospitality.

"I say, Banting, bring the plans into my quarters. The light is much better and I'll go over them with you."

Seated in the best of the private offices at a table whose highly polished surface was astonishingly similar to—well—Lake Placid, at least, Connover drew from the younger decorator the details of his conversation with Andrew Robb. The elder man did not permit himself any surprise stronger than a few temperate "Ah's" and "Quite so's."

When the story was completely spun Connover rose and stretched himself with all the virile masculine grace of a Follies star. Indicating the table with a languid hand he said, "Just make yourself at home, Banting. I'll be back shortly. Cigarettes in the jasper casket yonder." And he left Banting whistling through his teeth as he scrutinized the floor plan and window arrangement of the library.

In some three-quarters of an hour Connover reappeared in his office. He greeted Banting with a slight nod and the unembroidered observation that Mr. Pell would be pleased to have Cyrus call at his office immediately.

"What's up?" asked that surprised young man.

"Nothing very much. Merely to discuss this Robb affair, I fancy."

"Oh," said Banting. "Did you tell him about it?"

"Naturally. These things are always taken up with Mr. Pell. And you might as well leave the plans here."

"The hell I will," burst out Banting, whose mind was beginning to understand the trend of happenings. "These plans were delivered to me, and I'll damn well know why before I give them up."

Mr. Connover's calm was undisturbed as he remarked, "Just as you please. I was merely trying to save you the trouble of returning them later. And frankly, Banting, there's no cause for you to be so crude in your language. That gets you nowhere here, my good man."

"Good man! Where do you get that? You're darned right I want to see Mr. Pell and give him the straight steer on this business." And Banting went out from the room with his head high and his face flushed.

Mr. Arnold Pell, the founder and president of the firm, looked like a Wall Street man. His figure was at its best when seen seated in an easy-chair that allowed a major portion of his middle ground to sink into a cushioned concealment and so provide him with a more or less straight-front profile to his waistcoat. He was a gentleman of considerable acumen in his own field, which was that of finance. If under stress of circumstance it became an issue he could with fair ease distinguish between a Georgian doorway and a Gothic fireplace. But as stated previously, he shone with greater brilliance in the matter of money and the mechanism of exchange. He had been known to demonstrate to the complete satisfaction of a Mr. Bletsky that ten thousand dollars down and ten thousand dollars a month for twelve months was an equable settlement for the one hundred thousand dollars owed by Mr. Bletsky to Pell, Lombard, Inc.

Adding machines were genuine impediments to the peculiar genius of Mr. Pell. His voice and ingratiating spirit could perform problems of addition and subtraction whose answers were far, far more profitable to his firm than the frigidly correct totals proved by faultless mechanical principles.

Cyrus Banting was passed by Mr. Pell's secretary and proceeded into the inner office of the president. He did not wait for permission to speak.

"Good afternoon, sir. My name is Banting. Mr. Connover said you wished to see me."

Mr. Pell looked from his desk, where he was engaged in basing the taxable inventory of the business on the cost price rather than the selling price. It was a difference which made him incline toward pleasantness.

"Banting? Oh, yes. The Robb job. Sit down, sir, sit down. That's good news. I'm glad to see the firm procure Andrew Robb's business. That helps. And I understand you had a hand in landing the chance for the work. Excellent, my boy. Splendid. The firm won't forget to show its appreciation for your efforts in the matter. Mr. Connover and I have been talking it over and we'll prepare our recommendations with all speed. And without question you personally can be of real assistance to Mr. Connover."

Banting exploded.

"If I'm to be Connover's assistant on this job you can count me out altogether. That's not fair, sir. I got Mr. Robb's interest and found the type of work he wants and persuaded him to give us the first chance to figure on it."

"Why, God bless my soul, Mr. Banting, you amaze me! You must be aware of the rules which govern these things. The salesmen get their chances in rotation on store customers. And merely because Mr. Connover had an engagement which made it impossible for him to carry on with Mr. Robb doesn't forfeit his right to Mr. Robb's business. And then you forget another thing. This is an important piece of work. I might say a very important piece, and, frankly, your inexperience in such large affairs makes it impossible for you to do it justice. Also bear in mind that all production here goes out under the name of Pell, Lombard, Inc. The firm transcends all the Connovers and Bantings in the world. You salesmen are here to execute the great principles for which the firm stands. And where do you get off? Coming here and telling me you will do this or you won't do that. By the Jumping Lord Harry, all of you make me tired! Now make up your mind and make it up fast. Are you going to do what I say and help as we need you or are you going to get out? Andrew Robb didn't come here to see you. He came into the door of Pell, Lombard to get Pell, Lombard to do for him the quality of work for which Pell, Lombard has sweat to win a reputation. Now take it easy, take it easy. Put on the old thinking cap and sit quiet for a few moments."

And Mr. Pell turned back to the calm inspection of the papers on his desk.

In the back of Cyrus Banting's head was an unvoiceable sense of injustice. And yet under the lashing of Mr. Pell he couldn't array his thoughts into a form to benefit himself. That part about the all-importance of the firm and loyalty to the primary interests of the firm muddled him with its irrefutable logic. And then Mr. Robb's opinion of Michael Connover came to him. His sharp loathing of Connover's type completely epitomized in an eloquent brevity. "A dyspeptic-looking dumb-bell." But the discouraging part of it was that he couldn't use that or any other unsubstantiated details to help himself. His was a simple creed of moral conduct based on a few fundamentals. And high in that scant list of criteria was the inconvenient belief that one man couldn't benefit himself by knocking another man.

The sudden depression from his earlier pinnacle of happiness was a nerve-sapping passage. And then Mr. Pell sat there before him, inexorably fortified behind the paramount fact of the firm's just demand for loyalty. And if he carried the discussion to the ultimate judge, Andrew Robb, it would be a damning confession of internal dissension. And what man would be fool enough to trust a million-dollar job to a split organization? Oh, well, he would take his medicine and crawl back to Connover and offer him whatever help he would accept. Anyway, he would be near the conception of the decorative plans as they came along, and perhaps he could salvage some of his dreams of perfection from the wreckage of another man's handling.

"Mr. Pell," he said quite humbly.

"Yes?" answered that man, turning toward him.

"I guess you're right, Mr. Pell. I'll do what I can to help you."

The president beamed.

"Of course you will—eh—Cyrus, isn't it? And remember this, Cyrus. You haven't lost anything. You haven't sacrificed your honor for a mess of pottage or anything like that. As a matter of fact you're a bigger man than when you came in here, bell-bent on the idea that you were Andy Robb's archangel against a sea of devils and his only hope for artistic salvation in his house furnishings. That's the bunk. Take a look at me and don't tell anyone I told you. I'm the greatest interior decorator in America today, and yet I don't know the difference between a glazed-chintz heading and a petit-point bell pull. What do I know? I'll tell you. With my eyes shut I can tell the difference between consommé Henry IV and Henry VII. I never let them take on a job that we haven't the cash to swing. Why can this firm supply a quality of goods and a quickness of delivery that gives us an edge on the others? Because the manufacturers and wholesalers love us. We give them their pay when they ask for it. Check with the order. Cash on delivery. Whatever they like. That's the decorating business, Cyrus. But don't tell the well-known world I told you. Now you skip along and do your best to help Mr. Connover. He's all right in spite of himself." Mr. Pell garnished this last shot with an extravagant wink which seemed to establish a secret bond between the head of the house and one of its lowliest servants. He used confidences and first names to grapple a man's allegiance to him, and he considered the success of his business due in fair part to these silent partners.

The following morning when Cyrus Banting reported to offer his services to Connover it was in the manner of a man who checks in for his own crucifixion. During a long night he had created pictures of Connover for the pleasure of further rending his racked spirit: Likenesses of Connover as the originator of the many layered chiffon curtains because such things were the antithesis of everything he admired.

He was amazed by the mildness of Michael's method of approaching the job in hand. Mr. Connover seated himself in an armchair, lighted a cigarette, held up his hand to observe his rings through the blue of the smoke, and voiced his plans:

"The treatment of this particular house should, I feel convinced, be in the earlier English style. Taking that as a starting point, we must, I feel sure, make our recommendations along those lines. Uh-h—as a matter of fact I have given considerable thought to the best method of—uh-h—the most expeditious possible—uh-h —— Ah, yes. Quite so. And so if you'll take each room as it comes along and figure it out and when you're through with a room let me have a look at it. That's all, I fancy. And by the by, use this office. I'll be out. I'll have you on the wire this afternoon." And Mr. Connover departed for the day.

This was the start of a series of such days; months of them, in fact. Although Banting was not in name master of the Robb job, he was the actual creator of the plan of the magnificent interior fabric which grew before him. Over a room on the preparation of which he had spent weeks Connover lavished a scant half hour of casual glances. The latter had surprisingly few suggestions to offer. Concerning the treatment of the great entrance hall was their chief dispute. For it Banting had visualized the oaken dignity of an antique paneled hall now in a manor house in Sussex. The entire room of linen-fold carving was to be purchased and transported to New York and set up in Mr. Robb's residence.

Against this plan Michael Connover insisted with an unaccustomed emphasis that oak paneling was bromidic and overdone, and that the proper treatment was in the use of marble from Italy, the entire scheme playing up to a focus in an antique and extraordinarily beautiful wellhead and cap from a hill town of that same country. It was famous among collectors as The Well From Perugia, and had come into the possession of Pell, Lombard, Inc., two years prior through their commissionaire in Paris. Its purchase price was, of course, not known, but the asking price of thirty thousand dollars was not considered out of the way by people who had the knowledge to appreciate the perfection and nobility of its carving and superb proportions.

However, it was like many treasures which come into the hands of dealers; a white elephant in their inventories. Scores of people had come to see its rare fineness and had gone away, all remarking when outside the building approximately the same thing: "A matchless piece, but where in the world could we put it? It would cost three times its price to set the stage to take it properly." And so The Well From Perugia saw the years slip past in undisturbed state, haughty, if it considered such evanescent trifles, of its burden on the spirit of a man whose delight was in rapid turnover.

It came, in time, to be a jinx in the eyes of Mr. Pell. The serpent in the marble relief of the Eden on its side stuck out its tongue at him; and no doubt Eve gave him an Old Testament wink, which, he being a gentleman—and she having the reputation of being a lady—could not answer in

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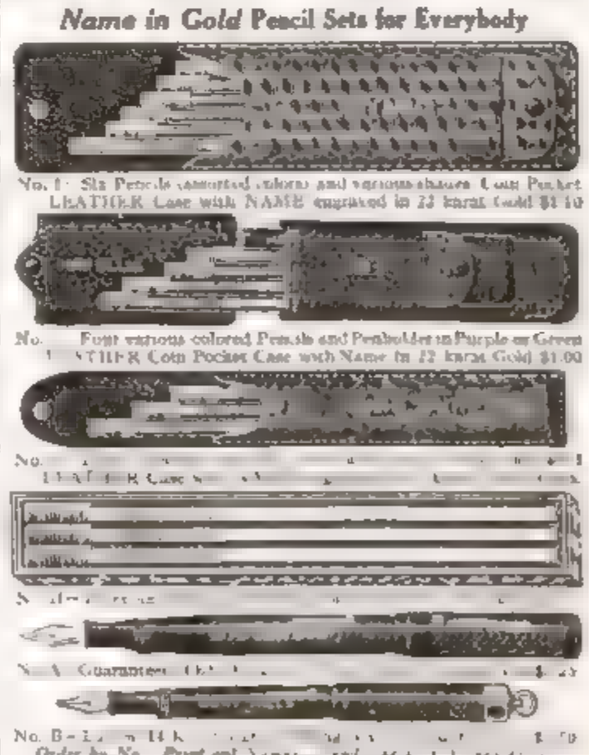

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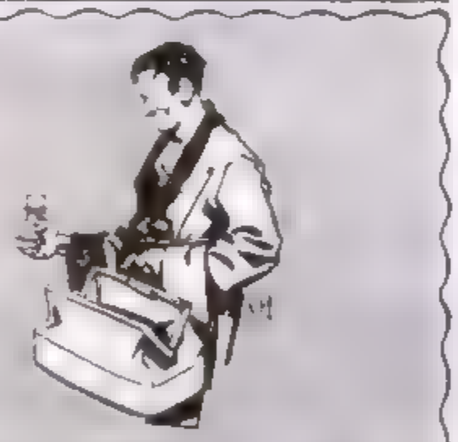
15c., 50c., and 90c. sizes. At all Druggists'. Genuine New-Skin is always sold in glass bottles, in red and gold paper cartons, *never in tin tubes.*



It's a whale of a big improvement

The new Williams' Doublecap Stick just comfortably fits the average man's hand. No more slippery finger-hold, but a real full-fisted hold.

And the lather it makes. Ever watch your wife beat the white of an egg for ten minutes? You know—the kind that stands high in the plate. Williams' whips thick and high at the touch of your brush.

* * *

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Made by members of the famous Williams family, makers of Williams' Shaving Cream

the unpremeditated language which came naturally to his lips upon such an occasion.

To hasten its movement Mr. Pell had issued a statement to his salesmen that a commission of 20 per cent would be paid to the man who found a buyer for it.

This inducement of 20 per cent on thirty thousand dollars may have borne some weight with Mr. Connover in his enthusiasm for it as the ultimate touch of completeness in the entrance hall of Andrew Robb's house.

In spite of all objections which Cyrus Banting raised to prevent its use, the beautiful Michael had an inevitable jump on him in the crisp sentence: "Must I repeat to you every day, Banting, that the well will be included in our recommendations to Mr. Robb? Why must you annoy me about it? That will do."

But the rest of the interiors were Banting's, to build up as he pleased, and he sailed ahead with the planning of them, now scarcely ever thinking of the hundred thousand dollars which was going to another man.

At the end of three months the entire scheme for the house was completed. The estimates were typed on the heavy eighty-cents-per-sheet parchment paper which Pell, Lombard, affected for such purposes, and with the color layouts were dispatched to the apartment of Andrew Robb.

Upon the third morning following, Arnold Pell received back in the morning mail the entire layout with a brief note written upon the stationery of

ANDREW ROBB,
Scranton Building, New York City.

Sir: Your recommendations and estimates for the furnishing of my house are to hand.

After a casual glance they appear in every way satisfactory save for an omission which I must insist is vital to my acceptance of them.

When I first negotiated with your firm regarding this proposed work it was through your Mr. Cyrus Banting. At that time that gentleman engaged himself to place his personal O. K. upon all estimates and schemes submitted for my approval.

I fail to discover that this has been done.

Herewith are your suggestions and plans, which I shall be pleased to have returned to me when properly indorsed by Mr. Banting.

Respectfully yours,
ANDREW ROBB.

When Mr. Pell completed the reading of this note his remarks were of a refreshing simplicity.

"Where's that brat? Hey, Miss Silver, send Banting to me. Hotfoot. I'll be damned if anything around here is ever done right. Hey, Miss Silver! Where are my cigars?"

Under a minute and Cyrus Banting was at the president's door. The bellowings of Mr. Pell invited him to enter.

"Why the devil, Cyrus, didn't you O. K. these things? Robb sends me a letter saying what's the matter, and how am I to know what's the matter? And he shoots the whole works back at me. For why? To get the hen-tracks of my darling little Cyrus. So go to it, boy."

Banting grinned and sat down.

"Excuse me if I sit down. I'm overcome. Say, would you have thought a man like that would have remembered a promise from me?"

"Sure! That's the reason he is a man like that. You didn't promise him anything else, did you?"

Cyrus leaned back in his chair and grinned more broadly and murmured to himself.

"What's the matter with you?" exploded the president.

"Oh, nothing very much. Nothing very much. Just this. Doesn't he ask to have me indorse all our recommendations?"

Mr. Pell leaned forward and waved his hands.

"Sure! That's what I'm telling you. Haven't any objections to doing that, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What? You're going to spill the beans now and throw a monkey wrench into the best job in the country? Say, listen! What's the hitch? Oh! I see. Going to hold me up for a slice of the commission. Nice boy, aren't you?

"Good, straight, clean-cut lad, I'll tell the well-known world. All open and aboveboard. Oh, my. You never can tell about these small-town babies. Slicker'n grease. Hey?"

Banting continued to lean back in his chair, grinning. As Pell finished he cocked his head forward to speak.

"If you're through I've something to tell you."

"Yeh?"

"You can go plumb to hell. I don't want any of your commission, although I deserve all of it."

Mr. Pell was on his feet, bending over him and shouting.

"Keep your shirt on, Cyrus! Keep it on! I know all about it. I was just kidding. Don't think for a minute that I thought you were going to hold out on the old man. Not a chance. But open up the old heart and tell me all about it."

Banting started to smile again.

"Honestly, Mr. Pell, I couldn't be mad with you. I couldn't be mad with anybody today. You're fine. Micky Connover's fine. Everything's fine. Perfect; except that stone well in the front hall."

Mr. Pell was standing, waving a handkerchief across his face. His mouth dropped open as he looked at the boy in the chair before him.

He grasped Banting's wrist in one hand and his own watch in the other, whispering, "Stone well. Front hall. No fever."

Banting jumped to his feet.

"It's all right, sir. I was talking about that old blunderbuss from Perugia. The well—you know—it's included in the scheme for Mr. Robb's entrance hall. I never did like it, but you and Connover had me stymied and I had to accept it. Now I don't. I won't indorse any plan which includes that thing. So if you want this job get me a cable blank."

The dazed Mr. Pell called for one from his secretary and handed it to the young man, who seated himself at the president's desk and with the president's fountain pen began to write his message.

Mr. Pell began to emerge from the fog and realize that he was still Mr. Pell.

"Say, Cyrus, if this is my business I'd like very much to know what you're up to?"

Banting flung over his shoulder as he went on scribbling, "Just a moment, sir, and I'll attend to you. And please have this rushed, with reply paid. And don't use any code. It delays things quite a few minutes. What did you ask? What the message is? I'm just getting an option on the great oak-paneled hall from Hotaling Manor in Sussex. It's a marvelous thing. Exactly what Mr. Robb's place requires. And don't look so disappointed, Mr. Pell. The hall, finished the way I'm going to do it in this old oak, you understand—will give the firm infinitely more prestige than the stone finish you and Connover have specified. The idea of putting that old Italian well in the entrance of an Elizabethan house was simple. I'm amazed that you'd consider it."

At the suggestion that The Well From Perugia was to lose its place and sale Mr. Pell flopped into a chair and looked utterly woebegone.

"Honestly, Cyrus, you can't do that. Here I've been chippered up for days at the prospect of moving that old floor filler, and you come along and pull the skies down on me. Have a heart, boy, and let it go in. I know you've got us on the hip, but that thing is a hoodoo to me and I'd almost rather lose the job than have it hanging around here any longer."

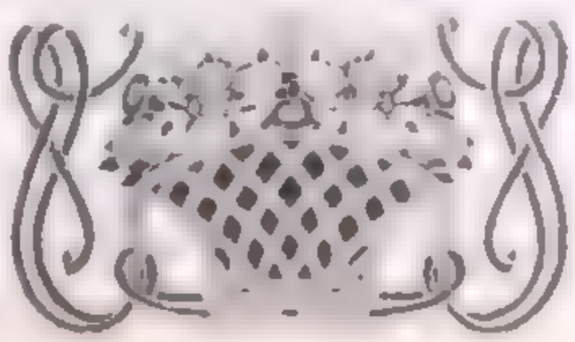
Banting picked up a large expensive cigar, lighted it, and leaned back to enjoy the excellence of the president's chair. After several minutes of looking cross-eyed at the gray ash on the tip he spoke slowly.

"That well seems to be on your nerves, Mr. Pell. Are you really cut up about its being thrown out?"

Mr. Pell wrung his hands at the desolate prospect of the years ahead, filled, to listen to him, with the eternal presence of the carved marble jinx. Having heard for several minutes of the extremities of Mr. Pell's sorrow, Banting spoke again.

"Well, if I can find a buyer for it am I right in understanding that I get a 20 per cent commission on the sale price of thirty thousand dollars?"

Mr. Pell, rejuvenated, was on his feet, smiling broadly with renewed hope.



"Now you're talking, Cyrus. If you can find me a buyer at that price I'll do the handsome thing. I'll give you a 25 per cent commission. Just between you and me, you understand. How about it?"

"All right, sir. That suits me. I'll buy the well."

"You? Really? And pay me money for it? That's a lot of money. Twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars is a lot of money."

Banting answered more slowly, with a hint in his voice that he regretted his offer.

"Bet your life it's a lot of money. I'll have it for you day after tomorrow, though. So put your mind at rest and have a good night's rest tonight."

There was an added respect in Mr. Pell's voice as he spoke again.

"Say, Cyrus, what do you want with that well? What in the world are you going to do with it?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Pell. It's a fool idea, but I swore to myself that this first job of mine would be the best thing I could do. That I'd leave nothing undone to make it right in every way. And if I let that well into the hall it would be a blot that no one would see so clearly as myself. Of course I didn't have to buy it from you, but —— Oh, gosh, I hate to see you so upset over it."

Mr. Pell spoke this time with even greater respect.

"It's none of my business, I know, and perhaps I shouldn't ask it, but where in the world do you get twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars to throw around this way?"

Banting grinned his broadest.

"I was hoping you'd ask me that. Your commissionaire in Paris paid me twenty-five thousand dollars for the well. That was a great stroke of business. I found the old relic in the court of the priest's house in Perugia, and bought it. How much did I pay? That's a fair question and should appeal to you as a merchant. The lira was then nineteen cents, and I paid a thousand lira landed on the cars. One hundred and ninety dollars, I make it, and sold it for twenty-five thousand. Such things happen occasionally."

Mr. Pell stood up and bowed.

"I take my hat off to you, Cyrus. Coming and going. In the first place, on the profit. That's not so much. And in the second place, on your buying it back. That's a white man's trick. I wish this job had been yours. I'd feel pleased as Punch to be paying you 10 per cent on the whole job. One hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money, what?"

The younger man looked his thanks at Arnold Pell.

"That's awfully good of you, sir, and believe me, I'd like it; but I reckon it's all in the day's work. Connover can use it, I guess."

"Yes. I dare say he can," said the president, taking a letter which his secretary had just come in to place on his desk. A glance brought him upright in his chair, and when he had reread it several times he looked wonderingly at the younger salesman.

"Cyrus! Most of the time I'm a flippant man, but—listen to this—did you ever read Emerson's Essay on Compensation?"

Banting nodded.

"More times than I can think of. My father considered it, outside the Psalms, the greatest single piece of writing. He drilled it into me, and drilled it in. And as a matter of fact it's a law you can't beat. You can't get beyond it. I'm young to make arbitrary statements, but I don't think it ever fails to operate."

Mr. Pell also nodded his head in agreement as he spoke.

"It doesn't fail. Ever. Listen to this

"ANDREW ROBB
"60 Broadway, New York City

"*Dear Mr. Pell:* In my note of last night I failed to include a request with which I hope you will agree.

"During my first conversation with your Mr. Banting I asked him what percentage on the business written constituted a salesman's commission. Very properly he refused to answer my question.

"Since then I have taken the trouble to find the fact for myself.

"Now I ask that you assure me, either in your contract or by a personal letter, that Mr. Cyrus Banting will receive a 10 per cent commission on my bills from your firm in connection with the furnishing of my residence.

"I do this to exhibit to you and to Mr. Banting my genuine regard for his judgment in matters relative to your business.

"Respectfully yours,
"ANDREW ROBB."

Extra Years of Experience—

The oldest tire manufacturer is Michelin. When you consider that years are required to show how valuable any development in tires actually is at all seasons, in all climates, and in the service of all kinds of drivers, you appreciate the importance of Michelin's extra years of experience.

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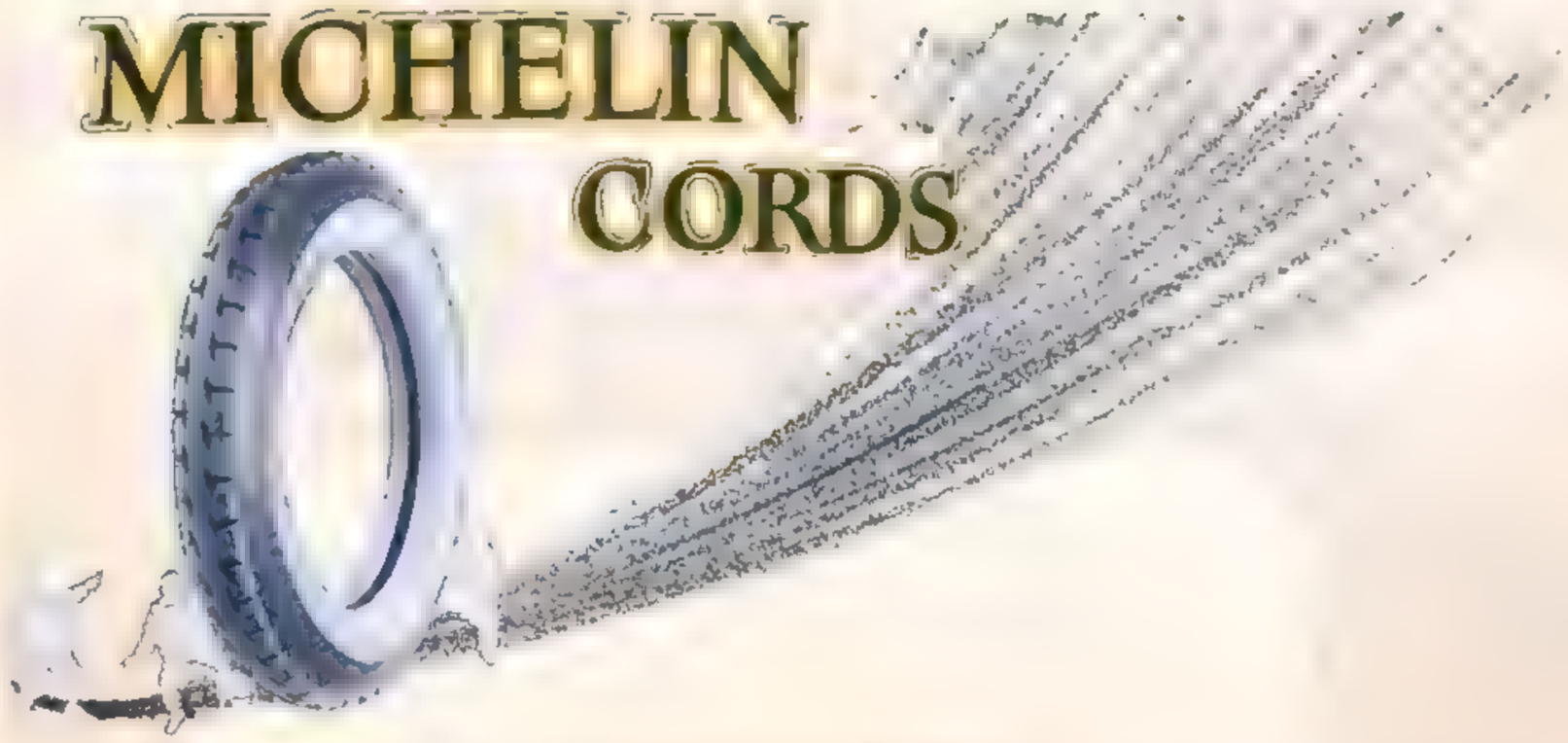
We believe that Michelin Cords today offer more mileage and greater economy than any other tires. This belief is based on many tests and the experience of thousands of motorists. If you will try a Michelin Cord in comparison with other makes, we believe you too will find it gives unsurpassed service.

MICHELIN CORDS



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"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

"Wear-Ever" includes steam jacketed [illegible] suitable for use by hotels, restaurants

WEAR-EVER TAC ALUMINUM UCO TRADE MARK MADE IN U.S.A.

On Her Range Christmas Morning

IMAGINE her delight when you lead her into the kitchen Christmas morning and this array of shining bright, silver-like "Wear-Ever" meets her eyes.

There is no more certain way to give happiness to a woman who prides herself on her housekeeping ability and cooking skill than to present her with a complete equipment of "Wear-Ever" utensils.

"Wear-Ever" utensils modernize the appearance of the kitchen, make it a pleasant workshop and insure more tasty food.

"Wear-Ever" metal is so thick and hard that it cannot fail to give service and satisfaction.

Suggestion To Men

The number of utensils to be purchased for a kitchen should be determined by the number of different kinds of cooking to be done. There are seven cooking operations and various sizes and shapes of pots and pans are necessary for each.

A. BOILING—Three or four kinds of utensils

B. STEAMING—Two steamers and later use

C. STEWING—Two sizes of stewing pans

D. FRYING—Two sizes of frying pans

E. BROILING—Two sizes of heavy pans

F. ROASTING—Two sizes of roasters—one large for [illegible] one small for every day use

G. BAKING—Various pastry tins, sizes of pans [illegible] Small popover pans are fun for [illegible]

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN

Continued from Page 19

ages to appraise their worth; enough about the builder's art to utilize it in getting full productive value out of a given enterprise.

And he should know land values, not simply from the standpoint of what property is assessed at today and earning, but from the standpoint of community growth, and what it will probably be worth five or ten years hence, and how to develop its productive power. I was fortunate in beginning my career at a time when the city of Philadelphia had become topsy-turvy in a real-estate sense and was ready for dramatic changes. People were trying to keep its business center in an inconvenient and unnatural location. It was destined to group around a wholly new center, the present City Hall, and I had in this situation a most absorbing textbook wherein to study the principles of the growth of a community.

The real-estate man should know enough about conveyancing to draw his own deeds, leases, contracts and other documents connected with the transfer and letting of realty. He should know enough about titles to make a title search. Common law, taxation, investments, salesmanship, zoning, insurance and fifty other technical things are in the province of real estate as a profession.

The real-estate man should be as much a trained responsible professional as the doctor or lawyer, for he directs the investment of his clients' money, and ignorance of his business may cause them great losses. The doctor buries his mistakes, but the mistakes of the real-estate man are usually taken to court by his customers. In the present state of our technical knowledge of realty, people accept this as inevitable. But when they know that realty follows definite principles in its growth, and is governed and regulated on well-settled legal lines, they will insist that their real-estate representative understand his business, and be as responsible as the banker or anybody else handling investments.

Our knowledge of the science of real estate is exactly where knowledge of the science of law stood when Blackstone wrote his famous Commentaries on the Laws of England one hundred and fifty-odd years ago. There were various codes and fragmentary compilations dealing with the law, but nobody had made just the same sort of codification of law, harmonizing, condensing, and making it available to the student who wanted to get a scientific grasp of law rather than the empirical one that then passed for legal education.

Interesting Reading

The scientific nature of Blackstone's Commentaries is understood when you know that he divided all law into two great parts—first, the laws governing the rights of persons, and second, the laws governing the rights of things. And some idea of the importance of real estate is gained when you know that practically the whole of Blackstone's second volume is devoted to laws governing the possession, use and transfer of the land.

He begins with the dominion given to man in Holy Writ over the earth by the all-bountiful Creator, and develops ownership from the primitive state like that on our own continent when the Indians used but did not own the land, down through the times when man tamed animals and acquired certain rights in grazing lands, when he planted crops and built permanent houses; when he conquered enemies and distributed their lands among his fighting men; when methods of documenting land were devised, and land was leased, sold, bequeathed, made subject to tithes and taxes; when the rights to the air above it, the metals below it and the waters that ran through it were well defined in laws that settled disputes. Popularly, Blackstone is considered dry reading, but I assure you that there is real human interest and not a little romance in his scientific exposition of hereditaments, commons, tenures, and the like, particularly those chapters that deal with the old feudal system, when land was held by knightly service, and human beings were attached to it in villein socage, and transferred with it, and land possession bound men to fight for the monarch and the landlord, and how gradually this obligation to fight was transformed into payments in money or produce, the sending of substitutes, and so forth. For sustained interest, provided you will give him your whole attention as he develops his story, I can recommend Sir William Blackstone's second book, or both of them, for that matter

The coming science of real estate will, I believe, be grounded in two basic things—a knowledge of the laws pertaining to real estate and a sense of real-estate values.

With a legal education based on Blackstone's science and the case and statutory system of studying law, your attorney can guide your actions by determining your rights in a given case. Not once in a hundred times is it necessary to take a doubtful situation to court and get a judicial decision. And so it will be with the trained real-estate practitioner.

A Sharp Lesson

Although I abandoned law for fear it would handicap me as a real-estate man, I quickly discovered in practice that my legal studies were of the utmost value in ways like this: A large retail house in Philadelphia retained me as its real-estate counsel and representative. Its store was built on a collection of holdings acquired in various ways, some of them purchased and others leased. Among them was a lot held by a woman. It was ideally situated for trouble-making. The woman died. She had held only what is termed a life interest, which expired at her death, throwing the property back to the remainder men or the heirs of the second generation. The remainder men could have dispossessed the mercantile house—actually have driven them out of an important part of their own building and cut their establishment in two. However, they were willing to sell at a reasonable price. I went to my clients and urged them to purchase this lot. They hesitated about the price, and seemed to suspect that I was trying to make money at their expense, though actually the transaction involved nothing more than a small commission, quite inadequate compensation for the time and negotiations involved. Finally the merchants agreed to buy the property at a stated price. But they signed no papers and paid no money, and repeated urgings failed to bring action. After vexing delay my partner and I bought this parcel ourselves and immediately brought dispossess proceedings against the mercantile house.

"Come down here right away!" their attorney telephoned—who else but our old dear departed John G. Johnson, a man famous in Philadelphia practice, and nationally. When I entered his office he burst out with "You're a nice crook, Isman! When people retain you to represent them you try to hold them up!"

I asked him to arrange a meeting at which he, the merchants and myself would be present. When we all came together I silently handed Mr. Johnson a file of correspondence, dating back many months, mostly letters written by myself to the merchants, urging them to purchase that piece of property. They had been unanswered. After going through this file the attorney turned to his clients and said, "Get out of my office!" and a moment later, humorously, "You get out, too, Isman!"

Nothing short of a drastic demonstration like this would persuade the merchants to buy that property. They took it over at a reasonable price the following day.

Without legal experience I would not have seen the danger for my clients in that situation, and they might unknowingly have drifted into much greater trouble.

Every real-estate transaction has its legal technicalities, and without legal training the real-estate operator cannot properly represent his clients.

A Chicago merchant decides, we will say, to open a store in New York. He comes to a real-estate operator, seeking a location. The latter finds a suitable site upon which to erect a building, and a lease is drawn up with the owner of the land. Nothing is commoner than a ninety-nine-year lease in such cases. If the real-estate man doesn't

Continued on Page 113

Washing cleans only the skin

FREQUENT bathing keeps the skin clean and fresh. But far more important to your health and happiness is *internal* cleanliness. For on this depend a strong body and a clear mind.

You cannot be healthy if you do not keep clean internally. A clogged intestinal system is a disease-breeder. Here start such ailments as headaches, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. Poisons flood your system and your power of resistance is lowered. Health, even life itself, is threatened. In this clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

How To Overcome Faulty Elimination

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness. Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the worldforthereliefoffaultyelimination in people of all ages.

Don't give disease a start. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Nujol establishes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world.

If you would maintain health and youthful energy, adopt this habit of internal cleanliness. Nujol will make every day brighter and your enjoyment of life more keen. Keep a bottle of Nujol in the bathroom cabinet as a daily reminder. For sale at all druggists.

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories — Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

Nujol, Room 831-C, 7 Hanover Sq., New York

For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.) Write name and address in margin

Nujol

For Internal Cleanliness

From one who understands

Watch Dad slip aside from the family hub-bub about the tree and preen himself a bit before the fire.

Proud as a peacock? Of course he is—in his colorful new Oregon City lounging robe with its intimate comfort in every staunch stitch and friendly fibre! And *grateful?* Mother is a mind reader, that's all!

With this gift his comfort has just begun. For here is a robe after a man's own heart. Soft, warm wool—first woven into vivid Indian blankets, then pocketed, girdled and trimmed with silk or satin.

For women we tailor special styles. They are finished with extra wide satin taffeta ribbon and gathered with silk frogs and girdles to match.

Select now for gifts

You'll find Christmas displays of Jacobs Oregon City woolens at good dealers' in your city. These quality comfort gifts—lounging robes, Indian blankets, motor robes and bed blankets—always bespeak a giver who understands. For 59 years our looms have been famous for their *woolen*-craft. You can be sure of Oregon City quality for we make both fabric and garment. Our pure virgin wool label is your guarantee.

Write for "At the End of the Oregon Trail," a beautiful story-booklet in colors. Oregon City Woolen Mills, established in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs. Mills and tailoring shops at Oregon City, Oregon. Sales offices in all principal cities.

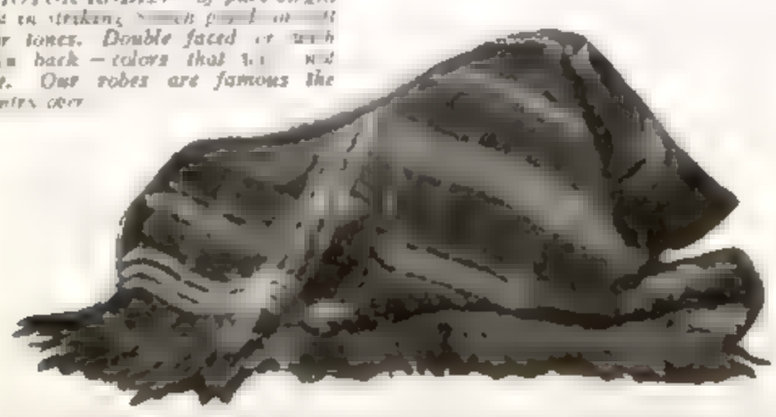
* * * *

Jacobs Oregon City Products

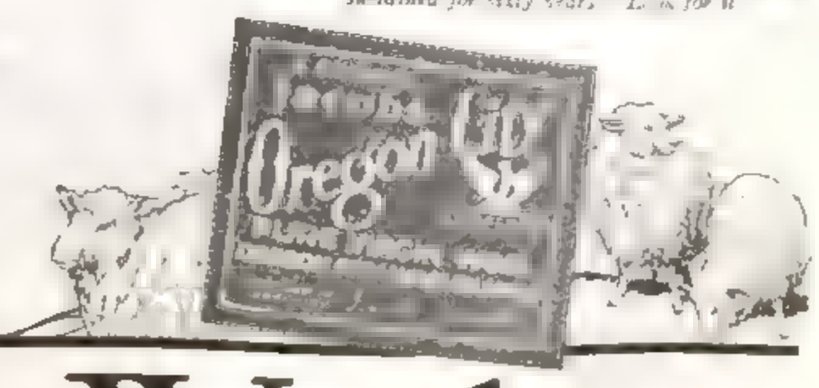
Lounging Robes Overcoats Trousers
Mackinaws Flannel Shirts Motor Robes
Boys' Suits Indian Blankets Blankets

INDIAN BLANKETS cast in old *strong, brilliant in design. We weave them for the Indian trade of the West. For couch throws, for motoring [illegible] called "blankets with a thousand uses.*

MOTOR ROBES—of pure virgin [illegible] in striking [illegible] color tones. Double faced of [illegible] pure back—colors that will not fade. Our robes are famous the country over.



Since the stirring days when the West was young, this Oregon City label has been famous [illegible] Its [illegible] guarantee of genuineness sustained for sixty years. Look for it



Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL ~ WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

(Continued from Page 111

have the law at his fingers' ends, he will probably overlook the New York State document tax on leases made for terms longer than twenty-one years, involving his client in needless costs. There may be something in the penal-code aspect of the lease that will cause his client to break it unwittingly—failure to put in the simple reservation "after notice" in some trivial matter. He might overlook the very important matter of inserting an option to purchase the land, if possible to be obtained, in which case twenty words omitted might easily cost his clients $50,000 for each word. Because the land, worth $500,000 when leased, may be worth $1,500,000 ten years later, after the merchant has built a great business there, and this increased value of the land, created by his own effort, and a legitimate part of the profits of his business, would go to another. He might overlook the very important detail of taking out title insurance on leased property. Should the title be disputed after the merchant has established his business he would suffer more than the owner of the land

A legal training is also the best preparation for the development of a sense of real-estate values. A man trained in law is a man trained in logic. Three or four years' legal education teaches the student how to think. At present the real-estate man is self-taught, and there is nothing in his training that teaches him to think except at random. The logical mind develops a sense of the trends of population, and those trends determine realty values.

The trained real-estate professional should be able to pick out a value in any city of the world, regardless of whether he has been there before.

Let me illustrate with an example or two:

Ask anybody who knows New York, "Which corners are best for business—Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, or Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue?"

Fifth Avenue is the great fashionable retail shopping, banking and business center, with its stream of luxurious automobiles, its motor busses and taxicabs. Sixth Avenue is frankly plebeian. To begin with, a noisy elevated runs overhead. It has no character either as a street or in its lines of business. There are no fashionable shops, no banks, no office buildings. Side by side you find the cheap restaurant, the little cigar store, the bankrupt sale, the cut-rate druggist and so forth. Ask the average real-estate man along with other New Yorkers which of these corners they consider best for business, and I'll wager that nine times in ten the answer will be, "Why, Fifth Avenue, of course."

Theater Values

But if you asked the trained real-estate professional of the kind who should be available when you have to choose a location for business, he would want to know first of all what your business was. Suppose you were seeking a place to open a popular-price restaurant. Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street would be so much the better location of the two that Fifth Avenue ought not to be considered at all. Your rent on Sixth Avenue would be lower. You would have customers of the kind more likely to eat in a popular-price restaurant. And you would have more of them, because Sixth Avenue is crowded all day, and at hours when Fifth Avenue is deserted, from seven to ten in the morning, and seven in the evening past midnight.

Or suppose you were seeking a place to open a theater. Ask the average real-estate man where the most profitable theaters in the United States are located, and he would probably tell you in New York City, on Broadway between Forty-second and Fiftieth streets.

But a professional real-estate operator trained on something like the case system would know the story of two theaters, one now torn down, another since rebuilt, which, a few years ago, were by far the best money-makers in the country. They are typical real-estate cases in the determination of values. One was the old Herald Square Theater, at Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, New York, and the other the Orpheum Theater, in Washington Street, Boston. They were both popular-price motion picture and vaudeville houses. They made money as the popular-price restaurant makes it on Sixth Avenue, through having a long business day. By the time a Broadway theater was ready to open at eight o'clock in the evening, or even the matinée performance at two in the afternoon, these theaters, which opened at ten o'clock in the morning, had taken in enough money to pay their expenses.

To give such decisions a real-estate advisor must know the laws of growth in the community as an attorney knows the common law. They are both based on a body of knowledge which some new Blackstone will eventually codify in a science of real estate. The theater in Herald Square has been replaced by a large loft building for garment manufacturers. There was a period when the Herald Square Theater stood in the heart of New York's theatrical district and was a fashionable Broadway house. The fashionable theaters moved north a dozen blocks, and it became unprofitable. But turned into a popular-priced place of entertainment on the advice of a real-estate operator, it became the best theater money-maker in the United States. It was torn down because the lessee and not the owner knew its earning value.

But good real-estate counsel might be exactly opposite for another type of business. The retail merchant or banker would be advised to go where a permanent center for his business was being formed, and to go there as quickly as possible while values were low.

A Neglected Property

Some fifteen years ago in a certain city several department-store proprietors located against competent advice at a center which was then both fashionable and populous. They paid high prices for property in the belief that they were establishing themselves in a permanent center. Their advisor pointed out at the time a locality in another part of the city where property could be purchased for 20 per cent of what it is worth today. That section then showed little promise outwardly. Its only retail stores were small cheap shops. But the fashionable center that they chose was in the line of manufacturing development. Today their stores are surrounded with factories, and the shopping public is being drawn to the section they did not have the vision to see as it would be a dozen years later. It is this vision that the real-estate professional will give his client. However, it is no more visionary than a law decision, because it is all based on knowledge.

Just the other day I was invited to inspect a piece of property lying at the edge of a certain city near New York. Though the place is within an hour's ride, I had never been there. My host was a real-estate man in that city. He was enthusiastic about this property, ninety acres of beautiful rolling land now laid out for golf, believing that it could be profitably developed as a good-class residence section.

We got into his car and rode out to the property. It lay on the other side of a bridge that crosses a stream separating it from the built-up portion of the city. He was right about its beauty, but the rolling grassy slopes so near a community where residence values are rising set me thinking about something else.

"Why hasn't this property been developed? Why has it been neglected?" I asked myself.

Bordering the golf links on one side were some good residences, with streets laid out, and a convenient trolley line.

"But there are no sewers," I said, as we reached the other end of the bridge.

"Oh, yes, there are sewers," said the real-estate man.

"No, I'm quite certain there are not."

"I'll bet you ten dollars there are sewers here!" he insisted. "What makes you think there are none?"

"I don't want to take your money, but did you notice, as we came over the bridge, that sign saying 'You are now in Blank County'? This property is not only outside the city but in another county. It is not likely that a municipality would build sewers in another county."

Inquiry made at several houses showed that I was right. These inquiries also brought out the reason why there had been no residential development there. Some distance upstream there were several chemical factories that gave off unpleasant fumes, and that, with the refuse dumped into the river, would make it objectionable to the kind of people my friend thought ought to live there.

His idea was to buy this land, cut it up into building lots, make improvements and sell it at auction. The owner wanted $2000

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

KNAPP-FELT HATS
for MEN

THE MOST WONDERFUL examples of art in American hat manufacture are the Knapp-Felt Velours and Knapp-Felt Triple Rings made by the Cavanagh Edge Process.

THE SOFT LUSTRE of the velvety surface of the Knapp-Felt Velours is produced by the artistic manipulation of furs expertly selected to yield the velour effect. The tight felt, which is the indispensable foundation of quality and style, is the result of expert handwork in hot water.

THE KNAPP-FELT TRIPLE RINGS have all of the softness and sheen of the finest of hatters' furs used in their manufacture. The Cavanagh Edge Process gives to these hats their superb style and wear.

Knapp-Felt hats are sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH—*President*
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

IN THE COLDEST WEATHER

Rie Nie

PEDAL PANTS

REG. TRADE MARK

for Ford Cars

Will keep out the cold wind and drafts that come up through the pedals and emergency brake openings. You wouldn't sit in a heated house with your overcoat and gloves on, so why heat your car when you drive dressed for cold weather?

Rie Nie Pedal Pants furnish ample protection from cold drafts and insure comfortable winter driving. This durable rubber protector is placed under the floor mat and has sleeves which fit snugly around the pedals and brake lever so as to shut out cold winds.

Put PEDAL PANTS on your Ford now and enjoy the most comfortable winter driving you have ever experienced. Insist on the genuine

Rie Nie PEDAL PANTS $1.25

Also made for Chevrolet cars at $1.50

If your dealer can't supply you order direct from

DURKEE ATWOOD CO.
MINNEAPOLIS U.S.A.

Established 1916

Manufacturers of Rie Nie Line.

Enjoy Comfortable Driving

PATENTED IN U. S. A. AND CANADA

Boys Laugh at the Wintry Cold in the Nifty Victor Cap

MADE from soft pure worsted yarn. No seams on the forehead. Knit to shape and holds its shape. All colors.

Elastic knit and buttons easily around the neck and head. The cost is small—all sizes—same price.

At good dealers' everywhere or sent prepaid on receipt of $1.50 through the nearest dealer in the U. S. A. Mention hat size.

Victor CAP

VICTOR KNITTING MILLS
Dept. B Milwaukee, Wis.

an acre. I began figuring. An acre of land can be cut into about twelve lots, allowing for streets. They would not sell for more than $400 apiece. Ninety acres on that basis makes, roughly, 1000 lots, which would bring a total of $400,000. The raw land would cost $180,000, or $180 a lot. It would cost $150 a lot to make the most superficial improvements, such as sidewalks, dirt streets, curbing, grading, water, cesspools and the like; sewers could not possibly be built at that outlay. It would cost $50 a lot for advertising, $50 more for selling expenses, and $25 to $50 carrying charges while the property was being sold off, for it generally takes three or four years to sell all the lots in such a tract. Thus, the lots for which he could get only $400 would cost him between $450 and $480.

Plainly, the property was worthless for development on that basis. But it must be worth something for other purposes. Mentally canvassing for a market, I finally advised my friend to see if it could be bought for $1200 an acre, and if so, to lay it out in lots, run the lines of future streets, and sell it to a less prosperous class of purchasers for $200 a lot without any improvements whatever. Thus people with a little money, desirous of owning homes, could come in, build and gradually make their own improvements. There are plenty of folks willing to pioneer in this way, even undergoing privation to own a home within their means.

This occurrence fairly illustrates how observation and logical thinking enable one to determine values.

And there was a sequel. The development of $200 lots near houses already built on $400 lots would, of course, lower the values of homes already built. That is a pity—but it also shows how people pay the penalty for building without competent real-estate counsel.

Having told several stories at the expense of someone else, it is only fair to tell one on myself.

Talking with a stockbroker the other day, I expressed the opinion that a certain corporation security was cheap because currently quoted on the exchange at 97, though it is paying 7 per cent dividends.

"Besides that, the company has large real-estate holdings which are steadily increasing in value," I added. "Ultimately those holdings must be reflected in the price of that stock."

"I think you are right as far as its ultimate value is concerned," said the Wall Street man. "But in its current market value you've overlooked something. That company must take up next year a large issue of bonds. It will be more profitable to give the bondholders stock instead of cash if they can be persuaded to make that sort of trade. I believe the 7 per cent dividend is being paid to establish confidence in the stock. If the bondholders take stock instead of cash there will be a considerable new stock issue. That is why the present price is low."

Again the man who is well trained in values in his particular line! I knew real estate, but he knew stocks, and this security was primarily a stock proposition.

Pioneers and Their Profits

The value of competent counsel in finding a business home will be realized when one knows that most of the great retail merchants of the United States have made as much money out of the increased worth of their real estate as out of their mercantile operations. This is true of practically all the famous retail establishments in the shopping centers of cities like New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Pioneers move into a section like Fifth Avenue, Market Street or State Street on land bought at low prices, considering its earning power for mercantile purposes. When enough of them are together they attract shoppers by giving the public the opportunity to compare goods and prices in one neighborhood. It is a familiar truth in retailing that women—who buy three-quarters of all the merchandise needed by families—want to compare goods and prices in at least three stores before making their decisions and purchases. They will travel many miles to do so, and the larger the purchase the farther they will go. Where the shoppers congregate, other merchants must come, and this raises real-estate values to such a degree that the increased worth of land parallels the profits of the business.

This principle has been turned to such good account by chain-store companies in tobacco, groceries, candy and other merchandise that more than one such corporation has a separate speculative real-estate company to profit by the increased values created through its mercantile activities. In fact, the chain-store business has developed a remarkable sense of real-estate values. In this respect it probably forecasts what other lines of business will be tomorrow.

The chain store has nearly always been a growth from one or two stores which proved successful under good management or a good plan. As other stores were added, it became necessary to apply some sort of footrule for locations. The single-store retail merchant seldom gave much thought to location.

Very often he inherited his business, or bought out his employer, or bought an old run-down establishment. The location went along with the business; not once in twenty times did he study the possibilities of a new location. But if that single business prospered, and he saw the possibilities of duplicating it elsewhere, he took his first lesson in choosing locations. At first he counted the number of people passing several prospective stores, charted the number of hours in the day that business could be done, the probable volume each hour, the probable daily sales, the rent cost of sales, and like factors. This simple measuring often disclosed unsuspected contrasts like the difference I pointed out between the two corners a block apart on Forty-second Street, New York City.

Street Corner Psychology

Before half a dozen new stores had been established in this way he discovered that there are greater bargains in location than any he could offer in merchandise. By combining real estate and mercantile ability it was not impossible to get a store free of any rent whatever. For example, instead of leasing a large store and occupying all its space with a big stock of goods, he would cut it in two, making a small shop to rent to someone else, and so skillfully plan his shelves, show cases, counters and space for customers, with the smallest stock of goods kept, quickly turning and replenishing several times a day if necessary, that he got his own store for half the rent paid under his lease. By taking two stores and cutting them into three or four shops he could get his own space rent free and perhaps make a profit on his lease.

Going a step further, he discovered that his own business enterprise increased the value of land, and that this could be realized by himself if he purchased instead of leasing. These discoveries have led the chain-store companies to handle all their real-estate transactions through a separate department, with specialists who attend to the leasing, subletting, buying and selling of store property.

Look around your own community, note where the corner saloons stood five years ago, and you will have the work of these chain-store real-estate departments right before your eyes. Where "5c—The Biggest in Town 5c" sold over the spacious bar before prohibition, and the free lunch drew flies, and blinds and swinging doors hid the interior, now you will find buildings remodeled for chain-store purposes. Twice the space formerly devoted to free lunch is big enough for many prosperous retail shops nowadays.

The saloon has been cut into half a dozen such shops, with the chain store occupying the valuable corner. The high ceiling has been lowered, making an additional living floor upstairs.

More than that—the whole psychology of the corner has been changed. Not only does the chain store attract a better class of customers, and more of them, bringing trade to the shops on either side, but an atmosphere of respectability, cheerfulness and efficiency has been created. Ask your womenfolks how they used to feel about certain corners, once avoided, but now favored neighborhood shopping places. Indeed, ask yourself.

You may remember that in a former article I mentioned the old Teller appraisal blank, which was unique because it had a space for Will Rent as well as Does Rent. Does Rent was the saloon keeper who could afford to pay $100 a month for a certain corner, but if he moved out probably Will Rent, the butcher, could pay only $50. By creating a better psychology, the chain-store companies have made many a saloon corner worth $200 and more.

Two seasons ago at a certain seashore resort a theater manager opened a vaudeville house in a building that had been erected for that particular purpose. It took a year to build this theater, and during that time he should have been creating psychological value for it. Physically, his theater was located on a sea beach surrounded by a few blocks of bungalows, boarding houses and hotels. But psychologically it was centrally located in a community as large as Nashville or Salt Lake City, because between 125,000 and 150,000 people live at surrounding shore resorts and suburbs within an easy motor or trolley ride. He had this community to himself, for it had nothing but moving-picture entertainment outside of the nearest city. So people must not only be told that there was a theater there but must be got into the habit of thinking about it when they turned their thoughts to entertainment in the evening. With a little preliminary billposting, placarding and advertising this manager could have made his theater part of the community before it opened.

But he was impatient. Instead of careful preparation he tried the quick way of opening up with an excellent show, believing that people would hear about him and form these habits in a week. The place quickly failed and was turned into a moving-picture house. Since then, however, another manager has taken it over, done the necessary pioneer work, and created a psychological value which is part of real-estate value.

Real estate is the fundamental business under every other business, the security under practically every other form of investment, because it deals with Mother Earth. Yet no other form of investment is handled so loosely.

A stranger enters your office or home, presents his card, bearing the magic words "Real Estate," and urges upon you the purchase of a piece of property, glowingly explaining its advantages and the certainty of its increase in value. Won by his plausible arguments—and he often believes himself—you purchase or invest.

Trade or Profession?

The stranger departs and you are left with a piece of property that is none of the things you bought it for. The building lot proves to be in a neighborhood steadily going downhill instead of up. The apartment house or office building does not yield bank interest on the money you paid for it. The new locality to which you moved your business quickly begins to change from the shopping section your adviser promised it would be and turns into a factory or tenement section.

These things should not be. They happen because many so-called real-estate men are untrained in the broad fundamentals of the vocation they follow, though they may thoroughly understand a particular branch of real estate. They do not know values because they have never been educated in them. Indeed, the auctioneer who stands on his rostrum and assures you that the lot he offers is worth so-and-so often does not know what it is worth because he does not want to know; the truth might take the pep out of his selling talk.

There is a story of an advertising man who wrote glowing copy for a subdivision where people of moderate means were taken on free excursions every Sunday and induced to purchase lots while under the spell of brass-band music and high-pressure salesmanship. He had never seen the property. One day, unhappily, he joined the Sunday excursion, and was so depressed by the difference between the isolated, lonely, scrubby development and his glowing copy that he was never able to write another advertisement!

I insist that these things should not be. And I have set them before you at considerable length for a purpose. I believe that when the illiterate and unregulated character of the real-estate business is generally understood, public opinion will bring about reforms such as have taken place in other investment and business fields. When the public wants this business reformed, there will be professional real-estate courses in our state colleges and universities corresponding to those offered in other professional lines. Provide the facilities for education, and regulation will take care of itself.

Just give Mother Earth her Blackstone!

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Isman.

The YEAR'ROUND

Tests prove Superfex Burners as fast as gas
Two sizes on every stove
One "Big Giant"
the others are
"Little Giants"

Prices of Range at factory
$50.80
Without Oven and Cabinet
$[illegible]
Higher in the far west, southwest, and Canada

Superfex Burners cook with speed and satisfaction of gas

IT'S a superior type of cook stove a woman needs to depend on for year-in and year-out service. Beauty of design—glistening cleanliness—the super-service of its powerful Superfex Burners, have given this remarkable New Perfection Oil Range that place apart in women's minds the country over.

Quick, clean heat—as quick and clean as gas—easily regulated from intense, high, white-tipped flame to low, simmering blue.

Conveniences of every sort. A comfortably high top—porcelain enameled with roomy end shelf. Removable porcelain enameled burner tray—easy to clean. Large, substantial base shelf for pots, pans and kettles. Its straight-leg, sturdy design and beautiful, enduring finish add an appreciated attractiveness to any kitchen.

If you believe in fewer hours in the kitchen—if you appreciate real convenience in cooking—look in at your dealer's *today*. He will be glad to show you how much better this ultra-modern oil range works than anyone can possibly tell you beforehand.

Sizes and prices to suit every requirement.

In addition, your dealer will *also* show you the 1924 Blue Chimney New Perfection—the latest model of our world famous, popular priced stove.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY, 7647 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
New Perfection Oil Stoves and Perfection Oil Heaters *Sold in Canada by the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario*

NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

SELZ $SIX

Tea time at the fashionable Everglades Club, Palm Beach, Florida

The new Teck model

A smart, patent leather dancing shoe

Original design by Selz

Goodyear welt

Light flexible sole

Ask your dealer for B 1001 model

Other styles from $6 to $10

Here is a new winter model in the Selz $Six. A smart patent leather shoe you will feel pride in wearing.

It has style and distinctiveness. It has built-in quality that gives good wear. It will keep its shape.

Yet it is moderately priced. You would expect to pay much more for a shoe with so much character.

The prices of Selz Shoes range from six to ten dollars, each shoe representing the greatest value known in its price class.

The store in your locality known for the greatest values has Selz Shoes. A complete line, in all lasts and styles.

1871 SELZ 1923

11 FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS
CHICAGO :: PITTSBURGH

SELZ SHOES—A NATIONAL INFLUENCE FOR FIFTY-TWO YEARS—$6 TO $10

ETHICAL DATIVE

Continued from Page 9

gloves for admirals. Jolly life; no mares; no cows. "Just been on a cruise, sergeant?"

"Sorta kinda, ace. Back las' week. Well, you better go tell your mamma that Joe Fancher is waitin' respectful down amongst the cows where he b'longs. Tell her I'm sober like a hawg in heaven. I know what old ladies think of enlisted men, kid, 'cause grandmamma raised me. I talked some to the reverend while he was tryin' to fall in the creek gatherin' cat flowers, but he spoke of nothin' but how good a boy you are and I didn't get up my sand to tell him who am I. Anyways, brother, after buyin' Norah her ring, I'm worth nothin' but my health and my toothbrush. You tell your mamma I'm ready to go to work at once. I can do anything but play the piano an' knit baby clothes," said Joe Fancher, "and used to preachers' families, 'cause that's what daddy is—Presbyterian, howsoever."

Stukely tried to lift his right leg across his left. It wouldn't come. Norah was engaged to a discharged sergeant of marines who had turquoise eyes. His name was Joe Fancher. He was sober like a hawg in heaven. He was worth his health and his toothbrush. She had fallen in love with a marine named Joe. Joe the marine. Poor Joe the marine. Name of an old song in one of Grandfather Stukely's books. There seemed nothing to think about this. Joe the marine had somehow walked into Saint Philip's settlement school on the East Side and proposed to Norah. No, there wasn't a word of truth in it.

Stukely lighted his cigarette with hands made of mush and gayly said, "By the way, where did you meet Norah, Joe?"

"At a prize fight Christmastime, ace."

It was pleasant to be called ace. His mother would presently scream and go mad on seeing Joe the marine who had met Norah at a prize fight Christmastime. No doubt. Why not? If the son of a Presbyterian minister went to prize fights, why shouldn't he meet the daughter of the retiring rector of Saint Philip's Church there? If a mare tries to stand on her head, why shouldn't she?

"What were you doing at a prize fight, Joe?"

"Fightin', big boy. Thisaway. Porky Olsen got soused, sorta, Christmas, and the captain sent me 'stead of him. It was this charitable athletic contest for this Saint Philip's settlement where Norah teaches drawin' to those kids. So I fought Eddie Chrisatadouros ——"

"Whom?"

"A Greek-extracted guy from my company. I knocked him down twice, and Norah, she fed me coffee and sandwiches afterwards. I'm pretty handsome in winter when I ain't browned up so," he confessed; "but that ain't much of any excuse for Norah. Howsoever, here I am. Grandmamma raised me to be courteous with ladies, so you needn't be scared to turn me loose with your mamma, even if she is a Providence, Rhode Island, Stukely. Norah hasn't any sense, like you know. Yest'day morning we were gonna be married in June. Yest'day noon we might be married by fall. I dunno what grandmamma will do to me when she hears I got married in a judge's office. I telegraphed daddy this mornin' at the station. If the old lady comes cavortin' in here, why," the marine said, grinning, "you'll hide me out, won't you, bud, in a cornerib or wherever?"

"Of course I will," Stukely murmured.

Joe the marine's grandmamma might come from somewhere and he must hide Norah's husband in a cornerib. He wondered if the nameless shed in the middle of the barnyard was a cornerib. His mother would die at once. Norah had married a marine in a judge's office, having met him at a prize fight. Why not? She liked nice people. He was a nice Joe—a nice marine. His eyes were cut from solid turquoise and his voice was cooked in sugar. He had married Bishop Stukely's grandchild. Thank heaven, fat Uncle George Stukely had gone to Japan! Meanwhile the marine named Joe Fancher was staring at him.

Stukely tried to untangle his legs, couldn't and said, "Mother'll faint!"

"She could do no less, kid. I thought you got over your typhoid las' fall, ace?"

"I did, Joe; it just happens I'm rather tired today. Father bought some pigs from a man named Gifford and this morning I took 'em down some milk and—and there were about a dozen more. So," said Stukely, blinking away that vision of a writhing black fringe of smaller pigs around the larger pigs, "I had to cart down more milk." This must sound utterly silly to a soldier. He gulped, "I've been clipping the orchard and -pretty tired."

"Who helps you, bud?"

"Helps me? We can't af—I mean, nobody."

"You been doin' all the work on this place since March? The reverend was sayin' down by the branch you plowed the land along. This triflin' Norah I'm now the husband of says the reverend bought this place so's to keep you healthy. Howsoever, son, in Missouri, where grandmamma moved us down into from V'mont, nor in Gawgia, where she moved us down into from Missouri, it ain't ever reckoned right to feed a sucklin' pig cow's milk. They have a natural sorta kinda resources. . . . Who did your shirt thataway?"

"The horse. She's a mare," said Stukely, and giggled.

His brother-in-law stood looking down at him and the turquoises changed slowly to sapphires. This marvelous darkening made Stukely jump, but the giggle welled from his stiffened throat and didn't stop. Joe the marine would think him mad and rude. He was grave before the foolish sound, though, and after a while he strolled to bring from the pump an icy tin of water. Chill passed down Stukely's tongue and he managed "I'm sorry."

"Goodness gracious, guy, whatever for or about? When I got pitched out of high school in Boston for thrashin' the chemistry teacher for sayin' I talked like a nigger, which"—Joe nodded—"was extremely so, back six years, although you wouldn't believe it to hear me now, kid—anyways, I bawled like a two-year baby. To just sorta laugh is awful dignified. This no-good Norah also had you paint the gallery yonder and otherwise adorn this place. When she comes up Sunday," said her husband, "I'm gonna romp on her frame with both feet! You were ready to begin milkin' these cows?"

Stukely said "Yes," and sipped water. He had eaten some lunch, he thought, but he must now be very empty. He became cold on the edge of the trough watching Joe the marine undo his collar and so cleverly pitch his round cap at a peg on the wall that it stayed hanging there. He laughed and the marine smiled, getting suddenly out of his beauteous trousers.

"This lunatical Norah I'm married with says your mamma has los' her cook. It's lucky grandmamma raised me, 'cause I can cook, if not good fairly well. . . . Who's kickin' her stall so loud?"

"Oh, just the mare."

Joe folded his trousers and coat on the bench beside his valise and said, "I'll inspect this mare. Norah said she aided the reverend to buy her, so at once I was s'spicious of dreadful things. Yes," he went on, in the door of the stable; "uh-huh. Thataway. Such —— Who sold your papa this sour drink?"

"A man named Gifford."

"New families in a county most always get livestock that folks have long felt the need to give away. It's how neighbors so often ain't friends, brother," Joe explained, rinsing his shirt over his head. "Would this Gifford be anywheres sorta near what I weigh?"

"How much d'you weigh?"

"Hundred eighty bare nekkid, kid."

Being bare nekkid, his face and hands seemed to be varnished attachments of a body so white that a curly purple scar on his chest startled Stukely while the marine dragged a roll of faded blue denim from the valise.

"That—that must have been a rotten place to get wounded, Joe!"

Nodding, the hero pulled loose trousers up his white legs and agreed, "It was so, kid. Grandmamma always told me to look out for women. Her name was Syrena Johnson an' she was the worthlessest washwoman ever stole a shirt from me. Make no mistake, son, a hot poker hurts. All I called her was a low, black, thievin' nigger and she did me thataway." He caressed the scar and sighed, his eyes once more darkening. Then he buttoned the rough jacket that should rasp his skin, and briskly became a lithe farmer, saying, "Where's the milk pails, ace?"

"I'll get them. They're in the cellar."

"You," said the marine, "will stay right so where you are. I gotta talk to the old folks, anyhow. This Norah wasn't home when King Solomon's dawg came round. No sense whatever. When she comes up Sunday, I'll make trash of her digestion. You be still."

He swung over the fence and roamed up the slope. Stukely cringed under the stare of the cows. Would they snort when his mother shrieked before fainting? It came upon him that flight was best. He could go down and hide beside the pigs in the writhing pen. But his legs wouldn't stir. All at once a lazy and clear howl towered in the sunshine:

"Oh, the Mississippi River is so awful deep——
I said deep—I mean wide!
Oh, the Mississippi River is so awful deep an' wide,
That a houn' dawg's tail can't stretch from side to side——"

This truth soared as a gilded fountain in the light and swallows seemed to veer in a curve of notes on the softened sky. Stukely gulped. A screen slammed in the house. Joe had gone singing to his doom and the boy had a thrill of pained disgust. What should such a fellow know of small diplomacies and the scentless mesh of manners that time had woven around the people in that house? Something kind and strong went crashing into a thicket of gentle prejudice. The boy rubbed his eyes with both palms, waiting the shriek. Time passed. Elfritha lowed a little.

He said in dreariness, "Oh, go to hell, will you?"

"How?"

Stukely looked at a long man in a sulphur shirt who stood between himself and the cows. This was Gifford, from the red house down the roadway, the mare's former master, the author of the pigs. He had long feet in shoes of soiled canvas and a long face like the mare's awful visage; but it ended in a square black beard. Stukely scowled up with a sudden strength in his back.

"I was wonderin'," said Gifford, "is your pa in the house?"

"What if he is?"

"There's a check due to me for those pigs, that's all. It'd be eighty dollars, and ——"

Stukely said, with the words lightly flowing between his teeth, "You can take those damn pigs and all the rest of the pigs home with you, and that horse—mare! You can take her and shoot her! Look at my shirt! Clear out of here," he coughed. "I'm busy!"

The man Gifford lifted forward a reddish hand disgustingly sprayed with little black hairs and behind it he said, "Now, young feller, if ——" But his voice hit a button in Stukely's brain. He mounted in boiling steam from the ground and both his fists struck the crisp beard of the man named Gifford at the same time. Scarlet rags fluttered in some monstrous wind around and around a moon of purple fire. The bench jumped up and down beside his cheek. He clung to the weight of a thigh in stained yellow canvas. Cloth ripped. Powers beat on his hollow head. He was being pounded while someone panted and panted the word "You!" Eighty dollars! Mares! He sat on a thing that bucked, and slapped it with his hands while he looked at Elfritha. The cow blinked and a shower of big tin pails rolled on the clay.

"Let him be, kid! Off him! Get off!"

Stukely saw Gifford's face between his knees. He was sitting on the man's chest and hitting him steadily. Stop! Oh, stop! He said "Excuse me," and other hands lifted him. He could see four pigeons strutting with hyacinth breasts puffed out on the shingles of a barn. How lovely! He fell on the bench and locked his arms under his chin.

"Soon as I can get a warrant ——"

"Aw," said Joe the marine, "go fry your feet! I thrashed your daddy first time he came out of jail! Go home and have your woman wipe you your dirty nose, snakeface! G'on off of this place! Geddahell down the road! I gotta chew nails when I'm vexed!"

"I come in here to c'lect what's rightfully due to me, and this boy ——"

"I'll shout to the wide world you couldn't stop a boy with no hair on his face from

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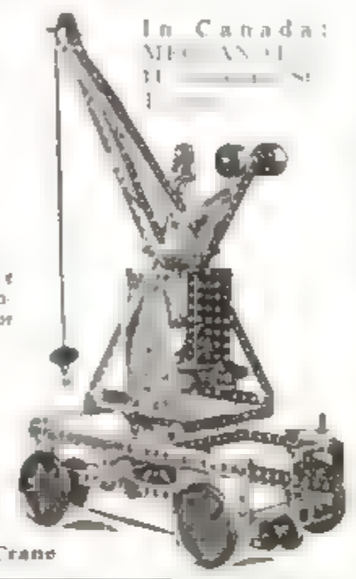

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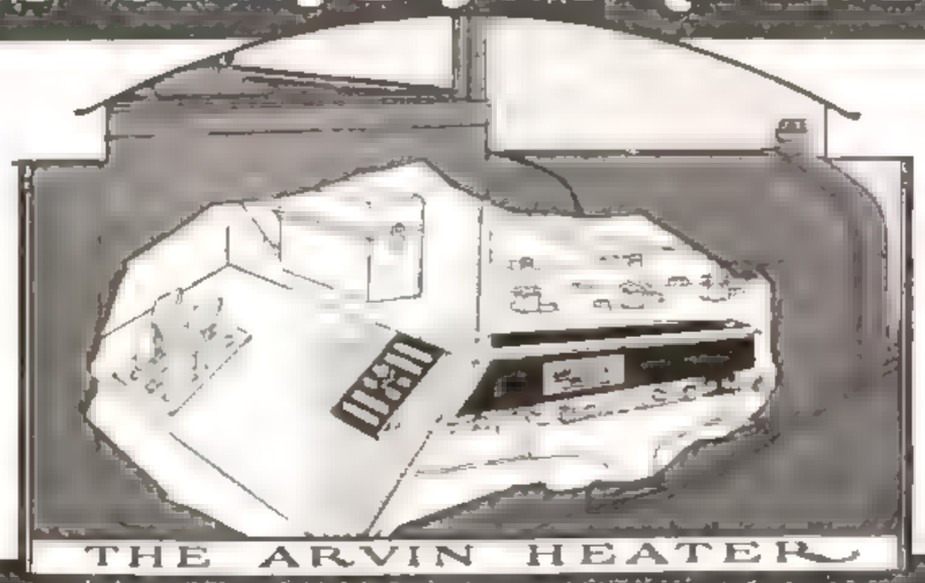

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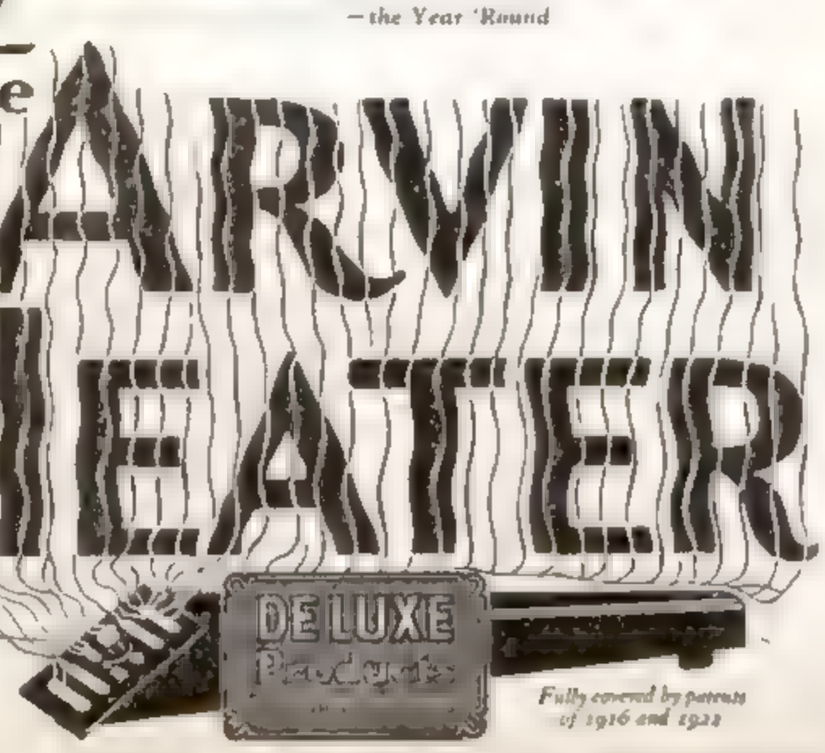

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frailin' you like you were a girl baby! G'on away out of here or I'll bury you so deep they'll need dynamite to dig your remains out!" The ripping melody was a song. Joe chanted, "On your way, cheese! Blister the dust! I'll get me a rail off a fence and destroy [illegible] That's right."

Get me! Ethical dative.

Gifford said from far away, "You tell Mr. Kent I'm goin' straight after a p'lice man!"

"So soon as you've fetched any policeman in here, guy, all your kids'll wear mournin' and your widow'll be lookin' for a better second! Close to that gate! Strike him, lightnin', and do so quick! How you feel, ace?"

"I don't feel," said Stukely.

He was a death on the painted bench. Nothing existed below his brain. They would put him in the jail of nauseous yellow brick close to the drug store in town. Let them. He had avenged himself on mares, kine, cruel limbs of apple trees and the plow that bungled in heavy sods by the river. He had thrashed a farmer!

He said, "I thrashed him!"

"Indeed, yes, guy. Once a man carried me over from Missouri into this town of Evenin' Shade in Arkansas, an' I saw a good fight there; but not so long. Here are I and your mamma talkin' pretty about our family trees, sorta kinda, and I look over her shoulder outa the kitchen and here are you killin' this Gifford. Then we go down cellar to find the milk pails and I come up and here you still are. . . . Gettaround, cow! It was a good, nice long fight, a-a, and you certainly thrashed him." Milk pulsed suddenly in hollow tin and Stukely turned his head to watch Joe's brown hands flicker, invading Elfritha's premises. The marine squatted on his bare heels and the milk drummed less and less loudly. He knew how! He was one of these potent things who could drag fruit down from trees in colored autumn and pull corn up from soil. Stukely revered him and the marine flushed, asking, "What you got in your head, ace?"

"I don't know. Why didn't mother howl and faint? I mean – "

"Uh-huh," said the marine; "but I didn't let her. The way to keep nice folks from gettin' mad at you, kid, is to talk so fast they don't sorta get time to think until they like you—if they're gonna. I don't aim to have your mamma nor the reverend dislike me any. I and you," he mentioned, "are friends, anyhow. This Gifford ain't the look of a good sport, so maybe I'll have to keep you from out of the calaboose. . . . How much those hawgs he spoke of while he was gettin' up?"

"Eighty dollars. We haven't got it, either. He sold us that mare too. I think three hundred was a lot too much for her. Wasn't it?"

"Three! You jokin'? For that rabbit-eared feed bag? She ain't but some cavalry plug he stole off a flat car! U. S. branded on her. Oh," said the marine, "the world's gettin' worse and not better! And the reverend's bankrupted?"

"We've got just forty-nine dollars in the bank until July, Joe. And ——"

"Uh-huh. By July, big boy, we'll be swimmin' in money. Tomorrow I trade in most of this wood off the grass for things we need and begin work on the vegetable garden. . . . You go get san'tary in a lot of boilin' hot water, ace. This Bishop Stukely wouldn't know you for his grandbaby. Whose is all those big books in the front chamber?"

"His—Grandfather Stukely's. They're mostly seventeenth century and eighteenth century. Philosophy and history. Why?"

"'Cause there's a first edition of that big old Anatomy of Melancholy book right behind the piano. Grandmamma put me to work in a bookstore when I got threw out of high school. I forget if it's two hundred or three hundred dollars these bugs that gather old books pay for that outrageous nonsense, but it'll build in a pretty good little garage for us. And if I get time to look through those books before supper I could wire the old bunny I worked for to come down and see what's worth money. Then we'll get us some books a man can read and keep the rest in the bank. Go now and wash yourself, son, and fetch me back two eggs."

"Eggs!"

"Like hens lay, kid. I'm completely sure this Gifford will try and jail you, big boy, so I want two eggs in their shells, and look sharp to see they ain't cracked anywhere."

If the mare stood on her head, Joe the marine could keep him out of jail with two raw eggs. Why not? Stukely went limping up the grass. A garage would sprout from the Anatomy of Melancholy, and he went past his father's yellow glasses in the living room to look at the case of red leather on which was brilliantly scrolled First Edition below the name.

Smells of frayed leather and rotted paper came from all this dusty wisdom on white shelves and the boy whistled while he stared at the brown wall.

"Isn't your shirt torn, Stuke?"

"Rather, dad. . . . Dad, I got into an argument with "

The Rev. Gavin Kent dropped his fine hands on the piano and said quickly, "Now, my dear boy, you must be patient with Joe. I admit all his little defects. His grammar seems to combine the sins of the entire United States. But you mustn't let his 'outa' and 'gonna' and his ethical datives upset your judgment. He's only twenty-two. He comes of good stock, of course, and his voice is delightful. He says he has no morals but plenty of habits, and he told your mother he'd be comfortable as a snake in hell on the couch in your room. If you'll look under his uncouth exterior you'll discover that he's an unusual lad, and I'm sure you'll be friends, my dear boy, because he seems very taken with you. I can't see him, but ——"

"I wish you could, dad! He's wearing his denim things right over his bare skin!"

"But, Stuke, undergarments—er—aren't the whole of civilization. Try to think of Joe as a ——"

"What did mother think of him?"

"Oh, she's delighted, of course! And you must try to be patient with him. The trace of primitive animism in 'comfortable as a snake in hell' is most interesting. He uses 'carry' to mean 'take.' I must try to localize some of his expressions. You'll try," the clergyman begged, "to be brotherly, my dear boy?"

Stukely said helplessly, "I wish you wouldn't bother about my liking Joe, dad. But why is mother delighted? She ought to have fainted."

"My dear boy, she's upstairs hunting out some old shoes for him."

Mrs. Kent came down the green stairs with a shoe in each hand and screamed at the ribs of her child shown broadly through his shirt's wreck.

"The mare chewed me a little, mother, and then I had a fight with—with one of the cows. Joe's milking 'em. . . . Mother, I may have to go to jail or something rather soon. Would you mind telling me why you didn't faint when you saw Joe?"

"Why should I, Stuke?"

"But ——" The miracle of her delight with a grammarless, penniless and shoeless son-in-law made him dizzy. Stukely said, "All right. I'm insane or something. . . . Where do the eggs live, mother? Joe wants a couple."

Having screamed, Mrs. Kent dropped the shoes and said, "Gavin, I knew that child hadn't had lunch on the train. Boys always look pathetic when they're hungry. I wonder if he wants them scrambled!"

"He wants them raw, mother, please."

"I'll get them, dear. Stuke, do marines wear pajamas? Or would he want pajamas, now that he's stopped being a marine? And as soon as we can get the other bedrooms ready, we must ask his father and grandmother to come down from Boston. And do you think that couch in your room is long enough?"

Stukely sat down on the floor and murmured, "It's eight feet, mother. If a mare stands on —— Would you mind getting me those eggs, mother? I'm pretty tired."

Joe, the marine, howled gently from afar:

"Here I'm in jail with no way to get free,
'Cause a red-headed woman made a fool outa me!"

Mrs. Kent cried "And his voice has never been trained!" fluttering off past her father in dull oils to bring back two eggs. Stukely looked for cracks in the tan rounds while she gasped ahead, "I've always so dreaded Norah's marrying some man, Gavin, who might have an impossible family or no appearance. Yes, I know it's snobbish, but I'm human. . . . Those Puddy boys have come over to see him. Stuke, you must be so careful not to smile at any of his quaint expressions."

"I'll do my best, mother. Is he yelling for me?"

(Continued on Page 121)

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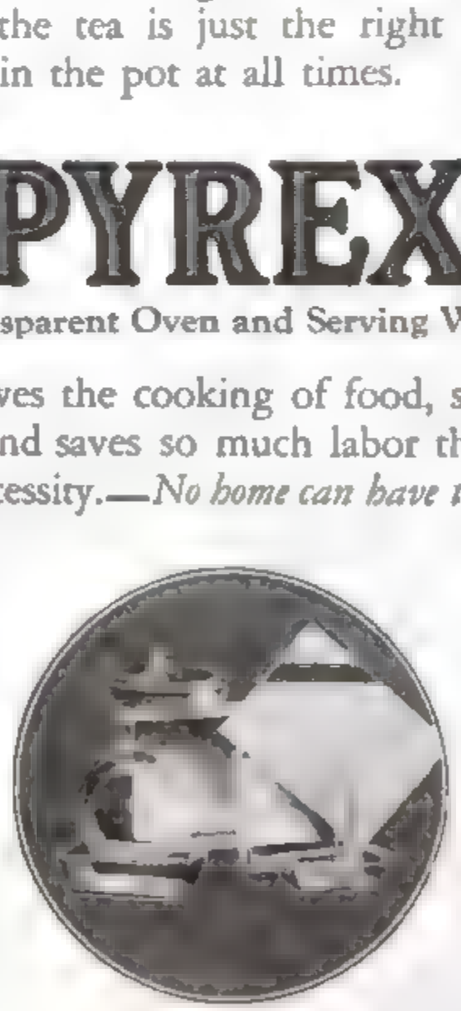

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(Continued from Page 118)

The voice charged through apple trees and chintz curtains in a clear note of urgency, "Hy-oh, you, Stuke!" and overalls showed in the gap between the barns. Stukely nursed an egg on his breast. It was cool as iron. Joe waved a slow arm by the white fence. Among the blue and buff of the group in the barnyard's depth a deeper blue showed. Policemen! Yellow jail! The cows had vanished into their stalls. The mare wasn't there to whinny her triumph.

"You'd best go see what he wants, Stuke. Joe's perfectly right too. You're simply exhausted. He's white, really, Gavin. Just see what Joe wants, dear, and I'll run a bath for you."

Should a man kiss his parents when starting for jail? Their charm renewed itself. He had hated them in intervals for weeks while he sweated on this farm. Now he saw that they were dear and helpless and unutterably kind, smiling at Joe's sugary howl from the barnyard. Stukely said, coughing, "Well, g'-by," and walked through the porch gay with painted chairs down the laughing twigs. Faces welled on faces between the barns and in the broader space around the bull's empty shed. The bull would miss him—the Puddys from across the road and a solid young farmer with handsome arms who was pleasant over the southern fence—three youths with red necks—the old man who had shaken hands with Roscoe Conkling—a fellow with a slashing scar on his right cheek. Stukely dragged his feet past the painted bench and said to Joe the marine, "Here you are, Joe," afraid the eggs might drop on this wavering clay before so many heavy shoes and the canvas slippers of wriggling boys. Stolid and awed by circumstance, the country looked at the city's ruin. The middle-aged policeman beside Gifford's plastered face blinked uncomfortably. Joe clicked the eggs on a palm and drawled, as if arrests for attempted murder were nothing rare. He was drawling to the scarred man:

"My battalion never come that way, fella. We were out west goin' up to the Front. Were you any time in the hospital?"

"Was I? Four weeks!"

Joe squatted with his back against the barn and in a honey of vowels sighed: "Man! If several people hadn't stood front of me I'd ha' joined you surely! You, Stuke, go along quiet now, and don't hit Mr. Gifford no more"—he said "moh," in slow tenderness—"'cause he ain't so strong as you, even if he's bigger by two inches an' thirty pounds."

The fat and kindly Puddy, who had coached Stukely in arts of plowing, whined through his nose, "I dunno there's a necessity of this, Gifford," stroking one of his minor sons on the shoulder nervously.

"Goodness gracious, friend," said Joe the marine, cuddling an egg, "I should think there was! You should have seen Stuke rubbin' Mr. Gifford on the ground like he was a wash rag! Stuke's to be blamed, sir. When he saw Mr. Gifford come in to get eighty dollars for those four measly short-tail littybitty pigs he sold the Reverend Kent, why, he remembered how Mr. Gifford sold his half-of-blind-eyed papa that mare General Grant rode back in '65 for three hundred dollars and it upset him so's he just jumped at Mr. Gifford to destroy his life. It's too bad."

The solid young farmer considered Gifford closely, while the wronged man spat aside, saying, "This is no concern of yours, young feller, I guess."

"I ain't said it was, sir. I'm kin to Stuke. My grandmamma's a Stukely from Providence and his grandpapa's first cousin —— But I can see your side of this case. Of course, it's to be regretted. It does a town or a county no good howsoever to have places shut up or for sale. It's bad for tradin' and loses money for eggs and such stuff that passes around pleasant. The Reverend Kent and Mrs. Kent naturally will close this place so soon as Stuke's outa jail. Mrs. Kent's brother won't be so likely then to have none of his 'lectric railway system shoved up this way. Howsoever, we can't deny Stuke thrashed the livin' lights out of Mr. Gifford and rubbed his whiskers in the dirt." He stopped to examine one of his toes and told Stukely, "Down in Gawgia, I used to run barefoot all the time. Gettin' too old, maybe. I do think, Stuke, you should try and persuade your daddy to not move off just because Mr. Gifford took advantage of him in sellin' him a mare thirteen years serviceable in the United States Army."

"You're a liar!"

The scarred man snapped, "Hold on, Gifford! That's no way to talk! That mare ——"

"Oh, the mare's all right, neighbor," said Joe, studying his toes on a lavender shadow of the clay, "if she didn't kick an' heave sideways to squelch a man in her stall and bite some. I could ride her with a egg in my mouth. But what the Reverend Kent feels bad about is that people here would sell a halfway-blind preacher a stale hoss."

Out of the thick crescent of males a red-necked youth said, "Pop would have treated him right if he'd come to us," in the tone of injured pride, and Stukely felt some warmer movement of a tired muscle in his thigh. The policeman swung a hand patiently, like a bull in pasture, and his eyes considered Joe's feet carefully, as if they had a meaning for him. Gifford had fallen stiff in his clean shirt beside the officer and was looking up at the owls of the painted door. Small Puddys sat down to admire Stukely from a lower stance and the solid young farmer scratched his right forearm.

Puddy cleared his throat:

"What this comes to, Gifford, is that you been actin' too smart and ——"

"If a man buys a hoss, he buys a hoss!"

"That's perfectly so," said Joe the marine, smiling at his toes. "Like I say, I could jump this old devil over yonder fence with an egg in my mouth, but I've mostly lived down where hosses grow. It's a pity now, Stuke, your uncle won't send none of his blooded colts up here from his place like he was gonna do. However, you can't blame a peppery kinda man for not favorin' a county where his godson's been jailed for beatin' up a guy twice his weight. These sportin' men that spend money free get prejudiced so easy. To warrant a kickin', sway-backed, man-killin' mare gentle would be a pretty fair case in law for his lawyer that won those cases in the s'preme court back last year. Of course, I could ride this mare over yonder fence with an egg in my mouth, but I'm ——"

"I'd like to see you!" said a man in a glittering, mendacious collar behind Gifford; "I'd like to see you!" He ambled forward a pace. "I've tried to ride that there damn mare ——"

Gifford said in a sudden metallic savagery, "I dunno what this is about. I fetched out O'Brien to take this boy back to Judge Prentiss for – for insultin' me and assaultin' me when I came in here peaceful to c'lect a bill owin' me."

"We-ell," the affable Puddy pondered, "looks like you're gettin' yourself ready for a big case in court, Gifford. It's none of my business. This boy thrashed you and ——"

"He did not!"

The policeman stopped his long study of Joe's feet and asked in a curt brogue, "Then what did you tell the judge he did for? Tryin' to make a fool of me?" His stupid scowl reminded Stukely of a cow's bewilderment.

"I told the judge he assaulted me and ——"

"You said he knocked you down and thrashed you. I heard you say so! You can't get me in no action for false arrests. I been in one. An' if you sold this kid's father that plug you was tryin' to turn over to Ned Costello, it's a stinkin' trick and you deserve all you got. I don't like this business any," the officer grumbled, and spat on the dust. "If you say this boy thrashed you, all right. If he didn't, I'm goin' back to my business."

Joe the marine said "Gracious goodness, chief, of course Stuke thrashed him!" smiling at an egg in his brown hand. The men were pressing in and the smell of sweat on their shirts refreshed Stukely. The sweet drawl resumed, "I was comin' down to milk and I heard Mr. Gifford yellin' to be let up and saw Stuke ridin' his belly and lammin' his snoot into mush with ——"

"You lie like hell! He never had me down! I just ——"

"I'm through with this then," said the policeman. "You came bawlin' to the judge this boy knocked you down and thrashed you. Now you say this young feller's a liar for sayin' as much, an' him a m'rine. I'm through and I'll thank you not to come brayin' for any more orders to get me in trouble for false arrests! Good night, and no thanks for a long walk on a hot day!"

Joe raised his turquoise stare and said plaintively, "Why, I feel sorta kinda bad about this, Mister Chief-of-Police. Stuke can't deny he knocked down Mr. Gifford

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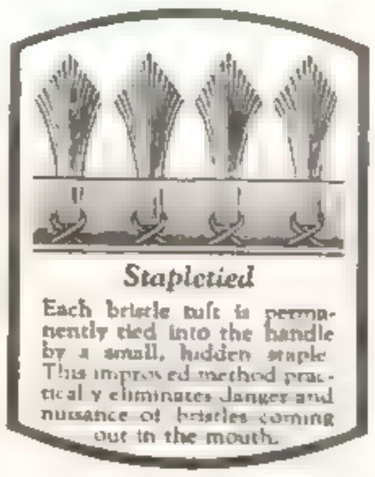

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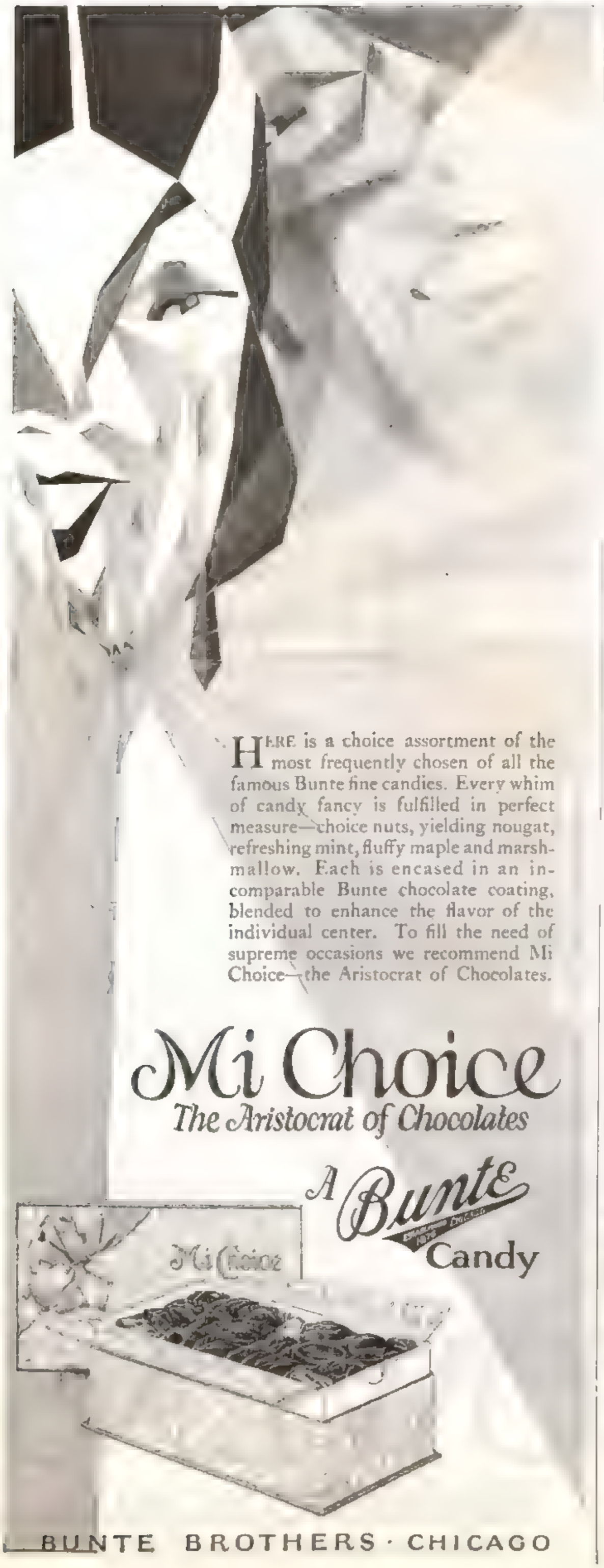

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and thrashed him like his face shows, but ——"

Gifford breathed out, "I guess anybody can get their face skinned in a a misunderstanding, and if you say he thrashed me, you're a liar! That's what I say, Mr. ——"

"My name's Joseph George Stukely Fancher, sir. Nor did grandmamma raise me to tell lies. But if you say Stuke didn't thrash you and rub your face in the dirt yonder by the waterin' trough, why, the sight of mortal eyes was mistaken. About this mare you sold the Reverend Kent, why, of course I can ride her over a fence with an egg held in my mouth my mouth bein' that size—but she ain't gentle. Haulin' guns in the artillery had kinda spoiled her disposition. Well, good day, Mr. Gifford."

The farmer spun against a palisade of these bodies, hard and calm below the various movements of their flushed faces. Boys had round mouths. He was nothing but a bulk of insulted muscle, tricked into lying for the sake of his fame. Joe patted an egg on his knee and watched the man's jostling passage through the press. Skirts of women had crept from somewhere and a cawing of thrilled girls came from a knot of gowns in the gateway. The old man who had shaken hands with Roscoe Conkling said, "He ain't much sense. Loses his temper easy," as the ring closed again. He then gave the lingering policeman a thin cigar and looked down with watery hazel eyes at Joe and the two eggs.

"You were sayin', young man, you could ride this mare over a fence with a egg in your mouth."

Joe yawned, "Uh-huh. It's nothin' but a trick of holdin' your muscles stiff in your cheeks. A gentleman named Walter Byrd middle 'nitial C or D—I kinda forget ——" He dallied with the unimportant fact. "Anyhow, he lived right close to us down in Gawgia when daddy preached there and I've seen him take a six-foot fence with an egg in his mouth. You don't much hear of Gawgia for a ridin' state; but, gentlemen, it's the ridin'est state I know of. Why ——"

"Ten to one you can't take any horse over that fence with an egg in your mouth and not bust the egg!" The man in the celluloid collar writhed, crying out, "I bet fifty dollars to what you name that ——"

"I take your bet, sir," said Joe, sliding to his feet. His eyes had changed to sapphire. "Fifty dollars to four dollars and six cents? Uh-huh. You, Stuke, hold these eggs whilst I bridle me this mare. I never rode her, but I'll try how she works. Mister Chief-of-Police, will you clear out a kinda trail? I thank you kindly."

He strode into the stable and the mare's shoes danced. Men's voices and women's squeaks went bubbling. The policeman with official gestures paced back and forth, shoving aside small boys. Stukely saw his hands holding up these eggs as though precious jewels gleamed on their tan rounds.

"Your cousin got you off smooth as a lawyer," said the solid young farmer at his elbow.

This was true. Joe had saved him from jail. There was Gifford hesitating in the gates beside a woman in red flannel. Joe understood such people. He must understand the mare, although she danced still in the dark stable. And he was a Stukely! He had told Mrs. Kent that saving fact. He came out on the bulging mare with his bare ankles gripped to her gray sides and the sun banged sparks from his blue eyes. He was something indomitable and royal on this shabby beast that wanted to stand on its head now and was kicked to reason.

"That ain't no hoss," a boy yelled. "It's a ——"

"Don't you call her names, kid," Joe commanded, "'cause she's easy embarrassed. . . . You, Stuke, gimme here an egg, and I pray corruption ain't entered into it. Step aside, gentlemen. Let me back her down to the fence once. Would any gentleman like to bet, say, thirty dollars against a pretty good French watch in my bag yonder that I got off a frawg playin' cards in San' Nazaire I can't do this triflin' trick?" He beamed at the egg in his fingers.

"I'm ready for you," said the scarred man, digging in a pocket.

"You needn't show your money, doughboy . . . Come, now, old lady," Joe drawled, "you're soon for the undertaker, but you'll win us," he said sweetly, "the price of those hawgs."

Everything raced in Stukely's mind. Men flattened awkwardly on the walls of the two barns and boys hopped on the painted bench. An arm was flung high on the wide boards across from him. There was the fence beside the watering trough's uneasy sparkle and four clear feet of fence, with the scattered twigs of clipped trees beyond. His mother was standing on the steps of the kitchen with a vase of pink flowers pretty in her hands. The mare came trotting and white lines showed in Joe's swollen face. The sound of iron on clay broke sweat on Stukely's arms. Men coughed. Up! The world was a rocket of noise and the hoofs landed in a stillness of clamor. Joe swung on the gray back and the wet egg came from his lips

"Mister Chief-of-Police, will you come look on this egg and see it ain't busted nowhere?"

Men and boys were swarming over the fence and through the gate. A woman kept saying "Well!" near Stukely as he fought in the herd. The world panted around this egg. It was just a damp egg.

"It ain't," the policeman said, "hurt any."

Joe leaned on the mare and said, rubbing his jaw, "Uh-huh. But don't none of you little boys strangle yourselves with your mamma's eggs. Grow yourselves mouths first. Gentlemen owin' me money pay same to Mr. Gifford directly. You snakeface, there's the price of your hawgs' Thirty and fifty is eighty. You'll send a receipted bill to the Rev'rend Kent right away, too, or Stuke'll be down to call on you. Give him the money, gentlemen."

Gifford stood with one foot on a twig that twitched with the heavy motion of his anger pressing it. Men piled bills in his bruised hands and the sun streaked a blue rift in his beard. Stukely heard voices falling to a whisper.

As if these people knew the man would speak, he spoke in a rolling yell, "I bet you money that egg's cooked!"

Joe said, with sweat of fury bright in his pale hair, "I wouldn't bet with you! You're a low, lyin', discourteous hound! You say I cheated these gentlemen on a bet! I got more ethics in my left little toe than you got in your whole worthless head! Drop that egg, Mister Chief-of-Police!" The policeman coughed twice. The egg smashed on a pebble in silence. After a little Gifford turned and walked slowly through duller silence and rounded the end of a barn before there was speech behind the passage of his thudding feet.

"Goodness gracious, ace! Never saw such a man. First you thrash him for ten minutes and then he just lies and lies and lies! I'm gonna get me a hosswhip and keep it handy so's he won't come close to us no more! Good night, gentlemen. We've got to bring up our bull. Ace! What's this hoss tryin' to do?"

The mare bowed at Joe's feet and lifted her hind legs in a flare of shoes against the red sun. Her ears wriggled in mussed grass and twigs. She wallowed in the scattering crowd and looked at the marine with amorous approval.

"Oh," said Stukely, "she's just trying to stand on her head. Why not?"

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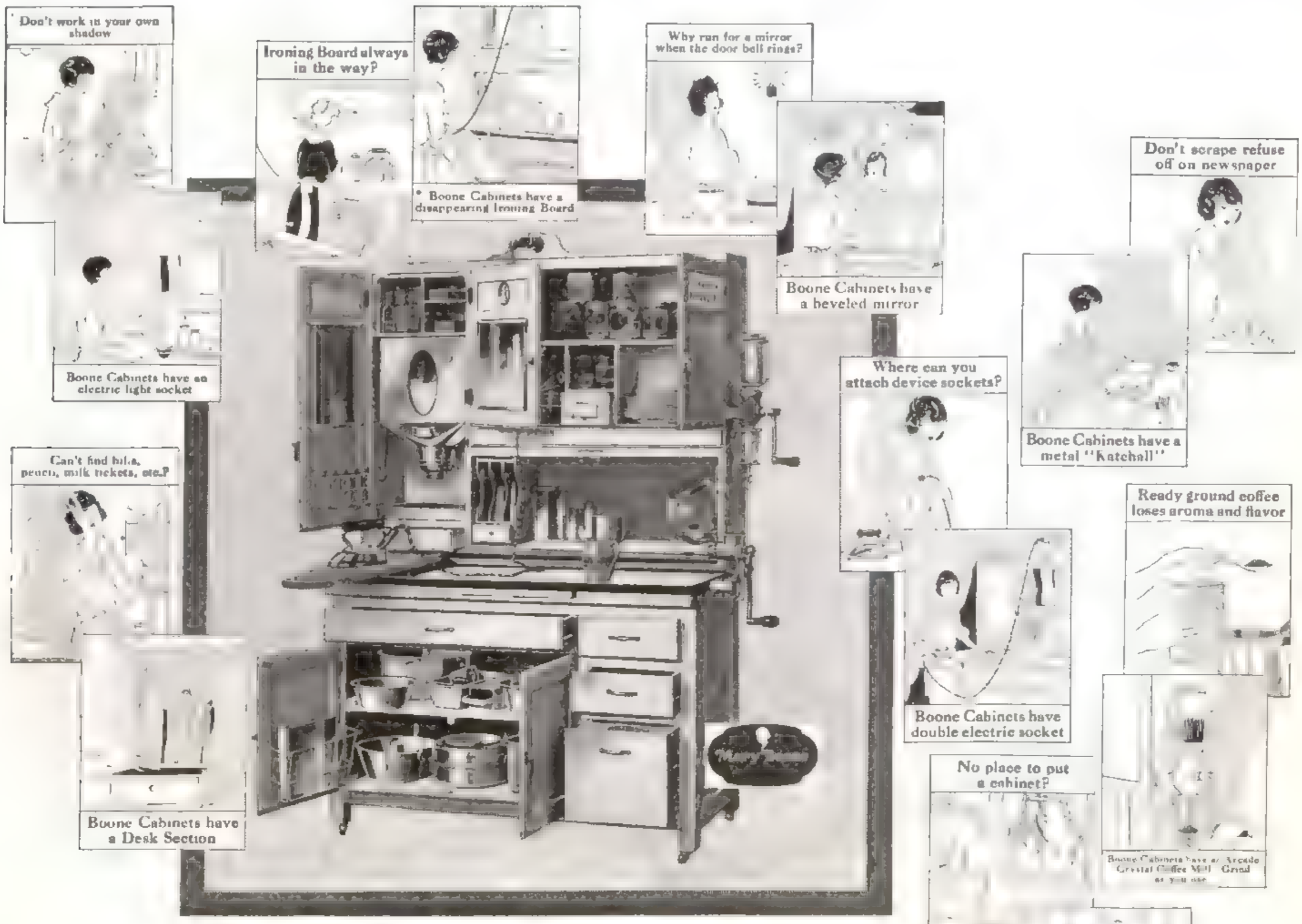
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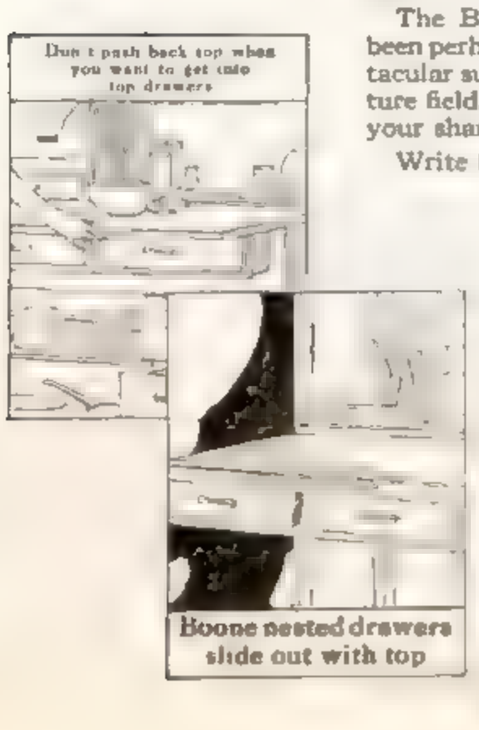

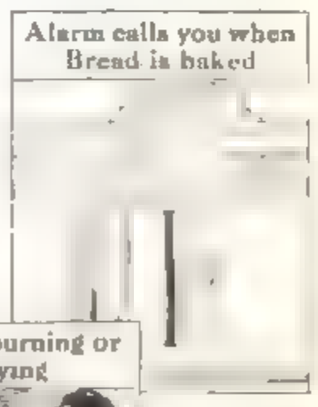

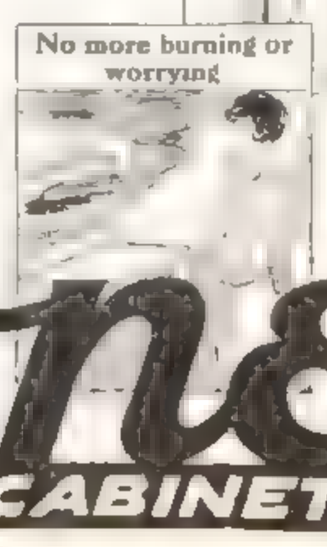

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RANGOON RICE

(Continued from Page 11

only know he probably saved my life—certainly saved me serious injury—and I know he's a white man gone wrong with the natives. He's been a sailor, of the right sort too. He's promised to sail with us as serang of the lascars so long as I don't meddle with him or let the mates bother him. Now call the steward, like a good girl. Tell him to carry these things to the man on the main hatch with the message that I'd like to see him as soon as he's dressed."

When the man presented himself, dressed in Captain Arlate's cast-off clothes, he looked as uncomfortable as a newly converted cannibal in a mission pilot-cloth suit and hard boots. Not quite sure of him yet, the skipper had sent Arlie to her own little stateroom. He took a bottle from the locker and uncorked it, watching the man's shifty eyes.

"Sign the articles, then I'll give you a drink to bind the bargain," the skipper smiled.

"I sign no articles," retorted the man. "I'll take my contract, same as the other lascars. Gimme the drink and produce your contract."

"But you're a white man!" the skipper protested.

"I'm serang of your lascars, and one o' them. Come on, gimme the drink and let me get outa these clothes. Contract or nothing that's me!"

"But I might bring you aft if you ——"

"I'll live for'ard. I ain't white any more. Gimme that drink."

Captain Arlate resignedly poured a glass of rum and set it before the man. Then he took out some papers and pen and ink.

"What's your name?" he asked, filling in date and place. The man laughed chokingly. The question came at the moment when the rum was exactly halfway down his gullet. He sputtered and choked, his eyes watering, reaching for the bottle.

"Your name!" repeated the skipper, withdrawing the rum.

"Rice, cap'n—Rice. Put it down Rangoon Rice. 'S good's any, ain't it? Gimme another slug o' rum. That almost strangled me."

As the second mate sulkily escorted the new serang forward to show him his quarters, the furtive Arab stole aboard and sneaked into his berth. He started at seeing Captain Arlate in the cabin. When Mr. Surridge returned aft, the mate waylaid him, asking who was the man he had walked forward with.

"That's the new serang," chuckled Surridge. He had a vivid recollection of Mr. Ali flying up the pier with a naked terror in chase.

"Serang? Dressed like that?" hissed Ali angrily. He believed that Surridge was making fun at his expense. "It looked like the captain."

"Cap'n's in his room," returned Surridge, and left the Arab mate no better satisfied.

In the morning the new serang returned to his work in the hold, making that a condition of the bargain with the captain. He tossed aside his clothes, but gave up none of his lordship over the coolies. He saw to it that the rice bags were stowed as he wanted them; and the big Chinese half-caste, though unable to alter his expression of evil cunning, revealed an amazing eagerness to back up Rangoon Rice.

The Arab mate wore a scowl that darkened as the day wore on. He wanted the serang to superintend the deck work of the ship. A lascar crew will work or loaf, according to the handling; and Ali, the Arab, fitted badly into the working scheme of the old clipper.

He went to the skipper.

"That man throws off his clothes and works with the coolies again. I want him. There are backstays to set up and sails to bend and rigging to reeve. The lascars will not work. They do not understand me."

"Then go below and see to the stowage. Send Rice on deck," the skipper replied.

Ali's eyes glittered. He might not be able to induce the lascars to work; he had no intention of trying his hand with that gang in the hold.

"He will not come, and my place is on deck, sir. You will find that the owners do not like white men in native jobs, sir. You have dressed him in your clothes. He is a dirty white. He is worse than a ——"

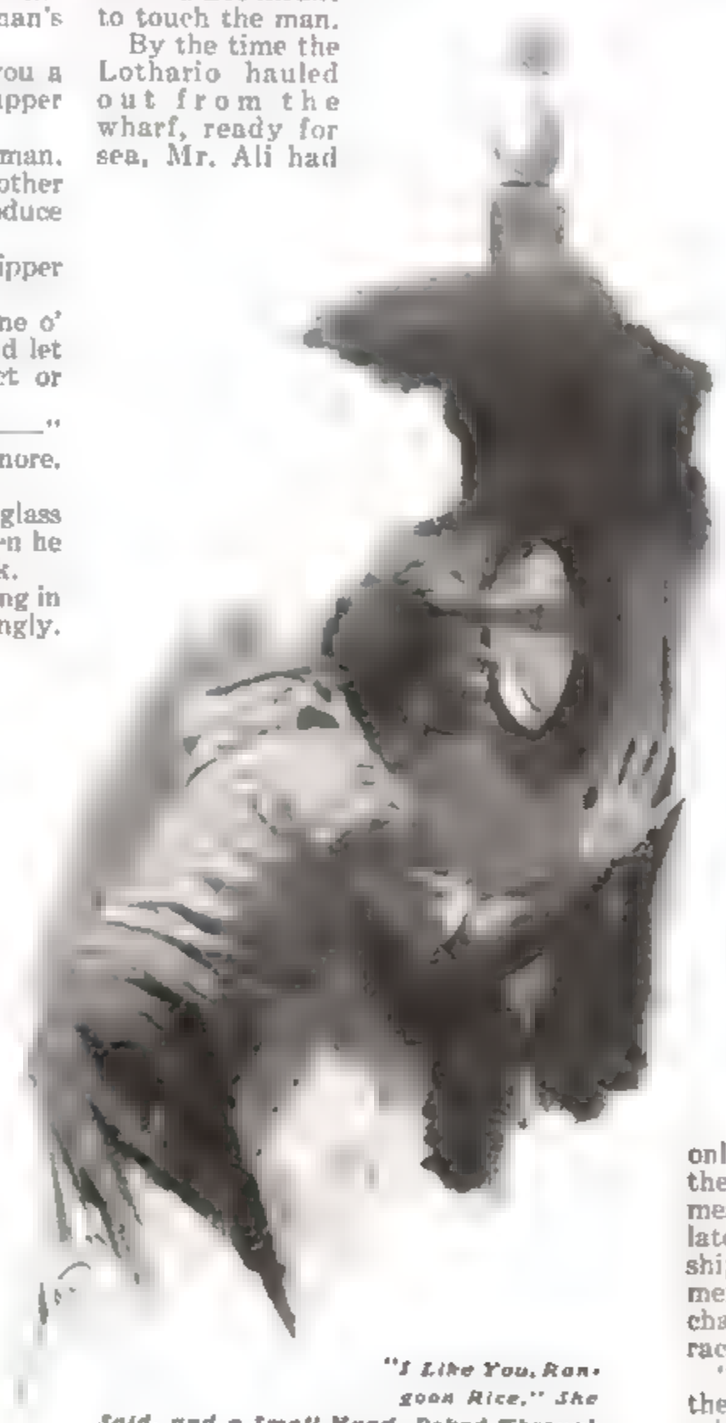
"Mr. Ali! Go to your duty!" snapped the skipper. He stood up and shook a forefinger beneath Ali's bulbous nose. "If you knew a first mate's duties, you would see to the stowage yourself. Don't dare to talk back! The owners ——"

"The owners are Parsis. They would hire whites if they — "

Arlate's forefinger suddenly touched Ali's sore nose. The Arab remembered the painful twisting it had suffered at the hands of Rangoon Rice. His black eyes gleamed with anger, which he smothered at birth. The skipper took one step forward, and the mate turned and bounded up the stairs, spitting incoherent vows of vengeance. Arlate stared after him, a bit frightened. He had not meant to touch the man.

By the time the Lothario hauled out from the wharf, ready for sea, Mr. Ali had surmounted his difficulties with the lascar crew. He had complained that they did not understand him. As he stood on the forecastle head at his station, while they hove around the capstan, they seemed to understand him very well. There was scarcely any need for the serang to pass on an order. And one of the cheeriest of a strangely harmonious crew, sweating as they heaved to break out the embedded anchor from the Rangoon River mud, was the big Chinese half-caste. He looked out of place among the slimmer, darker lascars. But he was dressed as they were, and his lustier note never jarred as they whined their native chantey:

"Kis ki ma doo day, Kalashie,
Kis ki ma doo day!"



"I Like You, Rangoon Rice," She Said, and a Small Hand, Poked Through the Porthole, Rumpled the Serang's Hair

"Mr. Ali's sort o' took a tumble to hisself, sir," the second mate grinned at the skipper.

"What do you mean?" snapped Arlate irritably.

"Why, he handles them niggers just as if he was a reg'lar driver. Used t' grouse about not understandin' 'em, didn't he?"

"He's got a good serang this voyage."

"I notice he don't bother the serang much," chuckled the crojick-eyed second mate with relish.

"I see that big half-caste is aboard too. Did Mr. Ali ship him?"

"Either him or you—how do I know?"

There had not been much politeness aboard the Lothario of late. Nobody greatly respects the white skipper of a country ship, native-owned. What small degree of outward polish there had been had fast declined after the first voyage Arlate had made. The skipper frowned and let the insolence pass.

"Anchor's aweigh!" roared the mate from the forecastle head.

The whining lascar chantey ceased. The tugboat went ahead, and Mr. Surridge lounged forward to take his part in making sail. Arlie sat perched on the skylight, vibrant with life and fun. The ever-changing scenes of river and ships kept her nimble tongue wagging with questions. The skipper watched two men swarm aloft on each of the three tall masts. The topsails fell from the gaskets, and were sheeted home to the inevitable Kalashie whine. Then the upper topsails fell, were sheeted home, and suddenly Rangoon Rice leaped to the main topsail halyards with a shrill yell.

"C'm on, bullies! Stow that pussy cat meaow! I'll give you a reg'lar song!"

"My dear, run below out of the way until sail is made!" Arlate cried, reaching for the child and dragging her to the companionway.

"I won't!" cried Arlie rebelliously. "I'm not in the way here."

"But I want you to go," Arlate persisted, turning an apprehensive ear forward. The queer serang's shrill pipe rose in song. Almost unbelieving, the skipper softened his grip on Arlie's arm.

"Oh, I thought I heard our Old Man say ——"

One voice only joined in chorus, and that one as if startled into singing before aware of it. Mr. Surridge bawled:

"Hoorah! Sing fare you well!
Oh, fare you well, my bonny young girls!
Hoorah! Sing fare you well!"

"That's fine! Carry on!" shouted the skipper.

He swelled with pride as the time-honored British and American clipper chantey pealed forth. The topsail jerked aloft spasmodically; only Rangoon Rice and Mr. Surridge sang; the lascars pulled sullenly, bereft of their meaningless whining song; but Captain Arlate saw in the ragged performance the old ship's decks once more alive with real sailormen, heard in the pitiful rendering of the chantey the blusterous, salty choruses of racing clippers in their heyday.

"Come, sing out, lads!" he cried. But the second mate stopped abruptly, as if ashamed of his outburst.

"Oh, fare you well, we're bound away!"

sang Rangoon Rice.

"Hoolaw, sing fa'e you wall!"

responded the big Chinese half-caste, leering hopefully at the chanteyman.

"Hell! Sing yer own 'owlin' ditties!" swore Rangoon Rice, and went to the tail of the rope in disgust.

"Kis ki ma doo day, Kalashie,
Kis ki ma doo day!"

The maintopsail, and the rest of the hoisted yards, went up in slovenly fashion to the miserable whining.

When the ship headed for the shoreless horizon, clothed to the trucks with old canvas bleached even beyond whiteness, the mates went aft. The breeze blew fair and strong. Mr. Surridge had a sort of an eye for proper sailing trim; the Arab mate knew enough to have a rope hauled as far as it would come, then see it made fast. Between them the yards were braced, sheets trimmed, after a fashion. Captain Arlate knew little more than navigation and general principles of sailing. He was perforce content. But he had legitimate cause for complaint now. "Mr. Surridge!" he cried. "Why did you not help the serang carry on with that chantey?"

"Aw, I ain't no singer, cap'n," growled Surridge, averting his eyes.

"But you did sing out! You knew the chantey. It was the first time since I took

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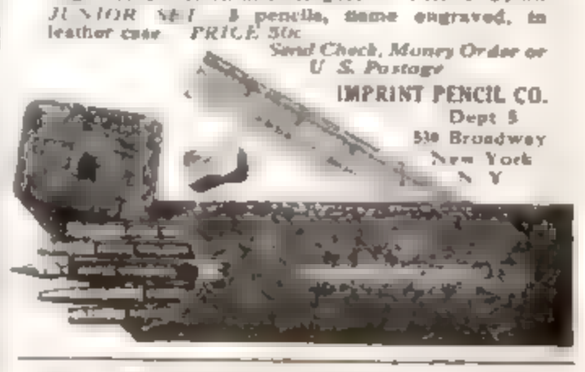

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CORRECT JEWELRY FOR MEN

the Lothario we've had anything like a decent, civilized song to work to."

"Yes, he's decent and civilized all right!" retorted Surridge impudently. "Also, Brown's his mark. If he gets to thinkin' somebody'll follow his singin', soon you'll have to lock up the youngster for fear her ears'll get burnt."

"Once for all, Mr. Surridge—and you, too, Mr. Ali I'll have no criticism of the serang outside of his work. I have satisfied myself ——"

"Look at him now, capitan!" cut in the Arab. "Without orders, he is meddling with —— Hey! Serang! Leave that alone!"

Forward, Rangoon Rice stood with the cast-off end of the foresheet in hand, easing it out gradually, watching the lifting clew of the forecourse. His face was a picture of rapt attention. He gave no sign that he heard the mate bawling at him. Coolly he turned the sheet fast again; he passed over to the other side, as Captain Arlate hurried forward, and took off the turns of the other sheet

"What are you doing? Who gave you orders to ——" the skipper panted.

Rangoon Rice slacked away on his rope, watching the big sail lift again. And over his shoulder he answered, with contempt barely kept out of his tone:

"Stay your end of the ship; I'll take care o' mine! By fool's luck you got her loaded properly this voyage. By fool's luck you got me aboard. This ship is sharp for'ard. She needs a liftin' sail. Get aft and watch her pick up now she ain't choked. Arab mates! Camel drivers!"

The skipper stared after the man as he left him without ceremony, half inclined to be angry. But he had interested himself in the queer wastrel. Now he certainly noticed that the sprays which had been volleying over the forecastle head no longer came aboard. He walked back to the poop and curiously glanced over the side at the creaming, hissing line of foam slipping past the ship's black hull.

"She sails faster, no doubt of it!" he claimed. "The man must have been ——"

"The wind's freshened," grumbled the second mate. "Do you want me and the mate to let that white nigger trim sail all on his ownsome?"

"It might be as well, unless you and the mate sharpen up your wits and learn some of his tricks!" snapped the skipper, and turned to seek Arlie.

He was going below, and it was his habit to devote one dogwatch every working day to teaching her such elementary subjects as he had mastered. She was not in sight. He heard her merry chatter presently, however, and followed the sound to the booby hatch over the mizzen hold. Angrily he strode down the ladder. Two men had been helping the steward stow away his vegetables. There he found them, their work done—a black lascar and the big Chinese half-caste. Between them sat Arlie, laughing happily at something the half-caste had just given her. He glanced up as the skipper appeared, and hurriedly slipped his sheath knife into his belt. Arlate seized the child's hand and saw what the man had given her. It was an exquisitely carved dragon, formed from a big potato with a knife. The two men darted up the ladder and vanished.

"Arlie," the skipper said sharply, "will you obey me about talking with the native crew, or must I lock you in your stateroom all the voyage?"

"I wasn't talking with them," the girl replied laughingly. She rescued her potato dragon before her father's grip squashed it. "The yellow man said he would make me a dolly if I would wait, and I said uh-huh!"

"Shall I lock you up now?" he pursued inflexibly.

The girl realized that he was in no mood for trifling. She thrust the dragon inside her dress and sprang into his arms.

"Daddy, you would never lock up Arlie!" she said. "Next time a native speaks to me I'll tell him to ask daddy, hey?"

Bound for Vancouver and a market, the Lothario drove through sparkling Malacca Strait at a speed which filled the skipper with elation and made even the Arab mate rub his eyes when he read the log. Mr. Surridge grumbled and swore about giving a man a box of eggs and a big stick.

"Play hell, that's what he will!" he muttered, referring to Rangoon Rice.

Both he and the mate had entered further protests against the serang being permitted to meddle with the ship's sailing trim. Neither would admit that the Lothario sailed any better now than before, except by reason of brisker breezes.

"I never see no good come of givin' a nigger cause for a swelled nut," he said. "And this Rice bloke is a white nigger. He'll play hell yet, mark my words!"

"Nonsense!" Arlate retorted to that. "I know, if you don't, that the ship is a good knot faster this voyage, and it's because Rangoon Rice, whether white nigger or what else, is a wizard with sail. Every time he checks a yard or inches a sheet in or off, I can feel the ship respond."

"No good'll come of it," Surridge growled. "He'll feel his feet soon, then you'll see. Too long among natives—that's him."

"Then I advise all first and second mates to stay among the natives a while," laughed the skipper. "Learn from him, man; don't niggle at him."

Surridge thought—was sure—that his skipper felt the lack of real seamanship in himself so keenly that he imagined everybody else was lacking too. But he did not say so. Mr. Surridge had once sailed in crack clippers. He once nursed hopes of commanding just such a flying clipper as the Lothario had been in her glory. That he was, at fifty, only second mate of a country-owned ship, under an Arab first mate, was no proof that he had never been a real sailor. It was rather a proof that a good man may go to seed if his hopes are too long a-blossoming. Surridge had drifted down the warm, sensuous, easy tide of degeneration that runs with subtle, merciless inevitability on Eastern coasts. That tide may be crossed at a sharp angle. It may not be stemmed, once in its main stream. And like other drifters, Surridge recognized, and despised hugely, one who had drifted farther than he.

"I don't have to learn from no nigger, sir," he said, with more respect in his voice than he had shown of late. "I'm only second mate here. If I was mate, even, I'd trim sail as well as that serang. I ain't supposed to trim sail except on orders, unless it's my watch. I ain't allowed to. But you let a native bos'n trim yards plump against orders. I'd advise you to watch him, sir. Ships have been known to come to grief, never be heard of, in these seas. Pirates ain't all dead. If I was master of ——"

"Don't be silly!" snapped Arlate nervously. He thought of Arlie, and at once the figure of the big Chinese half-caste arose like an evil genie, mounted upon a fiery potato dragon. "If you and Mr. Ali can't take care of a few poor skinny lascars, I'll have to ship real mates. Besides, Rice is not a native bos'n."

"Perhaps you're right, sir," returned Surridge grimly. "Arlie thinks so, anyhow. She puts in a lot of time with him. I spoke to her about it, and she was cheeky to me. Said as you only forbid her speakin' to natives."

Arlate bit his lip, withholding a hot retort. He turned away, and paced to and fro, scanning the spacious main deck, colorful with lazing lascars off watch. Diamond Point loomed darkly to starboard, rising above the heat haze while yet the Sumatran coast lay hidden. Behind the haze the blue of the sky was dulled. Yet there was nothing in sea or sky to give immediate alarm. Squalls were known in the Straits—severe squalls too; but swift as they were, they gave notice of their imminence. Captain Arlate glanced aloft at his worn, bleached sails. They swelled gracefully, crooning with the odorous breeze. The sea stretched smooth as a pond under a zephyr, barely rippled. There seemed to be a kindly strength in the wind that filled the sails without raising the sea. Alongside, the water gurgled and splashed musically as the swift hull slipped through it. Now and then the ship curtsied to a stronger puff, dipping her sharp stem to the feet of her white figurehead; and she lifted her head to the hissing of the brine streaming from bobstays and backropes.

No cloud appeared ominous in the haze. Yet, abruptly, out from some unseen nook sprang Arlie, looking backward with a face alight with defiant merriment. From forward of the galley she appeared—the forbidden part of the ship. Captain Arlate took a step forward, frowning angrily. After Arlie leaped Rangoon Rice. The man swept the child from the deck and ran aft with her, heedless of the small hands which slapped his face petulantly. Up the ladder he strode, sure-footed as if on solid ground, and put the child on her feet before the skipper.

(Continued on Page 129)

Thirty-three Life Insurance Companies Are Interested in Helping You to Live Longer and More Happily

Free periodic health examinations through Life Extension Institute are offered to more than 2,000,000 policyholders

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Ten years ago it was founded by Harold A. Ley, Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, ex-President William Howard Taft, General Gorgas, Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D., and other leading scientists and men of affairs, enlisting the co-operation of a group of one hundred medical and scientific authorities in this country and abroad, who serve without compensation.

Two-thirds of the profits of the Institute are devoted to purely philanthropic health education work.

The purpose of the Institute is to reduce the Nation's death rate and to raise the level of physical well-being by providing periodic health examinations and teaching the simple, every-day principles of right living.

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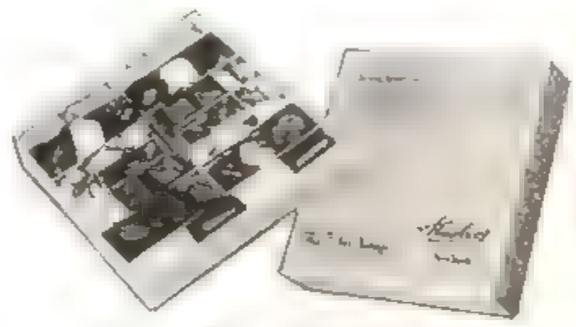

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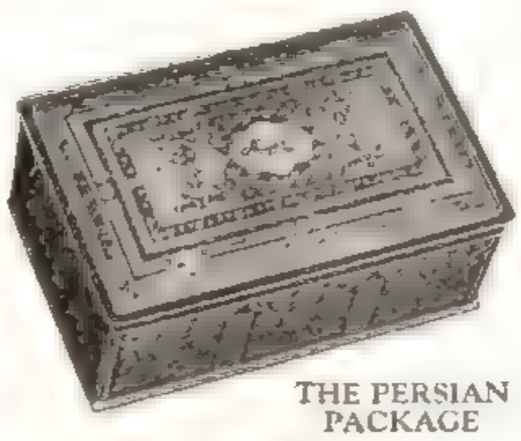

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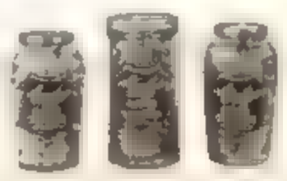

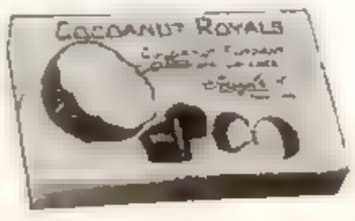

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(Continued from Page 126

"Arlie! You have disobeyed me again!" her father cried. "Go below at once! And you, serang ——"

"Stow the guff, cap'n," Rangoon Rice cut in sharply; "give me hell afterwards. There's a hell-bendin' squall makin' up over them mountains. Don't spill words, I tell you! I know these seas. There! Feel that?"

The speeding clipper curtsied deeply and leaned over to leeward until the gushing scuppers lay creamy with foam. She recovered and sailed on as serenely as before; but the haze to windward was darker; there was a sharp line of hard, greasy vapor marking the edge of it. A vivid streak of light ruled the sea beneath it; and there was a murmur in the warm air as of a distant surf. Arlate regarded sea and sky doubtfully. He had all the prudence of experience, sometimes; but usually, as now, he preferred to show the hardihood of ignorance. He loved to hear that occasional little tinkle of the log bell which told of gladsome miles slipping astern.

Rangoon Rice hesitated on the ladder. His dark, lined face glowered up at the skipper.

"If I was up there, I'd in r'yals an' flyin' jib, an' have hands standin' by th' t'gallants'ls," he said boldly.

Mr. Surridge came near in his pacing, and a fleeting smirk creased his unlovely face. The skipper caught it, and whatever he had been on the point of doing was forgotten. That smirk said as plainly as words, "I betcher take his orders, cap'n!"

"I'll send for you when I need advice, serang!" snapped Arlate. "One moment! If I hear of you enticing my daughter forward again, look out!"

Rangoon Rice stared blankly for an instant. Then a look of pain, almost agony, dumb but poignant, came into his eyes. His sun-cracked lips quivered. He licked them thirstily. Without a word he descended the ladder and slunk forward.

As if to justify Arlate's judgment, the breeze held steady. But in vindication of the serang's opinion, it seemed, a tearing squall burst out of the greasy vapor and hurtled athwart the Strait, though so far astern of the ship that only the merest whisper of it was felt, and that for a second. Arlate went below to read his small independent daughter a lesson, and while he sat in his big armchair, laying down stern parental law to the demurely rebellious sprite perched high on the edge of his bunk, the second mate's harsh voice cracked across the skylight opening, a moaning gust of wind grew out of nowhere, and the clipper went over steeply—over until the water swirled in the small round of the port glass, and Arlie flew like a butterfly from her perch straight into the arms of the skipper, her impact and the incline of the ship capsizing them both, with the chair, in a heap against the bulkhead.

Picking himself up, Arlate rushed on deck to find the ship in confusion. High up aloft, the thunder of canvas and flogging of gear came from a broken mizzen royal yard and tattered sail. Forward, almost drowned by the water in the lee waist, a dozen yelling lascars fought frenziedly for safety. Mr. Surridge clung to the rail with both hands, bawling to the helmsman to luff, and to the serang for hands to secure the broken spar and sail.

As for Rangoon Rice, when Arlate first caught sight of him he stood, as if unconscious of the ship's plight, screaming vile sailorese abuse at the big Chinaman who crouched forward, but out of reach of the serang's shaking fist. The hulking half-caste was scowling ferociously, yet with more than a leavening of puzzlement in his expression.

"Lay aft and get that wreckage secured!" shouted Arlate angrily.

Rangoon Rice glanced aft indifferently. The half-caste uttered a short, terse remark, the tone of which only carried aft, but which caused a swift change in the serang's expression. At once Rice started towards the poop ladder, dragging the big heathen with him; and paying no attention to either skipper or second mate, they swarmed aloft. On deck the royal halyards had been let go. The broken yard swung against the belly of the mizzen topgallantsail, snapped buntlines flogging the air like whips. Through the wreckage Rangoon Rice worked his way, the half-caste hard at his heels; and as suddenly as it had come, the squall passed, leaving the ship to sweep along through smooth seas again, unchanged except that one lofty royal hung crippled like a hawk's wing, and the two others were lowered to the caps.

"Stand by on deck!" the serang's voice pealed down.

Lascars crept from their snuggeries, sneaking aft to take a hand in lowering away the broken yard. Aloft, the two men worked like machines, cutting away the sail from the broken-off yardarm, wrapping the torn canvas about the other part of the yards, securing all to the end of the mizzen royal staysail halyards for lowering. The mate came on deck, rubbing his eyes, as the wreckage was landed.

"That's smart work, my lads!" cried the skipper with enthusiasm. "Mr. Surridge! Make fast the fore royal and set the main again. I don't doubt but what the serang will be able to fish that broken yard. He's smart!"

Mr. Ali stole off to his broken nap. Surridge frowned at the praise accorded to a man who had done no more than any real salorman of the old school could have done single-handed. But the skipper was exuberant. Arlie ran up to him, forgetting the scare the dizzily heeling ship had given her, and snuggled under his arm, all glowing with excitement at the busy scene. Arlate responded to all her chatter, waiting to say a word of commendation to the two men sliding from aloft by the royal backstays.

The moment Rangoon Rice touched the deck the child broke from her father's hold and ran over to him, bubbling with glee. The man's face lighted up as with an inner glow. He smiled—smiled with an unbelievable gentleness.

"Arlie!" The skipper's voice was like a whiplash. "Come away from those natives! Go at once to your cabin! I shall punish you severely now! Do you hear me?"

Rangoon Rice drew back from the child as if struck. All the gentleness in his sinlined face intensified tenfold for an instant. Then it vanished, and in its place settled a look of such savage malice that the sneering grin which was creeping into Mr. Surridge's face was frozen midway.

The big Chinese half-caste uttered something beside the serang's ear, and abruptly the savage malice became something more than an expression. Swift as the stroke of a cobra, Rangoon Rice struck the man between the eyes with clenched fist, tumbling him clear over the poop rail to the main deck below. As swiftly he followed, seized his man by the nose and dragged him to work on the wrecked yard and sail. There, without caring for orders, he worked and kept all hands working, until the repaired yard was ready to be crossed and the repaired sail ready to set. All through the hours it took, he labored with the force and energy of three men. Any sound that issued from his lips took on the quality of vitriol. Every least word stung.

And when the sail was set, and the ship once more clothed in her full array, Rangoon Rice passed along forward and sat through hours more, alone, a brooding, solitary figure, smoking native cigarettes by the dozen. Towards the end of the first watch, the big half-caste crept up beside him cautiously. He received no harsh rebuff, and sat down. He spoke, received a curt answer. Spoke again, and silence answered him. Then he spoke for a long time, and the subdued sibilance of his voice carried aft to where the Arab mate lounged sleepily on watch.

Soon the sharper tones of the serang joined in, and the monologue became a dialogue. Presently the half-caste stole aft as far as the mizzen hatch, and clicked sharply with his tongue. He returned swiftly to the serang, and on his heels stole the dark figure of the mate.

When the helmsman struck eight bells, midnight, the mate hurried aft. He had forgotten to have the second mate called. Thus his relief came fifteen minutes late, in itself a crime against all sea usage; but he made no complaint. The half-caste, who had remained on deck all his watch below, shambled aft to relieve the wheel; and as he stepped onto the lee ladder a small white face peered at him through a porthole.

He paused, grinned and whispered, "'Lo, missy. You plis'ner, hey? How you like?"

"I hate daddy! Pull me out!" the child panted.

"Mus'n' spik to native, missy. He, velly bad man, I think!"

"I will speak to you! Pull me out at once! Oh, I hate you, you dirty yellow man!" Arlie screamed as the half-caste went up the ladder laughing at her.

He sped over the last few fathoms of his journey as if an evil demon were at his

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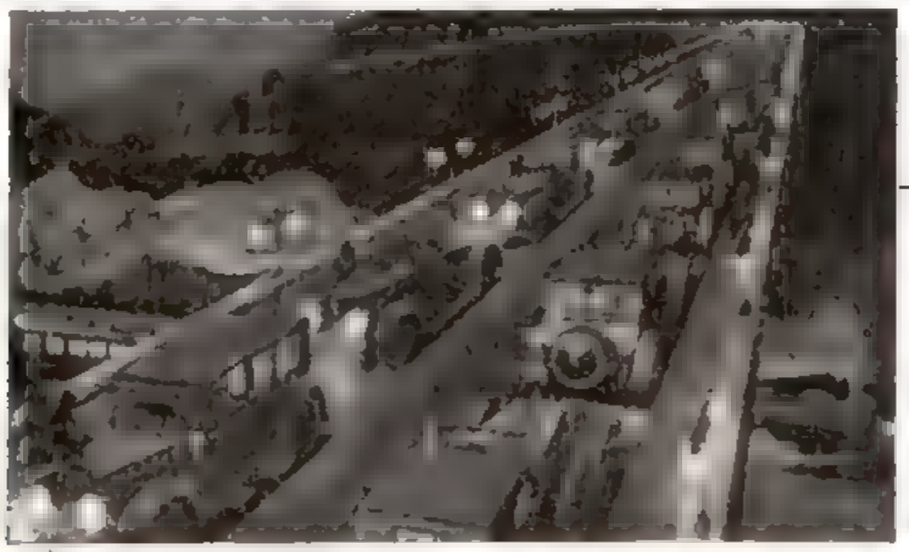

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heels frightened at the child's sudden outburst. The mate started in alarm too; down below the voice of Captain Arlate could be heard asking Arlie what she was screaming for. The second mate came on watch, the Arab departed to his bunk, and once more the fast-speeding ship stole like a dark, silent shape through the night.

In the days following, when the Lothario sped before vagrant puffs or dawdled along among the hidden dangers of the Java and Celebes seas, a change too obvious to be dubbed subtle came over the various units of the crew. The Arab mate cast aside the sullen mood that had marked him and grew loquaciously respectful towards the skipper. Rangoon Rice assumed a cold savagery in his relations with his lascars which was amazingly returned by swift obedience and patient humility. The big Chinese half-caste bore the brunt of his savagery and leaned to his work like a boy to his play.

Of the entire ship's company, Captain Arlate alone was unchanged. His punishment of Arlie had been just one day too much. Keeping the child shut up below for one day, or two, had been conducive to future obedience. Three days or four were too much. A week made her resentful. She hated her father, childishly, and told him so. Yet his serenity remained unruffled. Rangoon Rice, savage of aspect and scarcely civil, had, sullenly enough, indicated a safe passage through a mazy expanse of shoals which saved the ship forty miles of windward hammering.

Even the cook, an ancient, scarred, villainous Burmese ex-dacoit, noticed the change in the crew and kept his knives well sharpened. But Captain Arlate saw only the ship's gratifying progress and the unexpected efficiency of the crew.

On the day when the Borneo coast was beginning to fade into hazy blue, five brown sails like autumn leaves drifted lazily out from Celebes, moving, yet scarcely rippling the glassy sea. A dying breeze still moved the old clipper; it would die before sunset and leave her to await the fresh evening breeze that would come after dark. The sea and sky and distant shore were drowsy with heat. The ship swam like a dream ship through shimmering waves of vivid light against which those five brown sails lay like dabs of rouge on a glossy pearl.

"Come up and see the pretty sight, Arlie!" the skipper called down the companionway.

Childish pique was not proof against childish curiosity. Arlie came up, sulkily at first. She forgot all her woes in the brightness of the picture. Color lay all about her—blue sky, turquoise sea, pearly gray of distant shore, and the brown sails drifting, drifting. Even the lascars seemed to have put on their gaudiest sashes and slippers.

The child settled into the crook of Arlate's arm with a little sigh of content. Far off though they were, the five brown sails amused her. They looked so like little brown beetles, she said. Arlate took his binoculars and examined them. He had not seen the resemblance.

"Your young eyes are sharp, girlie," he laughed. "Sure enough, they look like beetles. They are moving, and what look like legs are oars."

Rangoon Rice appeared at the poop ladder. His eyes glowed hotly; his unlovely face was more hideous under a terrible frown which drew his ragged hair down to his brows. He tried to smooth his expression at sight of Arlie, and almost succeeded.

"Run along below for a moment, Arlie," the skipper whispered, urging her towards the companionway as the serang approached.

"Well, serang," Arlate smiled, "what is it?"

Rangoon Rice halted where he stood. His face turned gray for an instant, then grew almost black with passion. Without a word he turned, leaped down the ladder and ran forward. The skipper stared after him, dumfounded. The second mate chuckled at his elbow.

"I believe that man's fooled me!" exclaimed Arlate. "Do you know, Surridge, I believe you were right. He's bad! Too long among natives—that's what!"

"I ain't so sure," retorted Surridge sourly. "Maybe I ain't so smart as others, cap'n, but I've altered my opinion about that bloke. He wouldn't hurt the kid!"

"Mind your own business!" Arlate snapped angrily. "I'll govern my ship and my daughter in my own way."

"So long's you govern 'em," Surridge grumbled as he turned away.

Night fell, and the evening breeze failed of its promise. Arlate fell under the spell of unrest that had gripped the ship; he welcomed the voluble overtures made by Ali, the Arab. Arlie had greeted him at supper with another childish outburst for sending her below. He pondered over Surridge's attitude; and, pondering, worried for the first time. But sheer pride forced him to maintain his own uncompromising attitude. Angrily he locked Arlie in her cabin without supper. And when Ali met him on deck with a volley of chatter covering every subject under the Eastern sun but the ship and Celebes Sea, he responded joyfully.

The half moon rose. In its path five black dots swam, fair in the ship's course. The ship lay as motionless as a model set in glass. The black dots moved but slowly. Arlate remarked upon their progress, which was slower now than before dark.

"At night the rowers must sleep, captain," said Ali softly. "These little island boats, they have not big crews. Do not worry about the boats."

Arlate worried more about the breeze that had deceived him. He glanced around the horizon continuously, hoping for wind. The wide, idle sails banged monotonously against the masts. Braces twanged; sheet blocks crashed on the forecastle head. With every occasional roll that a becalmed ship always gives, the clattering of gear was deafening. In the pantry dishes rattled; in the galley the old Burmese bandit swore at his gods and devils with the thoroughness of genius when his big copper boiler catapulted out of the door with the clangor of cannon.

In the sudden lull that followed the tempest of noise, the skipper heard voices and swung around swiftly. Like a cat he stole to the forward rail and leaned over. Arlie was speaking.

"I like you, Rangoon Rice," she said, and a small hand, poked through the porthole, rumpled the serang's hair.

The man was crooning, almost purring. Arlate fought for breath to utter the words that choked him. He was utterly insane with fury. Forward and amidships, lascars hauled up the courses without orders apparently. Others let run royals and topgallantsails. Arlate heard nothing except Arlie's disobedient voice; saw nothing but that small hand in that rumpled hair. He saw nothing of five dark dots on the sea which drew nearer with astonishing swiftness; nor of the red-fezzed figure uprising at his back. He leaned far over the rail, shaking his fist at the dark figure beneath, sputtering and spitting to get out coherent words.

And down one side of his head, landing heavily on his shoulder, crashed a greenheart belaying pin in the nervous hand of Ali, the Arab. At the same instant the world seemed to explode in a sulphurous crash; men shouted; there was the rush of feet as Arlate crumpled and hung helpless over the rail, numbed but conscious.

As seen through cloudy glass, Arlate saw Rangoon Rice leap back from Arlie's porthole. Behind him, at the starboard rail, Surridge's harsh voice grated on the still air; the smashing report of a shotgun deafened his ears again, and shrill cries arose. A lantern gleamed in the waist; against the glow, lascars sped past. The big half-caste pounded along at their heels, driving them with lusty shouts.

Arlate heard his child scream. Then he heard the astonished howl of the half-caste. Something flickered forth from the galley door, and the half-caste crashed to the deck clawing at his throat. There came a medley of shrill vocal sounds from over the side, forward, amidships and aft. Surridge bawled a curse naming Rangoon Rice. The serang retorted savagely; what he said the skipper failed to catch. His senses were only returning sluggishly. Arlate struggled to pull himself upright by the rail, and saw the old Burmese issue from his galley, bearing a steaming pan full of some liquid. That was flung over the side, and the medley of screams was intensified. The ancient bandit uttered a weird yell like a war cry and darted back to his galley.

The skipper painfully straightened up, his head ringing still from the blow.

"Here, sir! Take this!" grated Surridge's voice at his ear, and a warm pistol was thrust into his hand. "We're boarded!"

"Where's the mate?" stammered Arlate, bewildered.

For answer, Surridge leaped to the ladder head, fired one barrel of his shotgun into

(Continued on Page 133)

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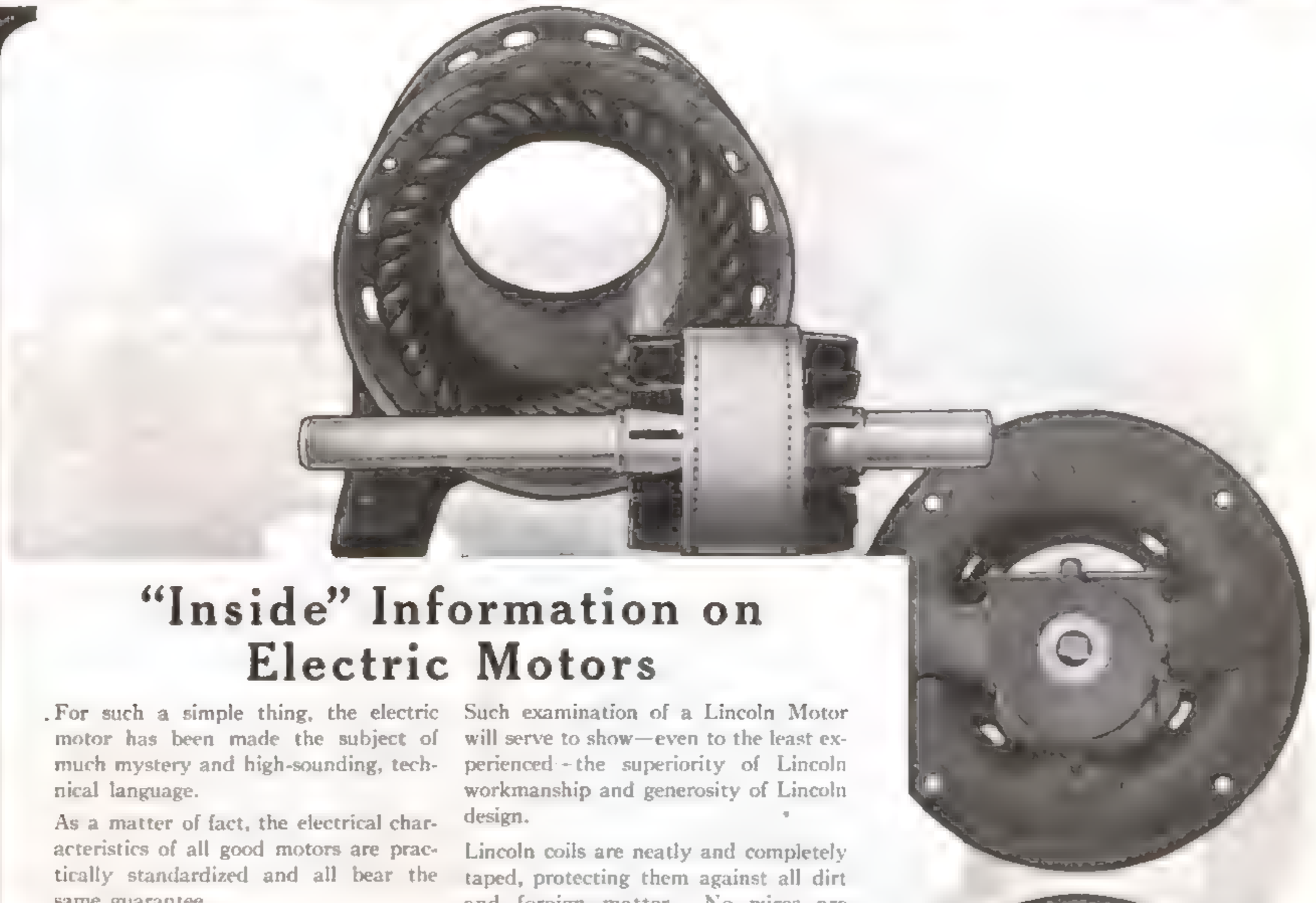

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(Continued from Page 130)

a crowd of lascars about to mount, and darted back to the seaward rail to blaze away with the second barrel.

The skipper fought to bring his scattered wits to work. He felt the weight of the pistol in his hand, yet had no idea against whom to use it. As he turned, seeking light, he kicked against a body on the deck; a blotchy, crumpled red fez left one end of the body and attached itself to the toe of his shoe. Arlie screamed again at her porthole. He leaned over to bid her be silent. A milling mob of men encumbered the ladder. A figure, darting about the edge of the crowd with apelike speed, dealt blows luridly larded with splitting deep-sea language. The language was in the voice of Rangoon Rice. It ceased at the child's cry.

"Hush, kiddie!" Rice soothed. His tone grew incredibly tender. "Go away! This is only fun, but it's too rough for little girls."

Then all the tenderness passed, and the same voice spat scorching curses again. The lascars milled in confusion. Some ran to the rails, others faced Rangoon Rice, screaming shrill questions. Some started up the ladder again.

Arlate snapped abruptly back to full wakefulness. He flung up his gun, straddling the gangway at the ladder head.

"Serang! Take your men forward at once!" he cried.

The second mate, fighting with gun butt at the rail, croaked out a derisive laugh.

"Hell! What d'ye think he's brought 'em aft for?" Surridge rasped. "Shoot th' dirty pirate!"

"You take care of your end, cap'n! I'll look after these swine!" yelped Rangoon Rice, and leaped again upon the wavering lascars, who were apparently so befogged by conflicting orders that they knew not whether to follow the serang or fall upon him. The ancient Burmese darted from his galley again, staggering under the weight of a sizzling copper pot. He tripped it on the bulwarks and poured a boiling cascade down upon an unseen boat beside the main rigging. Again that old bandit's war cry shrilled forth. The lascars shivered.

"Move, you niggers! Move!" yelped Rangoon Rice.

One man, evidently a disciple of the big half-caste, uttered a bold challenge, bidding his fellows trample down the serang. Rice leaped at the man, seized his nose in a two-finger grip and began to drag at him.

"Look out port side, sir!" yelled Surridge, backing from the starboard rail and fumbling in his jacket pockets for shells.

Arlate turned as nimble figures swarmed up from another boat, and his pistol began to take part in the party. But just before he swung from the poop ladder he saw Rangoon Rice lead the lascars to where the old Burmese fought so well. And now the night was noisy with wordy war as well as war of blows and shots. From all around the ship came monkeylike chatter.

To guess at the truth required scarcely a child's wit. Five dark dots on the glassy waters of Celebes Sea had materialized into five boats with an object in view. On board the Lothario were men to whom the five crews looked for aid. That some of those men tried to play their part was apparent. Arlate's own aching head was proof. That others had failed seemed probable, for, small though the crews of the five boats were, there were sufficient men aboard the ship itself to overwhelm the officers; and one officer, Ali, the mate, was obviously out of the fight from the start. But just how the balance stood was a mystery still. Surridge stood in the moonlight, flickering blood and sweat from face and fingers, swearing royally at two small proas backing off; howled imprecations and shrill lascar invective mingled with the old Burmese's weird and triumphant war cry at the waist.

Arlate glanced over the side which he had run to defend. A boat hurriedly put off, leaving a man dangling from the main brace bumpkin. The skipper fired his last shot into the air, and the man dropped into the sea with a screech and swam frantically after the boat. Then Arlate strode to the poop ladder above Arlie's cabin window and scanned the midship deck. Both bulwarks were lined with screaming lascars shaking fists at somebody overside. On the main sheer pole the ancient Burmese stood precariously, brandishing a fearsome cleaver, shrilling forth his old battle cry now as a paean of victory. Nowhere was Rangoon Rice to be seen.

Then, beneath him, Arlate caught the whisper of voices. The ship had swung on the windless sea; Arlie's port was in black shadow. But out of the shadows vague forms materialized. A small hand patted a shock of tumbled hair. Rangoon Rice's strange, crooning voice mounted up.

"The fun's over now, kiddie. Go to sleep."

"It wasn't fun!" Arlie returned vehemently. "That horrid old cook stuck a knife into the Chinaman. I saw him!"

"The Chinaman and his friends would have killed your daddy if—if you hadn't spoke good words to me."

"I don't care! He made me a potato dragon, and he's ——"

Mr. Surridge had walked over. He stooped over the body of the Arab. As the child's voice rose he stepped to the skipper's side, frowning inquiringly.

"Is that that ——" he began.

"It's Rangoon Rice," muttered the skipper. "Hush! He's ——"

"Well, what?"

"What did I tell you about him?" both exclaimed at once.

Rangoon Rice suddenly appeared at the head of the ladder. His keen eyes swept over the poop. He took scant notice of either captain or second mate, but turned over the Arab's body with his toe.

"He's deader'n a deadeye," he muttered. Then he spoke aloud, addressing no particular person. "When I sailed mate o' this ship twenty years ago, nobody'd have had to shoot me for a mutineerin' dog!" Then turning upon Arlate he added fiercely. "You thought I was that kind o' swine! Well, maybe I was—nearly! You ain't got no right to lock up that kid o' yours, cap'n. You ought to buy her a gold watch as big as the capstan head!"

As abruptly as he appeared, the serang turned and ran down to the main deck, leaving Arlate and Mr. Surridge staring after him and at each other by turns. They became aware of a cool puff of breeze which presently grew into a steady air. But already men were at the main topgallant halyards, tailing to the rope behind Rangoon Rice, whose voice yelped forth in song. Captain Arlate started apprehensively; but there was no reason for alarm.

"Ho, here she comes, she's a flash fast packet!"

At first Rangoon Rice carried the chorus alone:

"Blow, boys, blow!"

He stopped singing and hauling to pour vitriolic abuse upon the lascars, who were docile enough now. He started again:

"Ho, here she comes, she's a flash fast packet!"

And a frenziedly eager howl drowned his own chorus:

"Balow, my bullaboy, balow!"

Mr. Surridge started to go forward to take his part in making sail.

"Never mind," the skipper told him. "Take the wheel for a few minutes until a man can be spared. Then you may shift over your things to the mate's berth, mister. I'll bring him aft, second mate. He deserves a chance."

"I told you he was a white man!" grinned Surridge. "He's an old packet rat, and they stay white if they are tough."

Arlate told Rangoon Rice of his promotion when the ship once more sailed swiftly on her course with musical tinkling at the bows.

"I'm serang o' your lascars -a native!" Rangoon Rice said harshly. "I'll work out my contract."

"But you're not a native, Rice. You're a white man and a sailor," persisted the skipper. "I need you aft. Mr. Ali is ——"

"Yes, and you'll make use o' me, and when I come nigh the kid you'll chase her away and tell her she mustn't talk with natives! I'll stay for'ard."

"Here, go and ask her to decide for you," said Arlate impulsively.

He proffered the key of the child's stateroom door. He knew all about the lateness of the hour, and the child's need of rest after the recent uproar and excitement; but he knew, also, that but for Rangoon Rice, his love for his old ship, and his near-worship of the child who had treated him white, there would have been no rest for the little one again. The man glanced at the key, stared up into the skipper's face unbelievingly, then pushed the hand aside.

"I'll fetch aft my few rags," he said briskly. "Damned if I don't believe you mean it!"

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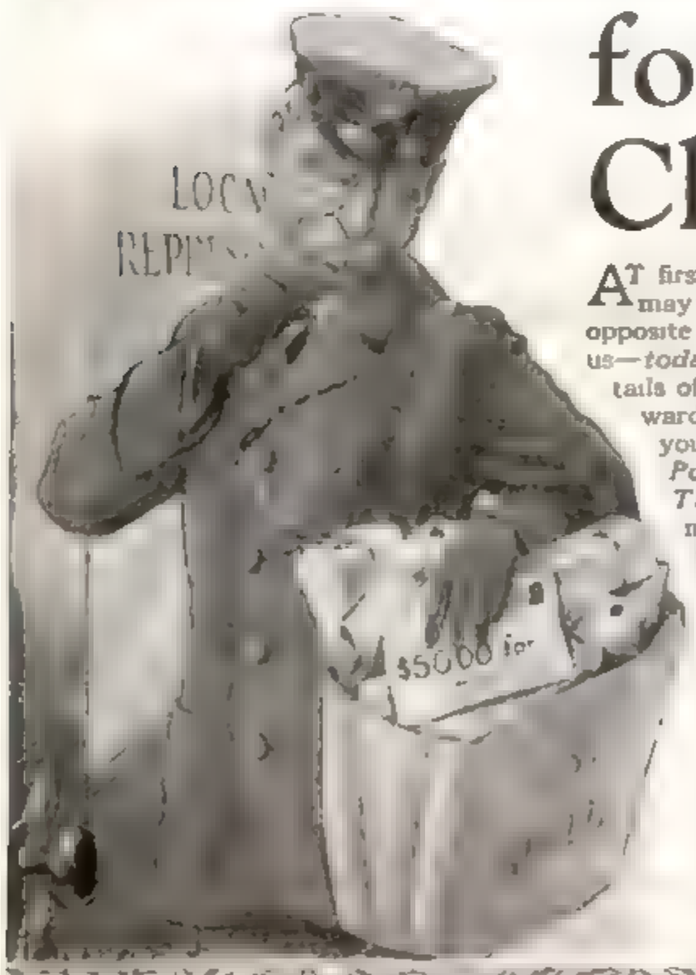

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JAIL—OR A PASSPORT

(Continued from Page 23)

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How far we have succeeded was shown in a survey recently completed for the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives, which covered our jails, almshouses, insane asylums and other public institutions. The scientist who made the survey investigated state institutions housing the feeble-minded, the insane, the criminals, the epileptics, the inebriates, the chronically diseased, the blind, the deaf, the deformed, the crippled and the dependent. He found that while the foreign born make up 14.70 per cent of the nation's population, they furnish 20.63 per cent of the population of these institutions housing our social inadequates. He estimated that 44.09 per cent of the inmates of these institutions were either foreign born or of foreign-born parentage.

Levels Lowered by Aliens

I have been told that 43.3 per cent of the inmates of New York State institutions for the care of the insane are either foreign born or of foreign-born parentage. Of these, 17.9 per cent were naturalized and 25.4 per cent were aliens. Over a period of three years, it has been estimated, the care of these aliens cost New York State $13,000,000.

This House committee has before it figures showing the mental level of some of the aliens who have been coming to us during the last generation. The intelligence tests applied to our soldiers during the World War have been worked out to index the intelligence rating of our whole population, including our foreign born. According to this calculation, which divided all those examined into seven classes or standards of mental ability, America's foreign-born population of 13,920,692 was indicated in the following classifications:

		PER CENT
Very superior	153,128	1.1
Superior	405,795	2.9
High average	1,021,241	7.3
Average	3,742,984	26.9
Low average	3,290,944	16.5
Inferior	4,287,771	30.8
Very inferior	2,019,212	14.5

Thus, according to these figures, we have in America today 6,347,835 aliens, nearly one-half our total foreign-born population, who are classified as of inferior or very inferior intelligence. In other words, if we had applied these intelligence tests to our immigrants for the last generation and had admitted only those making the five higher ratings, we would have barred out 45.6 per cent of all the aliens who have come to us. And these people have come despite our vigorous efforts to bar out those plainly deficient in mental, physical or moral health.

In the face of these facts there is little consolation for those who would eliminate all restriction on immigration and let the tide come as it will. Purely as a matter of cold dollars and cents, it would be cheaper for America to go abroad, select immigrants sound in body, mind and morals, pay their passage to this country, and save the amount we now spend maintaining our foreign born in public charitable and penal institutions. As a cold-blooded business proposition it would be better to pay the price—if we could make sure of admitting only wholesome men and women.

Nearly 500,000 individuals from all over the world were added to the population of the United States during the fiscal year which ended on June 30, 1923. To be exact, we received 522,919 immigrant aliens from all countries, and 119,136 aliens left this country to return to their native lands, leaving a net gain in population through immigration of 472,820

The sources from which we draw these new residents of the United States, as they are revealed by the statistics, are vitally interesting. The countries outside of the Western Hemisphere, which are under the operation of the 3 per cent quota law, limiting the number of nationals of any country who can come to the United States in any given year to 3 per cent of the number of the foreigners of that nationality in this country in 1910, sent us 335,480 aliens during the year. British North America—Canada sent us 117,011. Mexico furnished 72,087 additional to the population of the United States. Germany increased the number of her nationals in the United States by 67,548 in the twelve months' period. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland sent 77,342, Italy 43,077, and the Scandinavian peoples of Norway, Sweden and Denmark sent 55,071

Space will not permit a complete analysis of the racial groups represented in our year's immigration. But it is clear that the 3 per cent quota law has had one effect which its supporters claimed for it: It has restrained the volume of the stream of aliens which had started toward our shores from the countries of Southeastern Europe and the Mediterranean region, for years the center of Europe's turmoil and strife, and it has increased the proportion of immigrants in the annual total from the nations of Northern Europe, the source of the so-called Nordic immigration

Of the entire incoming group, 191,585 were classified as having no occupation, this classification including women and children. The figures indicated a net gain of 50,640 in the classification of laborers; but Mexico alone sent upwards of 60,000 in this classification, so it seems clear that we are not receiving common labor in any volume in the immigration now coming from Europe. The figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, indicate a net loss of 16,824 male aliens classified as laborers. In the professional class we received 16,542. Of skilled labor there were 106,213 in the year's arrivals. The miscellaneous classification, including the common labor, totaled 208,579.

America for Americans

Here we are dealing only with those European aliens who come to the United States in the full light of day, in compliance with our law, and through the usual channels for the examination of immigrants. It has been estimated that more than 100 aliens are daily smuggled through our ports or over our land borders. But that is another story, to be dealt with in its own place.

It must be borne in mind that the so-called quota-limitation act does not apply to the Western Hemisphere—that is, North America, South America, Central America—or islands adjacent thereto. Natives of the countries of the Western Hemisphere, or natives of Europe who have resided in that territory for five years or more, may enter the country without reference to the quota law. Nor does the act apply to the Asiatic, the Oriental, the Hindu or the peoples of the so-called barred zone of Asia.

There can be no question but that the quota law has effectively dammed a rising tide of immigration from Europe. I have heard it estimated that there were 3,000,000 ready and anxious to leave the war-torn nations of the Old World to seek peace and comfort in America at the time the quota law was enacted. I was in practically every country of Europe within the past few months, and I am satisfied that the figure was not exaggerated. These millions, borne down by the economic and political woes which have afflicted Europe since the Great War, and seeking relief from the burdens of life which sadden all Europe today, are clamoring for an opportunity to come to the United States, the only country in the world where peace and prosperity are assured. That this flood is ready to move is clear to anyone who is familiar with the history of our immigration movement.

On one point I am very clear: We need an immigration policy and an immigration law that will operate solely for the benefit of America—America today and America in

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 134)

the future. We are under no obligation, moral or legal, to allow any nation in all the world to say whom we shall accept as citizens of the United States, or even as residents of the United States. Immigration, in the final working out of the problem, is an American issue. It is the right—yes, it is the duty of every nation to protect its own nationals. It is the right and the duty of the United States to protect every American citizen, of today and of tomorrow, from contact with the mental, moral and physical delinquents of all the world.

Much depends upon this protection. Daily the political, economic and social problems which confront us are increasing in number and in seriousness. Daily new dangers to American institutions arise about us, new complications develop in our national life. The difficulties of today are greater than those of yesterday, and those of tomorrow will be greater than those of today. To cope with these manifold problems we must have a race of real Americans, strong in body, sound in mind and healthy of soul. We must have men and women fit to meet social, political and economic dangers far beyond any that we know today. This means that we must have fathers and mothers physically, mentally and morally sound. We cannot find these among the men and women who end in our jails, almshouses and insane asylums. Above and beyond all economic or political argument lies this vital consideration—the future of America. This we will not serve unless we see to it that the men and women who come to us from abroad are fit to be the fathers and mothers of a great race, a race that can assume the great privileges, the great duties, the great responsibilities to all mankind, which will come to America in the years to come.

America should no longer be the alternative offered to the European criminal who has deserved a jail sentence. We should no longer permit judges abroad to pass sentence in the words "America or jail."

I have been in Europe recently. The nations are in political and economic chaos. War has bred a myriad of mental, moral and physical ills, aggravated by the economic conditions which have imposed upon great populations long years of undernourishment. I have gone among the men and women who are looking with longing eyes toward America, hoping to find here a millennium of peace and plenty. Many of them are utterly hopeless as material for building a great America of the future.

We do not want them!

The Question Reopened

In pity and charity we cannot do too much to aid these stricken peoples, to feed them, to clothe them, to house them. But let not our charity take the form of throwing away for a sentiment the hope and aspirations of our children and our children's children.

I would say to all the world: We will write a law which will provide adequate mental, moral and physical tests. If we cannot have good immigrants we will have none. Unless you meet our requirements you must stay at home.

When the law is written we will find the nations of the world accepting it. Until it is written they will seek by direction or indirection to form it according to their own minds. So long as the issue remains open we will face a continual bluff.

The present 3 per cent quota law, which now controls immigration to some extent, will expire by limitation on July 1, 1924. This situation throws the whole question open again, and there seems to be a disposition on the part of those who oppose any restriction on immigration to delay all action in the hope that in a final rush to enact legislation Congress may be stampeded into action that will lower the bars in some degree. This is not a matter for hasty or ill-considered action. It calls for all the deliberation and careful thought that can be bestowed upon it. We should meet the problem now and make sure that we find the right solution before the present law expires.

I am for an immigration policy truly American, drawn by Americans, administered by Americans, for the benefit of America today and in the future.

There is something of a demand for increased immigration at this time to supply labor for American industry. It is but a short time ago that we were wrestling with the problem of unemployment in America. Authorities estimated that upwards of 5,000,000 workmen were walking the streets looking for jobs. Factories were closing everywhere and we were looking forward with apprehension toward bread lines and soup houses. It was at that time the present 3 per cent quota restriction became law. We have come a long way since then.

Today American industry is stabilized, production is near the peak and is finding a steady demand, unemployment is at a minimum and wages are at as high a level generally as the American workman has ever known. No serious shortage of labor has come to my notice. But even if we actually were in need of workmen I could not find in this fact justification for lifting all restrictions on immigration. I can see no wisdom in throwing open the gates in times of prosperity in order to flood the country with workers—nonworkers—whose very presence would tend to bring prosperity to an end. We cannot solve the labor problem by insisting that when business is on the boom there shall be at every factory gate a throng of workers to take suddenly developed places in industry for a few months, and then throwing them out into the ranks of the unemployed when the boom subsides, for the unemployed in America are always a burden upon business and industry. The whole community must be taxed to keep them alive.

A Selective System Needed

But the immigrant is not merely a matter of statistics. He is a human being, with all the hopes and fears, the ambitions and aspirations, the likes and dislikes, the good and bad, that lie in all men. I know, for I have lived with them, have been one of them. In common humanity we should make clear the path by means of which the immigrant we need and want may find his way to America. We hear much criticism of the treatment of applicants for admission at our immigration stations. Many of us do not stop to think that those who are detained at Ellis Island, the New York station, and other detention ports, are all in one way or another ascertained by the port authorities to have violated the immigration law, innocently or otherwise. The immigrant who arrives mentally, morally and physically sound makes his way through the immigration station in a short time—usually a few hours. It is the mentally, morally or physically deficient who run headlong against the provisions of our law and who wring the hearts of our immigration officials—and through the newspapers, the hearts of the public—with their pitiful pleas for admission.

I am clear that we must have a selective system of immigration. We must provide for the admission of aliens of races which can be naturalized under our laws when the individuals seeking admission are physically, mentally and morally normal and will constitute an aid to civilization. Let us absolutely bar from our shores those races which cannot win American citizenship and those individuals of all races who are physically, mentally or morally unfit and who constitute a menace to our civilization. Let us have selective immigration or none.

To end the tragedies which now confront us let us provide for examination of applicants for admission to America to be made before the applicant starts on his long sea voyage. Let us provide machinery that will make it possible for the immigrant to know before he breaks up his home and gambles his savings that he can win admission to America. Then we will have eliminated all the sorrow and despair, the heartache and the agony, which now pile up day after day at our ports of entry. Here is an opportunity for the foreign nations to protect their nationals from the embarrassments and discomforts entailed in detention and deportation, which some of them so freely criticize.

European nations know our immigration laws. Through their passport system they could easily check their nationals coming to America. They could make sure, before issuing a passport, that the immigrant was admissible under our laws and they could refuse him a passport if they found him inadmissible.

Thus we would accomplish two things:

We would make sure that we admitted only the desirable alien, who comes to make his home among us, to become a true American, to raise a truly American family and to join with us to defend in life or death

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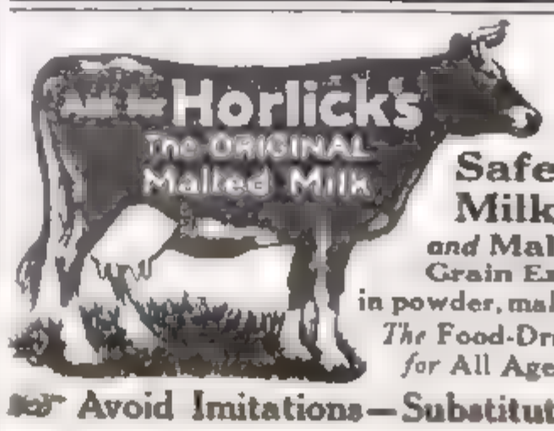

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those eternal principles of truth and justice which are America

We would make sure that the alien, upon arriving in this country, would be reasonably sure that he had complied with our laws and that under them he was not in danger of deportation.

American Family Life

In admitting immigrants properly qualified it would be well to give preference to certain classes. First, we should admit the families of aliens already in America wherever they prove eligible. For we need to do everything possible in America to preserve the life of the family, the sanctity of the home. The family is the unit upon which our whole civilization is built, and the alien who comes to this country will be a better member of society, a better American, if he has his family with him. Next, we should admit skilled workers, wherever it is plainly shown that we need their services and that we have not the same type of workers unemployed in the United States. After this we should make the way clear for the laborer, the worker who will do the heavy and other labor which the American declines to do. There are many immigrants who would be glad to leave Europe and come to America to do this work, and where they are mentally, morally and physically fit, they should be encouraged to come whenever we need them in our constantly growing industrial organization. For the common labor of American industry must be done if we are to keep the American skilled worker busy and to maintain our production. Of course, we all agree that the time may come when we can depend upon machinery to do all the tasks now put upon the so-called common labor, but that day has not yet arrived, and the pick-and-shovel man is still a necessity.

But we must not allow the foreign professional man, the foreign business man, the experienced executive, to come to America in too great numbers lest we crowd the road of opportunity which is now open to every American child, whether he be heir to millions or son of a common laborer. It is the children of the more humble workers of today who will give us our leadership and our guidance, socially, politically and economically tomorrow.

Nothing that we do should deprive them of their right to move onward and upward in our civilization. No action that we may take should crowd the higher places in our national life or crowd our coming generation off the broad road of opportunity, which has been America's greatest boast—which is the greatness of America.

Self-Protection

No alien in America can conscientiously object to a program which seeks to protect his adopted land from contamination. I know, for I was an immigrant myself. I know that as an American, born in Wales, my standing in America is injured whenever an undesirable Welshman comes to this country. I know that my standing is improved by every Welshman of sturdy head and heart and hand who comes here, honestly seeking to be of and for the America which means equality of opportunity. This is an American issue, vital to the present and future welfare of every man, woman and child in America. When it is understood, every American, whether he be native born or foreign born, of native parentage or of foreign parentage, cannot fail, for the sake of himself and his children and his children's children, to be for selective immigration or none.

To accomplish these ends every American should lend his aid. Legislation is needed and legislation must come from Congress. Let every true citizen think out for himself the needs of the situation and devote his efforts to seeing that these needs are met, in order that we may hand down to posterity undiminished the heritage in free representative government bequeathed to us by the fathers.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Davis. The next will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Here is a husband and father in a modest home who studies with a textbook in one hand while he literally rocks the cradle with the other. Here is the president of a large company, a millionaire in fact, who is studying navigation so that he may secure a license and pilot his own yacht.

Here is a mechanic, barely home from the day's work, who has yet the courage to spend a few hours each night in preparing himself for bigger things. Here is an executive earning $15,000 a year who is studying business management so that he may undertake still larger duties.

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